WEEK
ENDING
MAR. 8, 1930

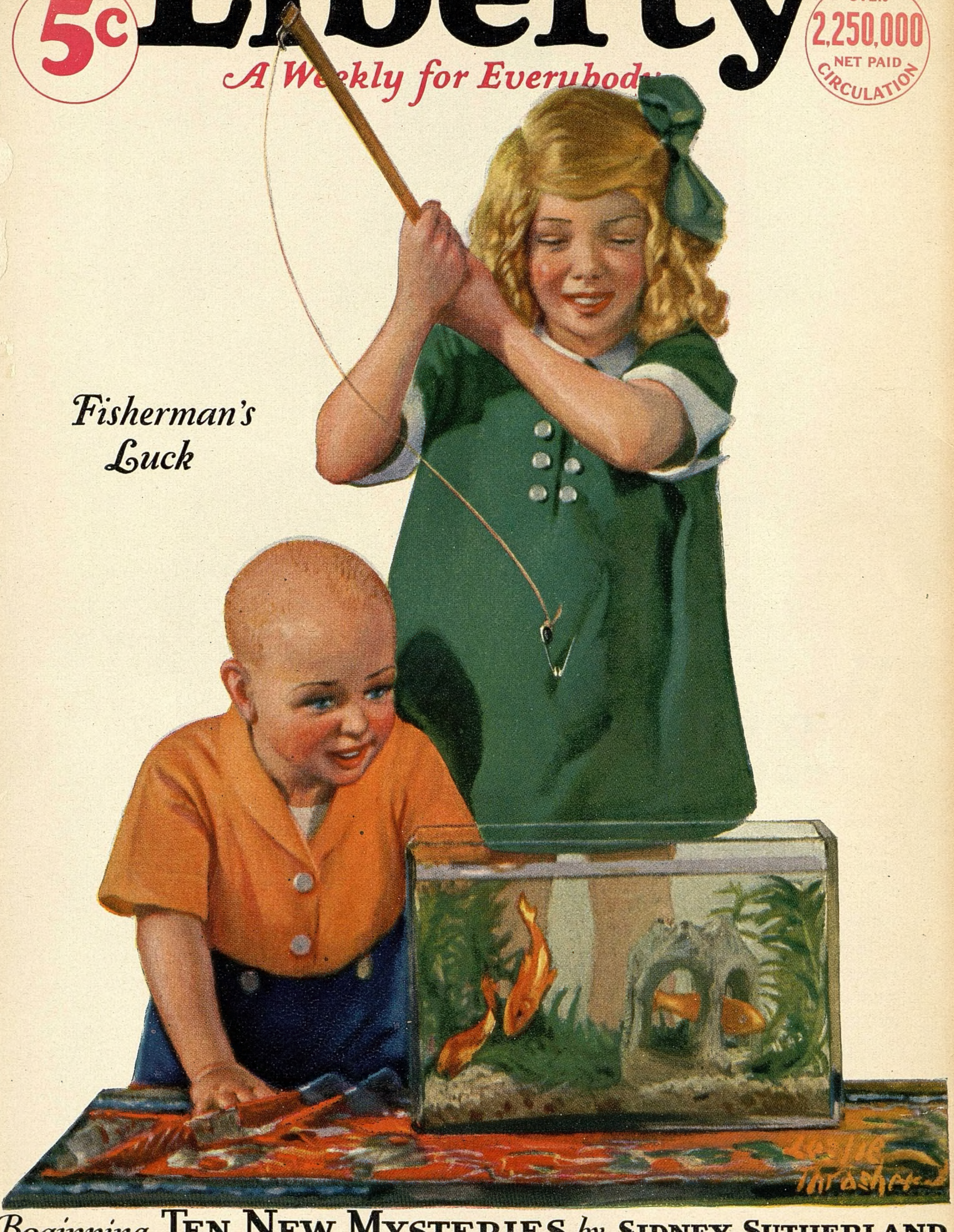
5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION

Fisherman's Luck



Beginning **TEN NEW MYSTERIES** by **SIDNEY SUTHERLAND**

The GENERAL
DUAL-BALLOON 8

~goes a long way to make friends

Why not enjoy the great difference

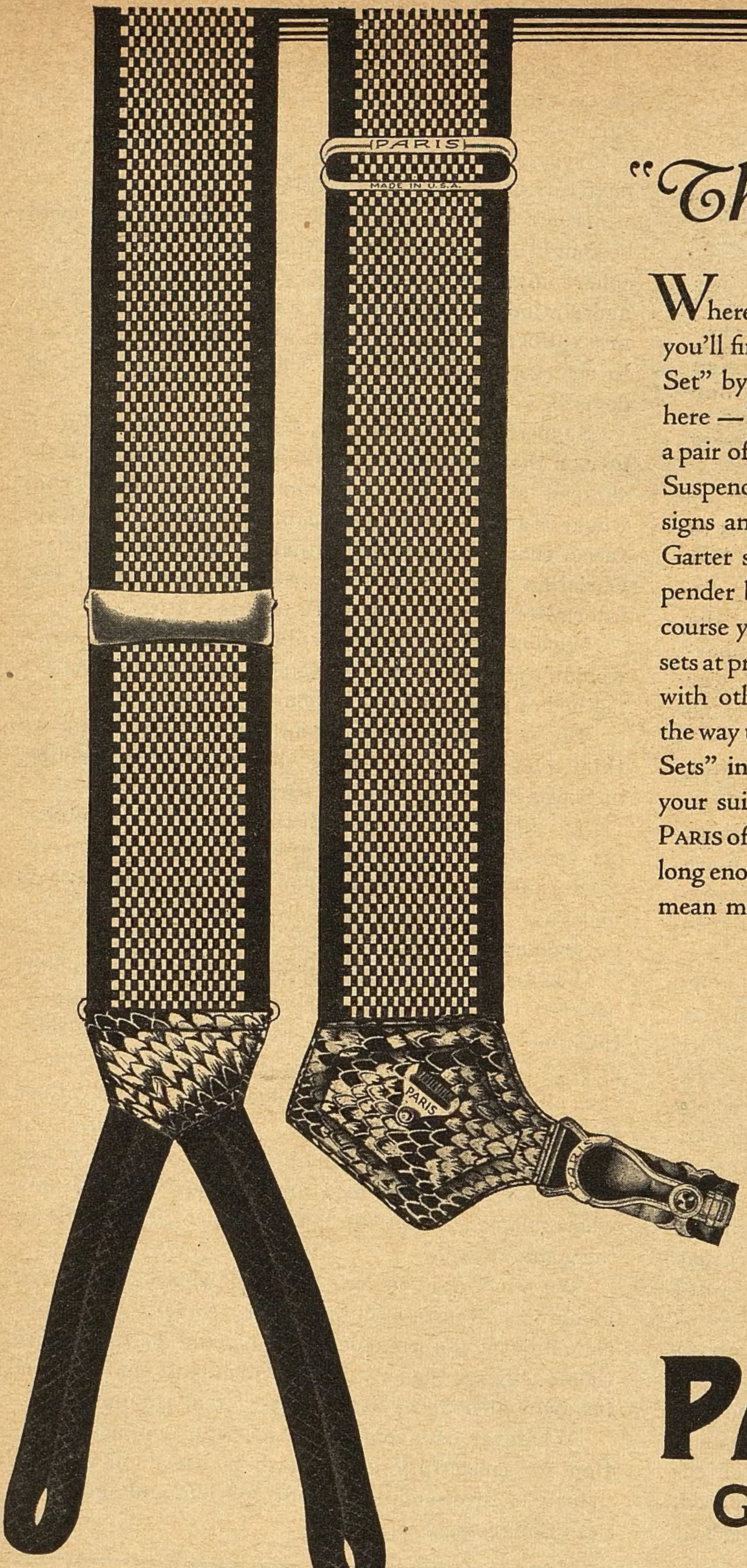
Cross-sections, diagrams and laboratory phraseology hold very little interest for most of us. But we are notably quick in attaching the proper significance to a good reputation.

When people concede the superiority of a product they are willing to waive the reasons and accept the results. Personal experience is the surest means of bringing out the tangible results of extra value.

The *Dual*-Balloon has literally blazed a new trail for General's long-held leadership . . . It is extravagantly generous in the qualities that make up complete satisfaction.

Structurally, the *Dual*-Balloon is designed to double the advantages of single balloons. It exceeds every demand for luxurious comfort, controlled safety and big mileage. A set of *Dual*-Balloons on your car will prove the great difference you hear so much about. The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

The GENERAL
Dual-Balloon 8



"The Smart Set"

Wherever men of accomplishment gather, you'll find a strong preference for "The Smart Set" by PARIS. One of the many is shown here —" The PARIS Smart Set " consists of a pair of fine elastic PARIS Garters and PARIS Suspenders perfectly matched in smart designs and colors. The Super Quality PARIS Garter shown is $1 and the fine fabric Suspender by PARIS is $1.50—the set $2.50. Of course you may buy these separately—other sets at prices from $5 to $1.50. Swing into line with other men of affairs . . and "fellows on the way up". . acquire a range of these "Smart Sets" in colors to harmonize either with all your suits or dress accessories. See the new PARIS offerings at your dealer's. Always pause long enough to ask distinctly for PARIS. It will mean many months of satisfaction for you.

PARIS
GARTERS *and* SUSPENDERS

Keep UP *your good appearance*

A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

MARCH 8, 1930

Liberty

VOL. 7 No. 10

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

HIND END TO

The American Legion has been urging Congress to adopt the Reed-Wainwright resolution, which is a first step toward the drafting of wealth in the next war.

We think the Legion is mistaken. It is going at the problem hind end to—as if the matter of most importance as regards the civil population in the next war were to prevent it from profiteering. This is by no means the case.

The first thing to be desired, surely, is that the civil population should function efficiently in war and produce abundantly of food, munitions, clothing, and soldiers. Profiteering is a secondary matter. But those who are fostering this movement in the Legion are so anxious to prevent profiteering that they forget the need of promoting efficiency.

Now, we believe you cannot stimulate production by taking it away from the people who are accustomed to it and turning it over to Washington bureaucrats. It wouldn't work that way. Nor would taking away the profits tend to increase production, because our whole industrial system is based on the principle of profit.

Why go to a form of communism when a great crisis arrives?

Consider the Civil War, in which, as everyone knows, there was enormous profiteering. Most of the great fortunes of the latter part of the last century were founded in '61 to '65 by men who devoted themselves to industry when their more spirited countrymen were in uniform.

That was something not to be admired, but the fact remains that it did stimulate production enormously and help the Federal armies to overthrow the Confederacy. Profiteers were profiteers, but they produced, and the Confederacy was beaten because of its lack of what the North was producing—shoes, shirts, clothing, munitions, and the rest of it.

In looking forward to the next war the Legion is hasty, we think, in another regard. It is attempting a particular solution for a particular problem.

Well, how can the problem be particularized? What next war is the Legion expecting?

If our next war should be with Nicaragua it could be fought by the Marines. A larger war in this hemisphere might be cared for by an expanded regular army and National Guard. But if we got into a war of the first caliber, like the one from which we are still trying to emerge, an entirely new scheme would have to be devised.

Supposing, for argument, that we should get into a war on the side of white individualists against a dark-skinned alliance led by communistic Russia. That would be a different problem from any the world has yet faced, though somewhat similar to the Mohammedan-Christian wars which have been waged more or less intermittently from 700 A. D. to this century.

We don't know how we would fight such a war, but it wouldn't necessarily be best to adopt communism as our method of producing our weapons.

Do we then condone profiteering? No. But we think a better way of dealing with the profiteers will be, as it was in the last war, the excess profits tax.

It will be recalled that in the high brackets eighty per cent of all profits were taken by the government. What could be a better way than this? Let the profiteers make a little profit for themselves and a big one for the government.

Let the draft include *all* men without dependents between twenty-one and forty, and the result will be that the stay-at-home profiteers will at least have their sons in the army. And you might go a step further—take all young women without dependents and put them in the service of the country. If another world war comes they probably will be needed, because it will be fought all over the world and in the United States, where many attempts at insurrection will be made by the communists.

We don't need to fear that particular kind of war much while Russia is so inefficient. But if the Russians should develop a great leader we would do well to fear them; they are the only nation which really hates us and toward which we have a feeling of real antagonism.

Whatever may come, the American Legion's resolution for conscription of wealth is based on unsound principles of economics, in our opinion, and should not pass Congress.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Mystery of Sacco-Vanzetti . . . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 7
Beginning a new series of problems for amateur detectives
The Black Venus of Rubiana—*A story* . BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 12
Miss Doctor—*Part II* . . . H. R. BERNDORFF and I. A. R. WYLIE 22
The Films Range Afar—*Movie reviews* . . FREDERICK J. SMITH 32
Patchouli—*A story* . . . . EDWARD L. MCKENNA 34
"—And So I Jumped" . . . . HAROLD WHITBY 39
A first-hand account of some thrills and perils of parachuting
Taps—*A short short story* . . . . LILLIAN MCCAHAN 49
Hard Boiled Hannah—*A story* . . . ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 52
The Diamond Eye—*Part IX* . . . . EDWARD DOHERTY 62
Under Camera Fire . . . . . CAPTAIN EDWARD N. JACKSON 72
A news photographer's adventures with human nature

Editorial (p. 4); News of the World (31); Twenty Questions (48); Vox Pop (50-51); For the Love o' Lil (57); Cross Word Puzzles (58-59); Food (60); Bright Sayings of Children (69); Fashions (70); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (71) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

KEEPING TIME

◆ *with beauty and enduring accuracy*

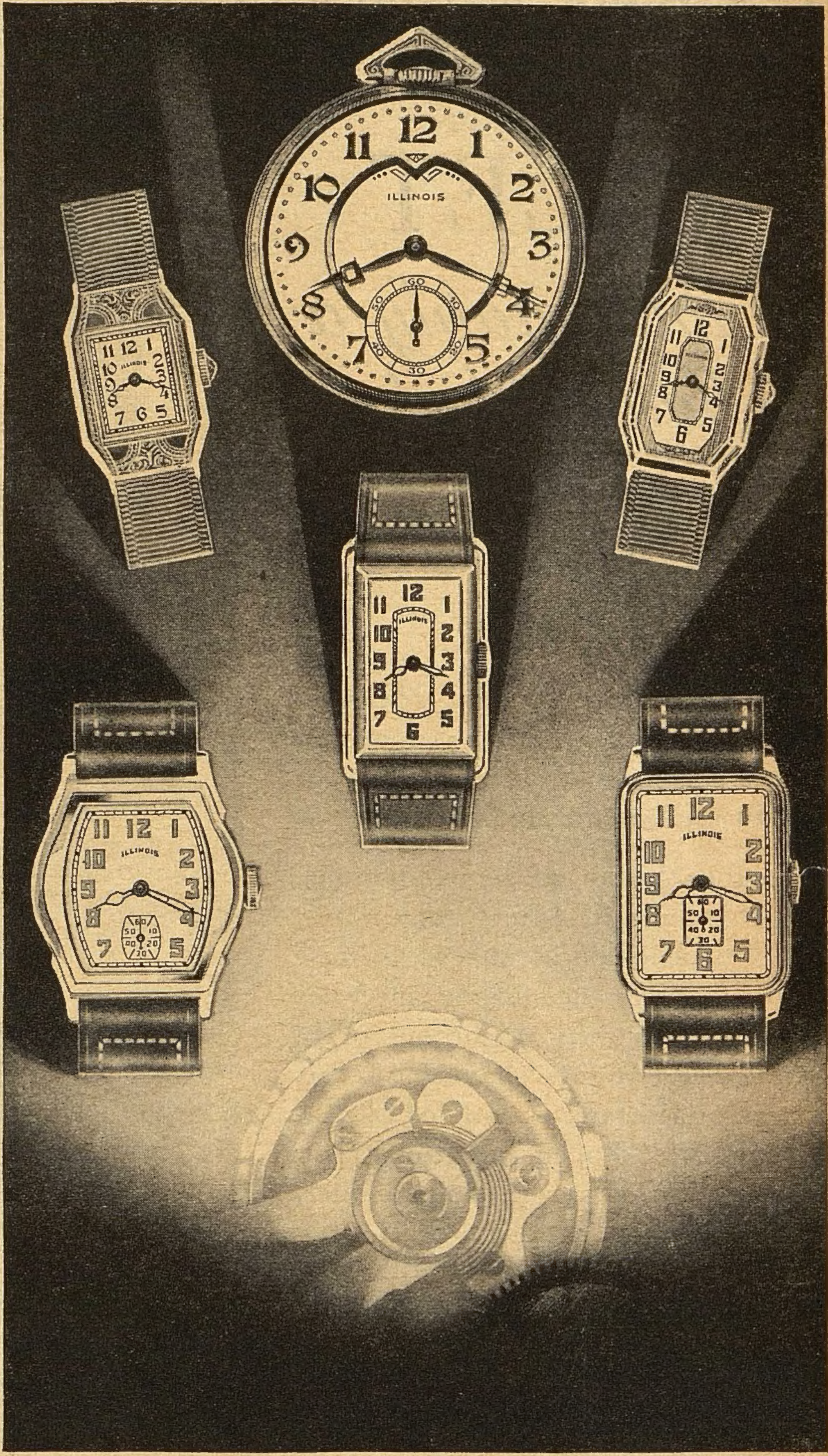
There is lasting satisfaction in the ownership of an Illinois watch. Timing the seconds for you with accurate, even pulse. Reflecting an unerring sense of what is smart. Modern as tomorrow in their authentic interpretation of style and vogue in design and decoration. And moreover, every Illinois deserves an owner who knows the importance of time and of such a timepiece . . . . Illinois have been fine watches since 1870. Ever true, also, to that higher standard of beauty within—the beauty of perfection in workmanship which is the birthright of every Illinois and the secret of its enduring accuracy . . . Select a good jeweler. He can show you the full Illinois line—strap, pocket and ribbon watches, for men and women. Many of them at surprisingly low prices, considering their true value . . . And ask him to explain what the name Illinois stands for in fine watchmaking. He has known Illinois Watches ever since he's been in business.

Interesting booklet, "The Thrilling Beauty that Lies Within"—gladly sent on request. Address The Illinois Watch, 1232 North Ninth Street, Springfield, Illinois.

◆ ◆

AS ILLUSTRATED

ILLINOIS MEN'S POCKET WATCH	
THE DEAN – 19 jewels, 14k white and natural solid gold case, gold figured dial	$110.00
ILLINOIS LADIES' RIBBON WATCHES *(left to right)*	
THE EDGEWATER – 17 jewels, 14k white gold-filled case	$50.00
THE MARY TODD – 17 jewels, 18k solid white gold case, inlaid enamel	75.00
ILLINOIS LADIES' STRAP WATCH *(center)*	
THE BILTMORE – 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case	$ 50.00
ILLINOIS MEN'S STRAP WATCHES *(left to right)*	
THE CAVALIER – 17 jewels, 14k white or natural gold-filled case	$ 45.00
THE TROPHY – 17 jewels, 14k white gold-filled case	55.00



The beauty that lies within . . . the beauty that is a timepiece

The ILLINOIS WATCH

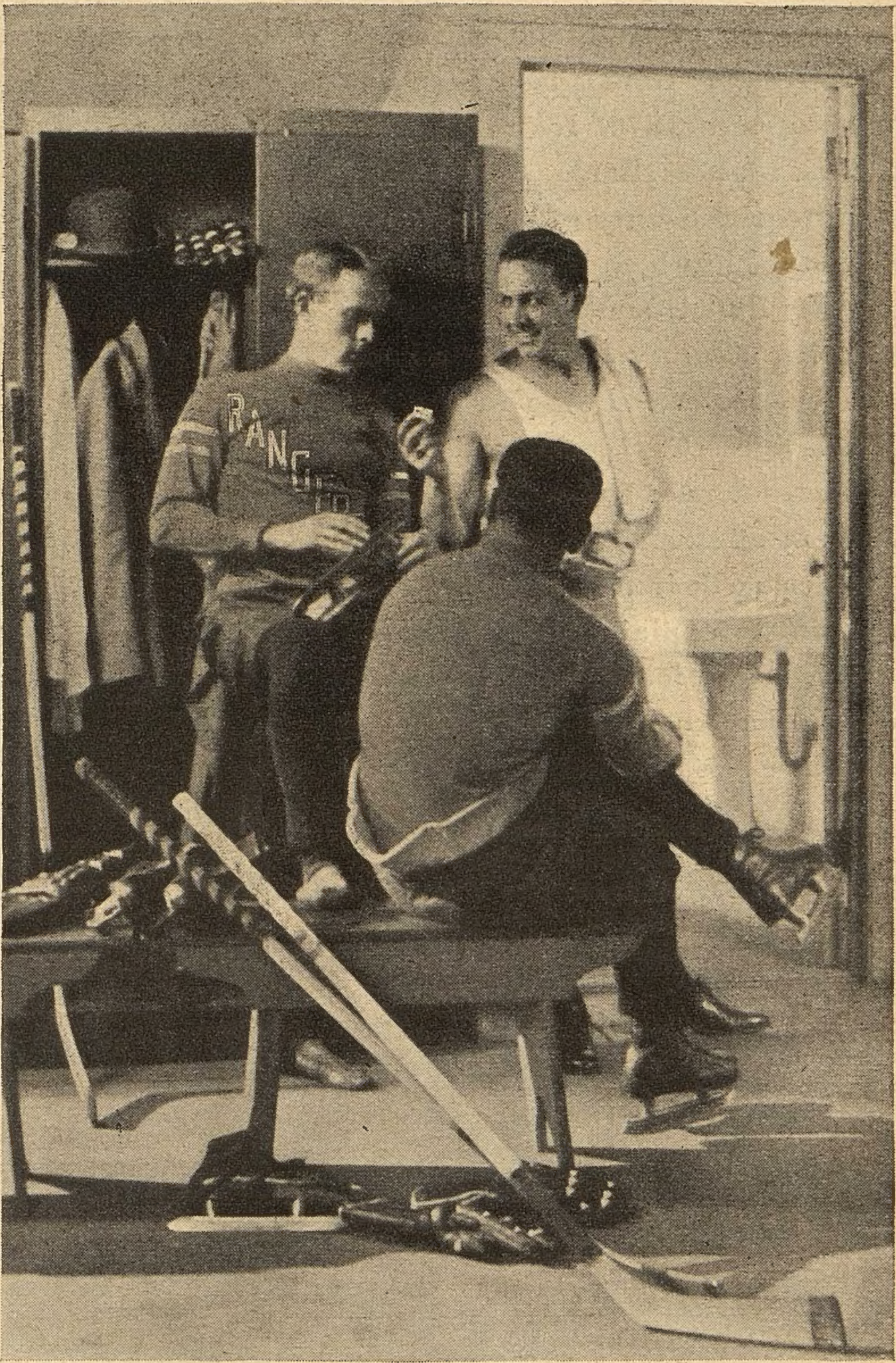
Established 1870

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS (*BUNN SPECIAL*) RAILROAD WATCHES

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

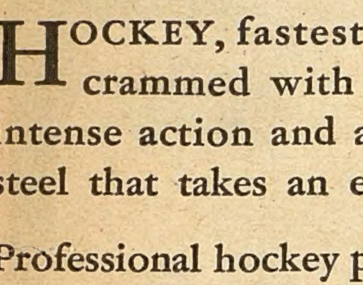
BILL COOK AND 8 OUT OF HIS 13 NEW YORK RANGERS *say* VALET *is undeniably a better blade*



HOCKEY, fastest of all sports—crammed with swift seconds of intense action and anxiety—calls for steel that takes an edge and holds it.

Professional hockey players know steel. Skill demands it. Safety requires it. Success depends on it. That's why their outspoken preference for the new Valet blade is noteworthy. Eight out of 13 New York Rangers shave with this exceptional blade—made of triple-hardened steel, honed and stropped to a micro-edge by automatic machines.

The new Valet is a triumph in steel and manufacturing precision. Every blade passes before a magnifying mirror for inspection. Flaws cannot escape detection. Uniform quality is assured.

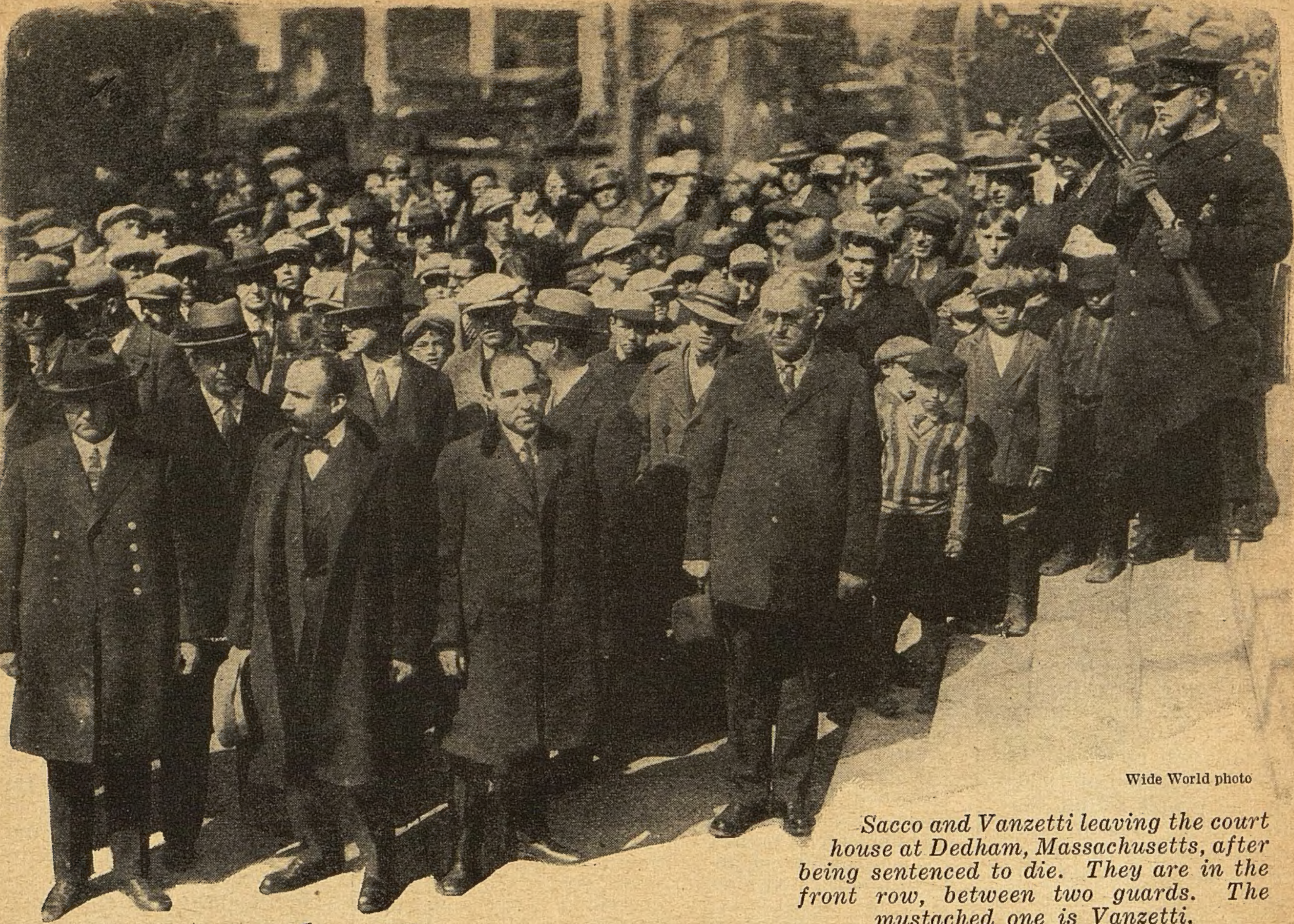


Dermatologists prescribe the new Valet blade because it glides through beard and across the face lightly, smoothly—without irritating the skin. Try this superior blade in the scientifically adjusted Valet AutoStrop — the only razor that cleans and strops without removing the blade. You'll like its friendly angle and velvet-like smoothness.

All dealers now have the new Valet blade in stock.

The NEW VALET *Auto-Strop* BLADE

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York — Also Toronto . London . Paris . Milan . Rio de Janeiro



Wide World photo

Sacco and Vanzetti leaving the court house at Dedham, Massachusetts, after being sentenced to die. They are in the front row, between two guards. The mustached one is Vanzetti.

The Mystery of SACCO-VANZETTI

First of Ten Real-Life Problems for Solutions of Which Liberty Offers $10,000

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

MR. SUTHERLAND'S mystery series in Liberty last year aroused wide interest and led to much head-scratching and cudgeling of brains among those who pondered its problems. There was so much demand for more that Mr. Sutherland has spent a year in the preparation of a new series—not all murder mysteries this time, but all equally baffling. The series begins herewith.

IN several ways the trial of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti for the murder of a factory paymaster and his armed guard in South Braintree, Massachusetts, was the most important court proceeding in the history of the United States. Certainly it was the most celebrated: it is the only American trial I know of that was reported fully in the press of the whole world and followed carefully for seven years by newspaper readers of every political faith everywhere.

Three aspects of the trial will not soon be forgotten: first, the honest doubt of millions of persons as to their guilt; second, the sad commentary of the proceedings on the course of justice in the commonwealth of Massachusetts; and, third, the profound and impassable cleavage between conservative and radical minds that resulted from the outcome.

So significant was this historical trial regarded throughout the world that after the two Italians had been executed it occurred to several eminent American lawyers that a record of the case ought to be preserved permanently.

Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, John W. Davis, Raymond B. Fosdick, Charles Nagel, Elihu Root, and five other attorneys coöperated in assembling the data necessary to such a record, and it was published by Henry Holt & Co. There are six volumes containing 6,094 printed pages—more than 3,000,000 words—covering the whole official record. The number of words that appeared

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF SACCO-VANZETTI
Continued from page seven

in newspapers, in pamphlets, and in other books, partisan or unbiased, is absolutely incalculable.

This deluge of words, official and lay, proves two things, at least: the universality of interest in the case; and the difficulty of trying to prepare for magazine readers a short, fair, comprehensive, and enlightening summary of what must, despite the judicial conclusion of the trial, forever remain a mystery.

Before I tell you, first, who Sacco and Vanzetti were; second, the facts of the crime for which they stood trial; and, third, what happened between their arrest on May 5, 1920, and their execution on August 23, 1927, it is highly desirable that you be conducted on a rapid survey of American and world conditions at the time of the murders, since those conditions undeniably had a powerful influence on the proceedings and their outcome.

Readers will recollect the world-wide turmoil of 1920, when the people of all the earth were readjusting themselves to the vastly altered social values that the Great War caused. Principally there was the extraordinary experiment of certain laboring classes and their leaders with the new doctrine of bolshevism, communism, and anticapitalism which Lenin and Trotzky had just recently formulated and put into practice in Russia.

$10,000 for the Best Solutions *of* TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of Sacco-Vanzetti is the first of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am going to write in my new $10,000 mystery contest series. Here, for the first time, the principal characters and known facts, clews, and motives will be mobilized and related in complete stories.

Everybody loves to find his own solution to an answerless riddle—and it will be much more entertaining to be paid real money for reaching a solution! Liberty therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

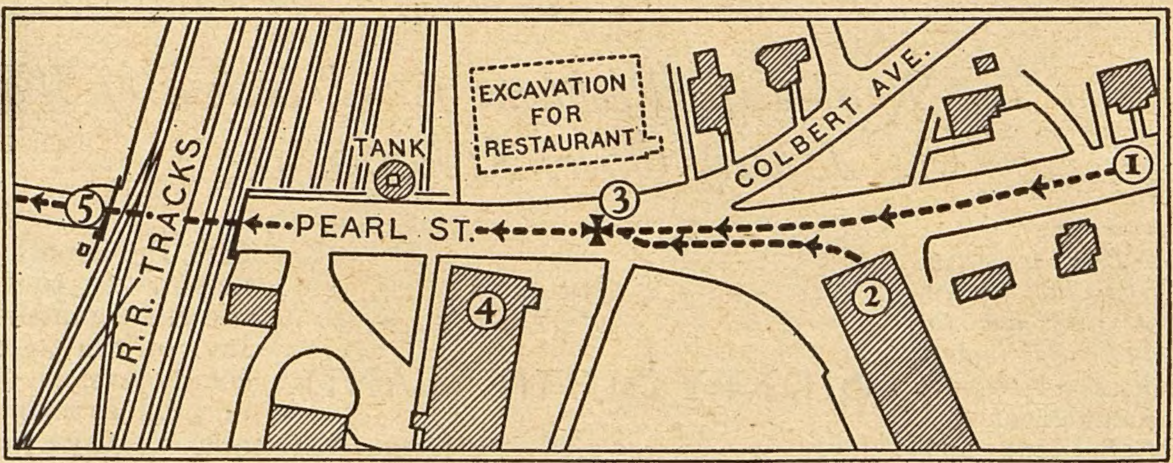
It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Industrial and financial and governmental circles everywhere were bewildered by and apprehensive about the appearance of this new social and economic thesis. Playing with the new toy were new leaders and the war-weary workers and mutinous soldiers of England, Hungary, Austria, Poland, Germany, Australia, Italy, and France.



The robbery and murder at South Braintree, Massachusetts, charted from the accounts of eyewitnesses. The murder car was parked at (1) when the victims, carrying the pay-roll boxes, came out of the Slater, Morrill factory (2). They were shot down at (3), within full view from the Rice & Hutchins factory (4). The car picked the murderers up and escaped across the railroad tracks at (5). The crossing watchman attempted to lower his gates to stop it, but when shot at, desisted.

IN America the radical test tube was exploding everywhere. The I. W. W. were pouring bullets into an American Legion parade, acid into delicate mining machinery, and violent propaganda into the heart of every western worker. Railway employees and coal miners were agitating a country-wide strike; Boston policemen went out and left the city helpless; sabotage and slackerism in output were popular in many factories and offices; wealthy parlor pinks of both sexes were supplying funds and legal backing for agitators of every description. More menacing, because more openly violent, was the situation presented by the arrival on these shores of boatloads of foreign radicals. The whole country was being combed by Secret Service raiders, and boatloads of aliens were being deported.

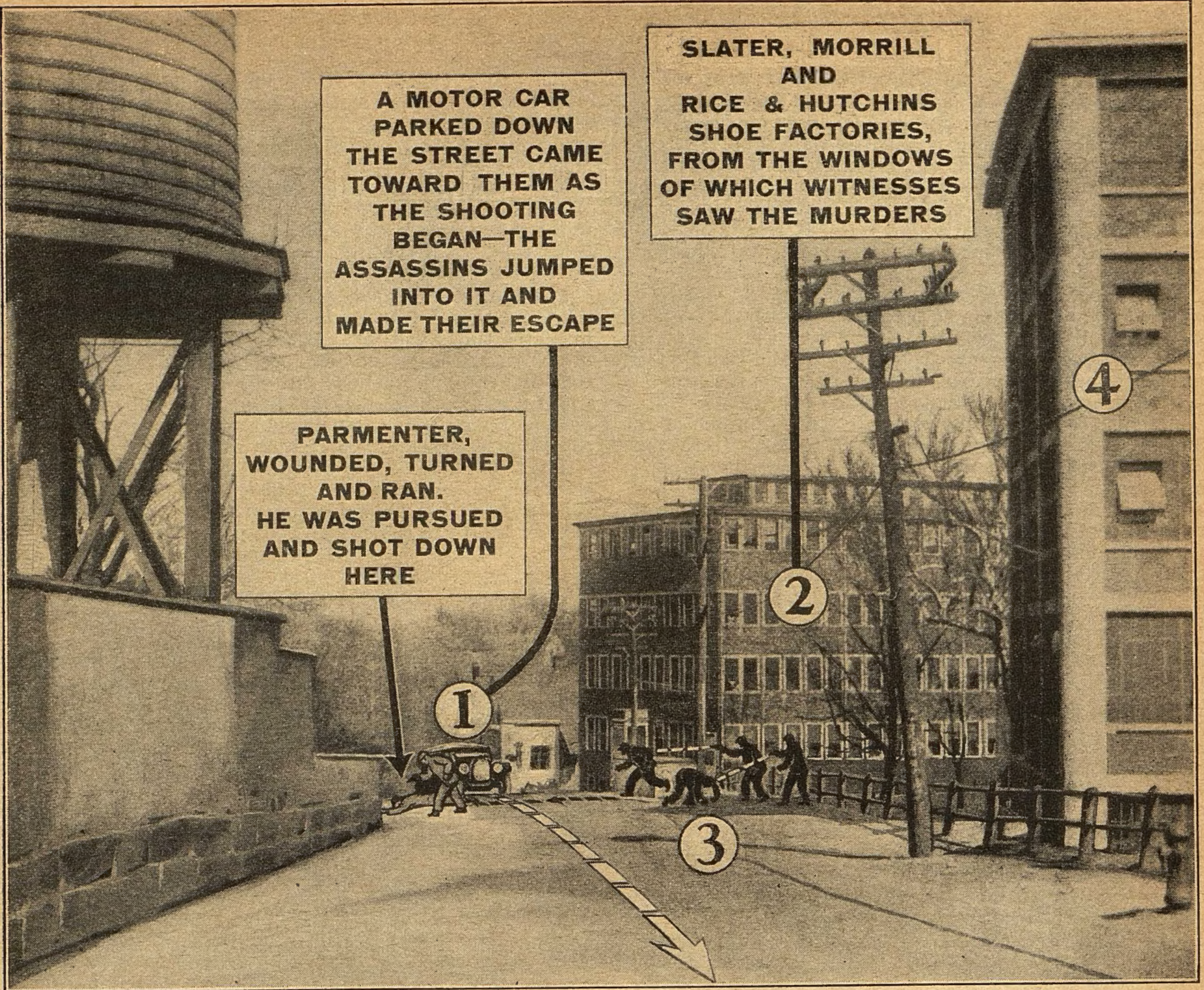
Headquarters for the Italian section of radicalism in America was in and about Lynn, Massachusetts. There Luigi Galliani carried the torch for his red countrymen in his weekly periodical, Cronaca Sovere-siva.

Bombs constituted the overt sample of radical hatred for the capitalistic system. Bombs were being constructed in a hundred hidden laboratories; bombs were being sent through the mails to prominent men and women; bombs were being detonated everywhere.

It was in the midst of all this excitement and perplexity and terror that Sacco and Vanzetti strode forward on to the stage of their enduring prominence.

NICOLA SACCO was born in 1891 in the town of Torre Maggiore, Italy. He was twenty-nine years old at the time of his arrest, and thirty-six when he went to the electric chair. His father bought and sold olive oil, and sired seventeen children. Nicola went to school from 1898 until 1905, when he quit to work for his father. He tilled the soil in a vineyard the family lived on. In 1907 he got a job as a mechanic, and worked at it a year. Then he left Italy for America and landed in Boston on April 12, 1908. His first job was carrying water for laborers of a construction gang in Milford. That winter he worked in a foundry, and then drifted into a shoe factory, where he worked as an edge trimmer from 1910 until 1917. In April of 1917 America went to war with Germany, and Sacco fled to Monterey, Mexico, to escape the army draft. He left behind him his wife—he had married Rose Zambelli in 1912—and his four-year-old son. His wife worked during his absence. In Mexico Sacco called himself Nicola Mosmacotelli, adopting his mother's maiden name.

In September, 1917, Nicola returned to Massachusetts and rejoined his wife in Cambridge, where he worked for a few weeks in a candy factory. In October he got a job in the Rice & Hutchins shoe factory in South Braintree, where he stayed a week or so at thirteen dollars a week. It was directly in front of this factory that the double murder


A MOTOR CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET CAME TOWARD THEM AS THE SHOOTING BEGAN—THE ASSASSINS JUMPED INTO IT AND MADE THEIR ESCAPE
SLATER, MORRILL AND RICE & HUTCHINS SHOE FACTORIES, FROM THE WINDOWS OF WHICH WITNESSES SAW THE MURDERS
PARMENTER, WOUNDED, TURNED AND RAN. HE WAS PURSUED AND SHOT DOWN HERE
1
2
3
4

A photographic reconstruction of the crime at South Braintree of which Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted. The numbers correspond to those on the chart on the opposite page. The car is seen coming from the direction of (1) as the shooting begins at (3). The white line with the arrow is the course of the escaping car.

for which Sacco was tried took place. The defense later was to ask why the state did not produce workers from that plant to identify Sacco as one of the killers, since some of them must have known him. To this the prosecution retorted that the defense should have produced such workers to prove that Sacco was not one of the assassins.

In November, 1918, having worked at several places in the meantime, Sacco went to work at the 3-K shoe factory in Stoughton, where he was living at the time of the murders and his subsequent arrest. His boss was a Mr. Kelley, and he testified for the defense, although cross-examination elicited testimony that pleased the state.

SACCO worked steadily for Mr. Kelley excepting for three weeks in December of 1919, when he laid off because he said he was sick. He was not at work on December 24 when a pay-roll holdup was attempted in Bridgewater, a nearby town. Nor was he at work on April 15, 1920, when Frederick A. Parmenter, paymaster for the Slater, Morrill shoe factory in South Braintree, and his guard, Alexander Berardelli, were shot to death and robbed of $15,773.59 in the middle of the street in front of Rice & Hutchins' plant. We will see later where he claimed he was on those dates—and where he was, according to the prosecution.

During all this time Sacco was an anarchist, loathing American institutions and wishful to destroy them. He admitted this candidly on the witness stand and in his statements and letters during the seven years he was in prison.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti was born in 1888, in Villefalletto, province of Cuneo, in the Piedmont region of Italy. He was thirty-two when arrested and thirty-nine when he died. From 1894 to 1901 he attended school at his home; and then left for the city of Cuneo to learn pastry making. Until 1907 he worked in different Italian towns.

His mother died in 1908 and he came to America, via France, arriving in New York City in July of that year. He worked in Mouquin's restaurant and in several clubs; and in 1909 he went to Springdale, Connecticut, where he labored in a brickyard for a year or so; and in a Meriden stone quarry for a year and a half.

Then he returned to New York City and made the pastry in Savarin's restaurant; then went to Springfield, Massachusetts, where he joined a railway construction crew. For the next two years he toiled on a reservoir and in a Worcester wire mill. In 1913 he reached Plymouth, Massachusetts, where he was living when he was put in jail. There he worked for the Cordage Company mill and for different contractors for several years. In March of 1920 he worked for a Mr. Sampson, a contractor, having obtained about a year before that date a license to dig clams and sell them. He also sold fish from house to house.

And from the time Vanzetti reached America until he died he, like Sacco, was an anarchist, despising the capitalistic system, and subscribing to Galliani's periodical and to its tenets. This he proclaimed boldly from the witness stand; just as he admitted that in May, 1917, he had fled to Monterey, Mexico, as Sacco had, to escape the army draft.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF SACCO-VANZETTI
Continued from page nine

The truth as to what Vanzetti was doing on December 24, 1919, and on April 15, 1920, may never be ascertained beyond a reasonable doubt. In proper sequence I shall tell you what he said he was doing on those days, and what the prosecution claimed he was doing.

On Wednesday, December 24, 1919, Alfred E. Cox, paymaster of the L. G. White shoe factory at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, went on foot to his bank and drew $33,113.31 for the plant's pay roll. It was about 7:30 A. M. Thursday was the regular pay day, but Thursday was Christmas Day.

When Cox emerged from the bank with the money, he climbed into the company's truck, which was waiting, and put the funds in an iron box fastened to the floor of the truck. Earle Graves was the chauffeur, and Ben Bowles, an armed guard, sat beside him. Cox sat on the iron box behind them, and they started for the factory.

When they reached the middle of town, on one of the main streets, a seven-passenger touring car with the curtains lowered drew up near the curb and two men stepped out. As the truck approached they walked down the middle of the street toward it, and, when a few yards away, suddenly opened fire. A man sat at the wheel of the touring car and watched the holdup, and another man, according to several witnesses, stood on the sidewalk near the machine and looked on, a pistol in his hand.

The two bandits in the street were foreigners and swarthy. The taller man had a pistol; and his companion, a shorter, slimmer man with a mustache, had a rifle or a shotgun. Both shot at the driver and guard, the latter three times. Bowles returned the fire; Graves speeded up and ducked around a street car; and the foreigners ran back to their car, got in, and drove swiftly away.

Then began the description of the outlaws—and in this and in the subsequent identifications of the suspects, both in the Bridgewater holdup and in the South Braintree murders, lies one of the most astonishing features of the entire case.

For, surely, never in an important case in all the world were there such conflict of statements, such confusion of impressions, such changing of testimony, such manifest perjury, such ground for protest by friends of the accused, such positive identification of the accused according to the prosecution.

International photo

Miss Luigia Vanzetti broadcasting a plea in her brother's behalf.

PINKERTON agency detectives came down from Boston to supplement the work of the police, and a reward was offered by the White company. While everybody was looking for one or more of the quartet, a far more serious crime was about to be perpetrated.

On Thursday morning, April 15, Shelly Neal, American Railway Express agent at South Braintree, received $15,773.59 from the express messenger on the 9:18 o'clock train from Boston. He put it in his truck and drove a few blocks to the Slater, Morrill shoe factory, where it was to be used as a pay roll.

Parked near the station platform he noticed a seven-passenger Buick touring car with the curtains fastened down, and several men in it. One of them he later identified as Vanzetti, just as he identified the car as the one that fled from the scene of the murder. Yet Neal couldn't identify any other car among the twenty parked there, or any other man standing around the platform that morning.

At 3:10 o'clock that afternoon, Fred Parmenter, the shoe concern's paymaster, and Alex Berardelli, the guard, left one of the company's buildings and started down the street to its other plant, carrying the money in two metal boxes.

Two young men were leaning against a fence near the Rice & Hutchins factory, and as the two employees with the money came near, one of the strangers spoke to Berardelli. A few words were said, and then the loitering pair whipped out pistols and opened fire point-blank.

Parmenter, wounded, turned and ran. He was pursued and shot down, mortally wounded. Berardelli was hit three times and fell. His assassin leaned down and fired again, the bullet entering near the shoulder and coursing through his body into his stomach. This bullet was fatal. Both men died a little later, Parmenter regaining his senses for a moment and whispering that the assassins were slender foreigners with dark faces.

The two killers—some witnesses said there was a third standing somewhere around—bent down above their victims, picked up the metal boxes, and jumped into the tonneau of their car, which had been parked down the street but which came toward them when the shooting began.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Sacco with her daughter Inez.

THE driver put on speed and raced toward the railroad crossing, somebody in the car thrusting a rifle or shotgun barrel through the rear window to threaten possible pursuers. The crossing watchman tried to lower his gates, but was fired upon by a man on the seat with the driver. The car continued, made a few turns, and disappeared.

Near the scene of the killing a dozen or so Italian laborers were working in an excavation. They scattered madly when the fusillade began; and their recollection of the affair never was definitely of help to either state or defense, though both claimed it bolstered their respective contentions.

A dozen or so men and women at work in the two shoe factories rushed to the windows and saw part of the tragedy. Other witnesses were strung out along the street, in doorways, on sidewalks, in their yards. They, too, seemed to have ducked behind doors and fences, reappearing in time to see a bit of the crime or the fleeing automobile.

Here, as in the Bridgewater affair, the authorities were handicapped by the diverging descriptions furnished them. It was generally agreed that the death-car driver was a cadaverous, pallid, fair-haired, blue-eyed individual; but the portrayals of the man who sat beside him, and the pictures drawn from horrified memories of the faces and clothing of the twain who did the shooting, all were to constitute the perplexing feature of the trial.

Generally, there was no question about the killers being swarthy foreigners; and the word Italian was almost unanimously used to designate their nationality. But whether they wore overcoats, or dark or gray clothing, or hats or caps, or were bareheaded, or were young or in early middle age, or whether the car was a Buick or some other make, or what sort of weapons were seen, or how many shots were fired, few witnesses, according to the defense, were able to say beyond a reasonable doubt.

Two days after the murders the police found a seven-passenger Buick with its rear window removed, a bullet hole in the door, and sixty-two cents in change on the floor. The car had been abandoned in some woods a mile or so out of West Bridgewater. It answered the descriptions of both the death car and the car used in December in the Bridgewater holdup.

The Buick was taken to the Brockton police station, and there identified by Francis J. Murphy, a shoe manufacturer of Natick, as one which had been stolen from him on November 23, 1919. He had not seen it in the meantime, but it had been painted and polished since he had lost it, although it was quite dusty when it was found.

The two Italians were arrested on an interurban trolley car the night of May 5, twenty days after the killings.

They were taken to the Brockton jail and there inspected by numerous witnesses, both of the Bridgewater holdup and the South Braintree homicides. It was nowhere contended that Sacco had participated in the former crime, but Vanzetti was in both of them, according to the witnesses, though nobody ever claimed that he left the car and took part in the actual shooting in South Braintree.

Boston Post photos

Fred Parmenter, at the left, and Alessandro Berardelli, the South Braintree murder victims.

On June 11 Vanzetti was indicted for the Bridgewater holdup. On June 23 he pleaded not guilty and went to trial at Plymouth before Superior Court Judge Webster Thayer. He was prosecuted by Frederick J. Katzmann, district attorney, and these two filled identical rôles a year later at the murder trial.

As far back as this date there began to creep into the case the aspect of radicalism which later was to infuriate liberals, pinks, and radicals throughout the world. The judge at the preliminary hearing held Vanzetti without bail, despite the protests of his lawyer that this was done under a statute passed in 1917 and distinctly a wartime legislative act.

The assistant district attorney, William F. Kane, in his opening address at Plymouth stated that the trial was enormously important and then launched into oratory along these lines: " Why, gentlemen of the jury, the safety and the security of the public, the security of human beings and their property is involved, and—"

Whereupon Judge Thayer, who was to incur the contempt and loathing of the radical world, stopped Kane with the peremptory admonition that Vanzetti was on trial for alleged complicity in the Bridgewater holdup and not for his alleged radicalism.

THE trial, in one respect at least, was a sinister foreshadow of the graver trial a year later—that is, the uncertainty of the identifications, the undeniable changing of testimony by witnesses who first talked to the police, who testified at the preliminary hearing, who went on the stand at this trial, and who later gave testimony in the Dedham murder case. Bowles, the armed guard, for example, first said he shot at one of the bandits, whom he described minutely; and later said he fired at both of them, and described their appearance differently, being uncertain whether they wore derbies or caps or soft hats or no headgear at all, or whether they both shot at him, or what happened when the truck speeded away.

The bandit's mustache was to detain justice for months and years while lawyers and witnesses and barbers quarreled over the word cropped. Some said the mustache was trimmed, some that it was cropped, and so on.

They quarreled over the make of the bandit car, first thinking it was a Hudson, then an Overland, then a Buick; and the model and the curtains, and the place it was parked, and the course it took in fleeing from the scene.

Students, newsboys, doctors, women, passers-by of all classes, disagreed as to details—but all agreed more or less that Vanzetti—or his twin—was one of the holdups who stood in the street shooting at the pay-roll truck. Empty shotgun shells were picked up, and they figured in this trial as well as in the murder trial. Yet some witnesses said Vanzetti was holding a rifle.

One witness noted the license-plate number of the crime car, and said it was 01173-C. These plates were found to have been stolen on December 20 from a garage in the town of Needham. The man suspected of stealing them was an Italian, the garage man said, but his description did not fit Vanzetti. Yet it did fit one of the other men involved in the holdup.

Vanzetti did not take the stand, and of course this was held against him, in spite of Judge Thayer's instructions. Yet his defense was an alibi—that he was, on December 23 and 24, peddling fish to neighbors in Plymouth; that he sold many eels on Christmas Eve, because Italians eat them on holidays and like them salted down for twenty-four hours.

These Italian witnesses remembered the exact hour and minute he appeared at their homes, the clothes he wore, how his mustache looked, how many eels they bought, what they paid for them, what they talked about, and were quite circumstantial as to incidents which they held corroborated their recollections.

BUT, under cross-examination by the adroit and relentless Katzmann, not one of them could remember any other day or hour before or after December 24 that Vanzetti had ever sold fish or eels to them, what he had worn on any other date, how his mustache appeared at any time, what they had bought of him or paid him, or any previous or subsequent conversations.

They must have seemed to the jury as witnesses repeating by rote some rehearsed story of every trifling episode of December 24, 1919—but utterly at sea when such fidelity of memory was tested as of any other day in their lives.

And at that early period in the career of Vanzetti further ground is found for the world-wide radical protest against the course of Massachusetts justice, because Chief of Police Stewart of Bridgewater, who first talked to the prisoners on May 5, testified that at that quiz he asked Vanzetti if he was an anarchist, and that Vanzetti replied: " Well, I don't know what you call them. I am a little different." The chief went on: " Don't you like this government? " And Vanzetti said: " I like things a little different." " But," persisted Stewart, " do you believe in changing the government by force? " And Vanzetti responded: " If necessary."

Just what this had to do with the Bridgewater holdup may seem rather obscure to the disinterested—yet in this trial, as in the one to come, the state maintained that it was revelatory as to the class of human being the prosecution was dealing with.

In any event, the jury retired with the eloquent summations of counsel and the judge's charge ringing in their ears. They retired at 10:50 A. M. on July 1, 1920, and they returned at 4:18 P. M. with a verdict of guilty.

Exceptions were filed, and on August 16 Judge Thayer sentenced Vanzetti to state's prison for a term ranging from twelve to fifteen years.

And then both the state of Massachusetts and the radical forces of the whole earth girded for the bitter struggle that was inevitable when Sacco and Vanzetti came to face the bar for alleged murder.

The state was to be represented by Katzmann, his detectives and his assistants and a mountain of Yankee conservatism, and the prisoners were to find financial and moral support among the radicals throughout the world, who contributed funds and data to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

Mr. Sutherland's story of the Sacco-Vanzetti mystery will be concluded in next week's Liberty. His accounts of other famous mysteries will follow in succeeding issues.

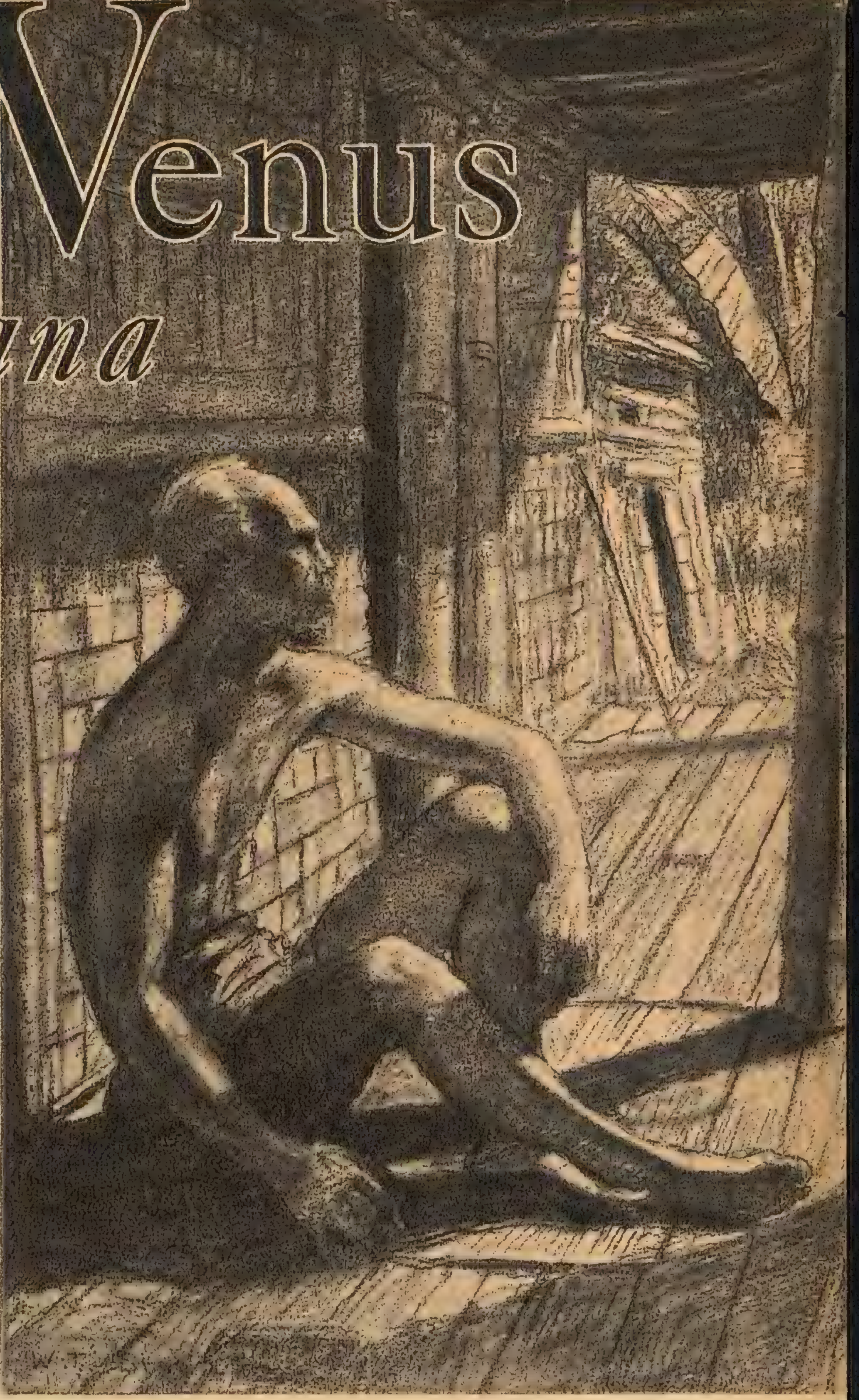
The Black Venus of Rubiana

A Story of the South Seas

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by W. T. BENDA



Old and naked, Gagetta, sitting on the veranda, received the guests

SOME call it Ruviana, others Roviana, others still maintain that Rubiana is the only proper name. It does not matter. The lagoon by any name would show as fair.

Journey to Australia, take ship from Sydney to Tulagi in the Solomons, and thence to Gizo; go by launch to Rubiana, through the Diamond Narrows; row in a dinghy over reef and shallows to Willie Wix's Island, and enter the dark-thatched boathouse where the war canoes lie waiting for a day that will not return.

There, high on her pedestal, you will see the Black Venus, a basket of fruits upon her head. Her hands are placidly folded; her eyes look out across the lagoon with just the hint of a smile in them. She seems content. They will tell you that she has stood there this thirty or forty years, carrying the basket on her head, and the roof on the basket, ever since Gagetta the great artist was young—Gagetta who is old today.

But in the Islands they do not tell everybody everything.

YOU come to Wix's Island by way of Banga, and before you, when you have passed that little plantation, lies all the wonderful forty miles of Rubiana Lagoon, floored with opal matrix, framed by bright hills of New Georgia and blue distances of Choiseul, with Kulimbangra's sinister cone impending, and an amazing great sky of gray-blue and pearl above. There are islands and islands, and yet islands; some vivid, open, snow-sanded, set with gorgeous palms; others mysterious and dusky-green, veiled by sad casuarinas; some with brown native houses spying out of the bush; some with stony ruins on them, and broken piers that reach dead arms into a moveless sea.

Always there are more and more, so that it seems as if, like Maeldune, one could voyage on forever with new islands lifting every moment out of the mauve and peridot shallows, with white reeks crumbling everywhere beneath the pearl-clouded sky, and passages to dare, and peaks, unseen before, to find of a sudden behind the loom of a high island, as one gybes and goes leaning round the corner.

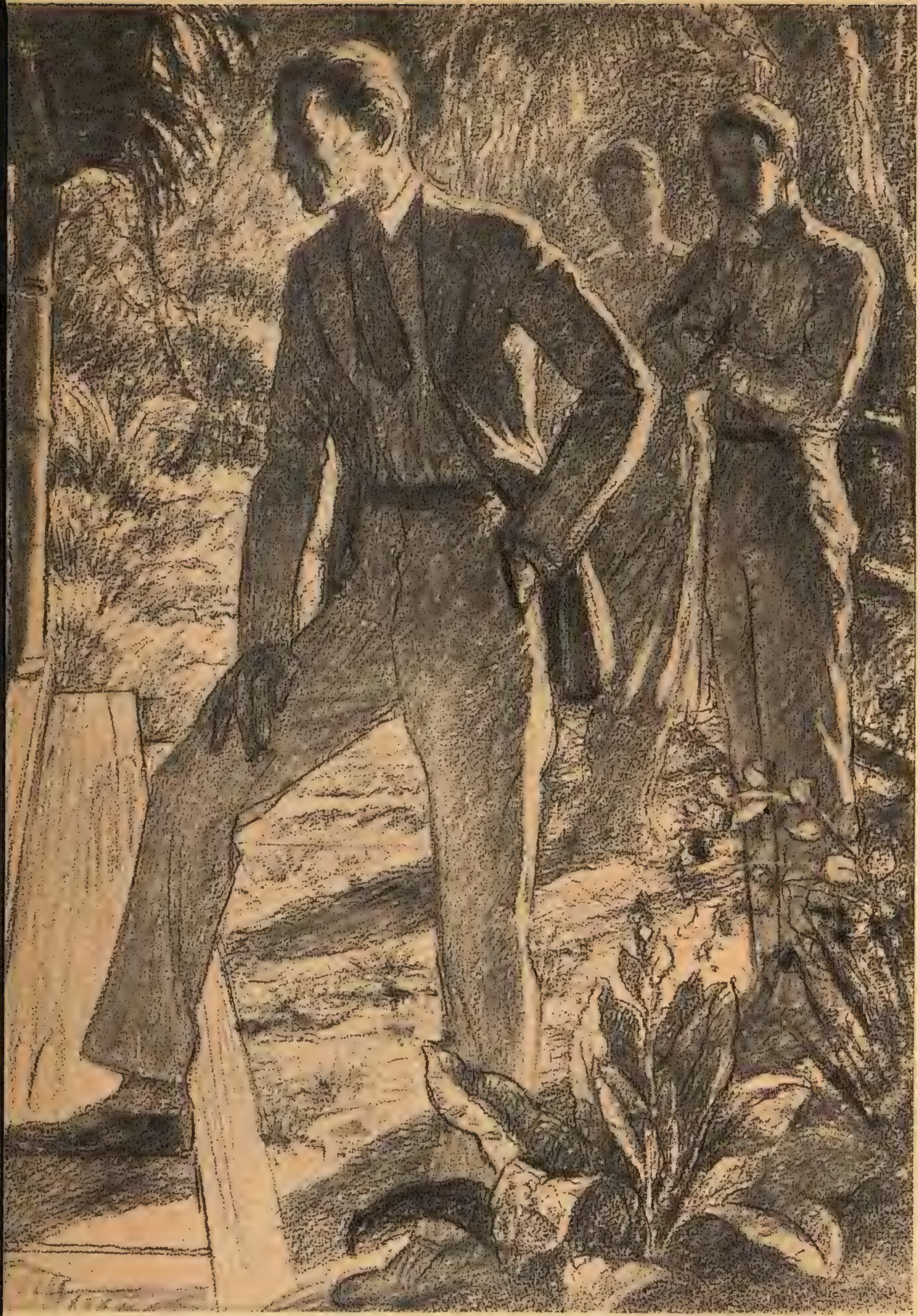
But as for Willie Wix's Island, it is simply a piece of stage scenery afloat. Seeing it, one sympathizes with the farmer who looked on a giraffe for the first time and solemnly declared he did not believe in it. The island is just a little too good to be true.

Jason Franks and Daisy Winters and Alfred Winters, coming up to it in a very small dinghy with a puttering outboard motor, said nothing of the kind, because Daisy and Alfred, a honeymoon couple who lived on a plantation near by, knew all about it, and Jason Franks, their guest, was struck dumb.

He found his voice when they had landed and gone into the boathouse. Before the caryatids that support the roof of that unjustly ruined building, he stood with hands clasped as one in prayer. One was clever, one was so-so, the third (there were but three left) was the Venus.

"Good God!" said Jason. "Do you people realize that this is Art?"

Alfred and Daisy were young, hearty, handsome, much



Winters interpreted. Would he sell one of the figures that upheld the canoe house?

in love, and entirely normal. They were not very clever. Nice people seldom are.

"What else could it be?" countered Alfred, somewhat puzzled. "There's heaps of native art about Rubiana. Always was. Mixed up with head-hunting and all sorts of games. Government puts the stopper on 'em now, more or less, but in Choiseul"—he pointed with one finger to a blue, enchanted island, couched like some fairy beast on the horizon—"they keep it up pretty hot still."

"When I said Art," declared Jason, "I didn't mean art; I meant ART." He gave the word tall capitals. "There's not a heap of that anywhere. You needn't tell me this sort of thing is common."

"Something like it is," averred Alfred, lighting a cigarette contentedly. It seemed to him that Jason was making a fuss about nothing. But one could understand that. The poor chap had had a nervous breakdown; come up to the Solomons for the round trip to get away from the Sydney winter; no cash to spare, and wouldn't have been able to manage a stop-over if he and Daisy, coming home from a holiday, hadn't picked him up and taken him to the plantation. Apart from all that, one understood he was a sculptor of sorts; and artists were always a bit batty in the belfry. Alfred and Daisy were quite prepared to make allowances for him.

They had never heard of Jason Franks, five years earlier the most promising young artist in Australia—and the most unequal. They hadn't seen his wonderful Spirit of Australia, carved in blackwood, and exhibited all over the Commonwealth. Nor had they seen the horrible, sleek Maiden Alarmed that succeeded it, nor the Ringer of the Shed, red cedar, that had earned Jason a cauliflower ear from the indignant model, and worse than a cauliflower ear from all the critics. Nor had they read those last, intolerable insults that, in cold and slangy print, classed Jason, at twenty-nine, among the "has-beens" and "washouts."

THEY had read reports—who had not?—of the Artists' Ball that delightfully scandalizes Sydney once a year, but no report had mentioned the deliberate guying of Jason in his Bacchus tiger skin (which indeed was worn, and suggestive of somebody's woolshed), the planned joke of taking him for a Golden Fleece, the dancing round him, and the baaing, though everybody there knew that he hated his golden curls and his foolish name; though everybody in Australia understood that to compare a man to a sheep is the last and deadliest insult. . . .

No, the happy, honeymooning Winters knew nothing of all that, nor of the evil gnome that had begun to perch upon Jason's pillow in the small hours of the night, telling him that the critics were right, that he had indeed lost his punch as an artist, and never, never would get it back again.

They knew what interested them, in their honeymooning state, a great deal more. Jason had a girl, the daughter of the second largest squatter in New South Wales, which is to say a princess of the second rank. She was called Doria, and she was as dark as Jason was fair. She was a delicious creature, little (Jason was tall), slim (Jason was massive), with a skin of pearl, eyes like black honey, and hair that was like a satin cap upon her dusky little head. She stood several rungs of the social ladder above Jason and his decent trading ancestors, and the squatter princess, her mother, did not let her forget it.

They were engaged, but it was the deadest of dead secrets; not more than three-quarters of the passengers upon the Mataram had heard about it, and only two or three Sydney papers had mentioned the matter, afterward contradicting it speedily by order from headquarters.

Daisy, who was a delightful little thing herself, drank in the tale like honey, deeply sympathizing with the unknown Doria. The world for her was full of love, and love tales; nothing else deserved a moment's attention.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLACK VENUS OF RUBIANA
Continued from page thirteen

Alfred, who had to think about the plantation and the production of copra (else where would his salary come from, and whence the bread and cheese to go with the kisses?)—Alfred, manlike, took the part of Jason in spare moments. He didn't understand what all the fuss was about, but he thought the girl ought to wait until Jason could get another job, if he couldn't support her on the one he had at present. He supposed, anyhow, there wasn't much of a market for statues. You never heard of people buying them like they bought radios and pianolas. Except for graves. What about trying that branch? He'd wager Jason could do well out of it; he'd seen whole graveyards crawling with statues, and he was sure Jason could do as well if he tried.

Thus the kindly Alfred, anxious to see everybody in possession of a wife. They couldn't all have Daisys, poor beggars! Well, let them, if they liked, have Dorias and Veras and Audreys as the next best thing. Everyone ought to be happy. . . .

"I fear," objected Jason in his stately way. (You would never have thought his grandfather sold hot pies in Paddy's Market—pies, by the way, that were filled with meat-bread and sold to the butcher by Doria's infinitely superior grandfather.)

"I bet you would," disagreed Alfred heartily. "The wife and I, we both think you as clever as daylight."

Jason merely snorted, and Alfred offered him a cough cachou; you could never come to the bottom of Alfred's kindness. Even today, when the golden-haired young artist seemed more than ever "batty," the kind young pair resented nothing. He told them in the course of a vivid five minutes spent before the Black Venus that they had a good deal more stomach than soul in their make-up, that art was a closed book to them, and that Philistine was their middle name; also, that he was extremely grateful for all their kindness, and wished to the deuce they'd leave him alone for half an hour.

"Whatever you like," agreed Daisy. (She was just like a chocolate box, except where she was like a magazine cover, and you cannot have anything more delightful—in a real woman.) "Come along when you're ready to Wix's, and he'll give us all tea."

"Tea be hanged," they heard him mutter surlily as they walked entwined down the coral pathway. "He's thinking of her," hazarded Daisy, the thought of a tear in her eye. "Aren't most people unlucky? Most people—except us."

BUT Jason Franks, artist, cursed with a talent as golden as a star and as uncertain as the northern lights, was not in that moment thinking of Doria. He was wondering over the strange caprice of fate that had given him but half of the divine gift, while lavishing it undiminished upon old, naked, savage Gagetta.

The Winters had told him about Gagetta while they stood together looking at the sculptures. Gagetta had carved these figures in his stormy youth, many years past. Now he was a mild old man who lived peacefully in a neighboring village, obeying the government, and not actually resisting the mission. But long ago he had been a fighting man of the fiercest; many a time his magnificent war canoe, carved and inlaid by his own hand, had come roaring down the lagoon, conchs blowing, painted warriors howling like wolves on their way from a successful raid.

Heads, raw and bleeding, had dangled from the bow; wild orgies had been held in the canoe house before the placid goddess who looked down today upon planter families picnicking and brown-white babies playing childish games. Gagetta the artist had not spent his youth posing models and reading up anatomy; he had plunged joyously into a fierce and bloody world, drunk inspiration from battle and sudden death, and learned his human form from dismembered corpses. Yet he had been conscientious, precious, even, in his way. Winters told of a week when Gagetta had sat, silent, motionless, scarce eating or sleeping, by the body of a dead crocodile, studying it endlessly. Not till the beast was so decayed and offensive beyond bearing, did he leave it and return to village life, remarking simply in the Rubiana language, which was the only one he knew, "I was not satisfied with my crocodiles."

"I'll show you a club he made," said Alfred. "A crocodile eating a man. Gosh, Franks, it makes your flesh creep. He—he understands the brutes."

"You mean," explained Jason gloomily, "that he's got the feel of the creature into his work. Just as he's got the *feel* of the human body in that woman."

"I reckon that's it," agreed Alfred, innocently wondering why Jason should be vexed about the matter. And, being asked to go, he went.

NOW Jason, big and fair and handsome, with twenty centuries of civilization behind him, stood despairingly regarding the work of the little brown head-hunter Gagetta, who had scarcely come within the cooey of civilization, and yet who had easily surpassed himself. "He had all the luck there is," thought Jason bitterly, "and I don't suppose he had to go without the woman he wanted. It's only we civilized idiots who go without the things that do matter, while stuffing ourselves up with all the damned things that don't. Winters said he had nineteen wives when he was young—Gagetta had. Among that lot there must have been one or two he liked pretty much as I like Doria. Men are much the same, white or brown; he'd everything. Fame too. And fear; they feared him because he was a sorcerer as well. And a warrior. By gosh, I'd like to see him. They say he lives over the other side of the lagoon, still hearty."

It was silent in the boathouse; you could hear the edges of the thatch rustling softly, like leaves of a book being turned; you could catch the voice of the tiny ripples, farther away, saying over and over again, like the words of some unmeaning spell, "Fish. Fish. Fish."

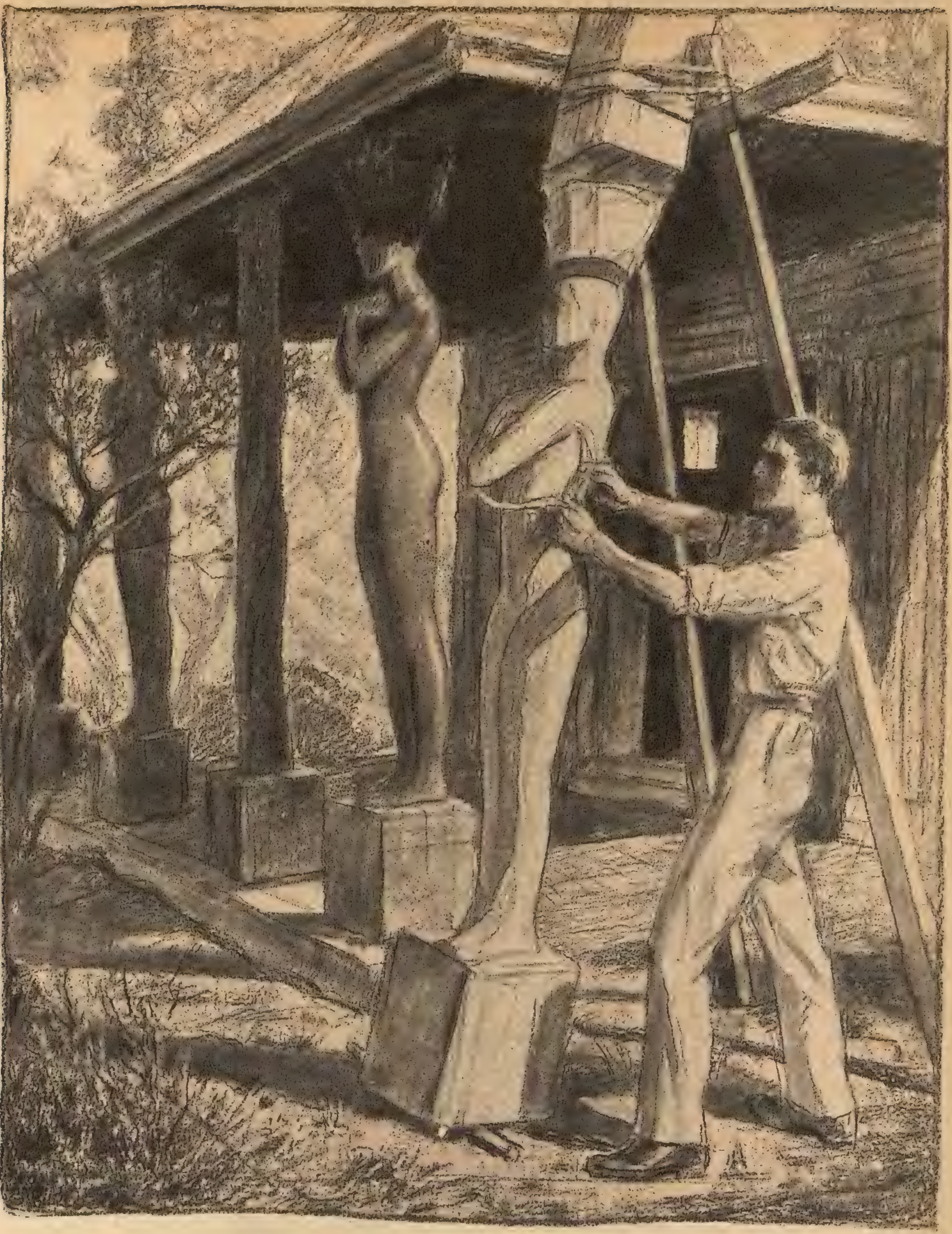
There was no name for the magical green of the water beyond the jetty, or the green of the palms that shook above. You might, perhaps, have played it on a violin, a long rich note—as you might have sounded in one deep chord the splendor of the high pale pearly sky above. Through it all breathed unceasingly, strangely, the tang of something savage, salt as blood.

Jason, alone, the strange place plucking at him as a hand plucks tingling harp wires, was conscious of the birth of new perceptions, thoughts unfelt before.

"There's a devil in this house," he thought. "Small wonder that's so, if half the tales they tell about it are true. Well, any devil that's loose may have all it wants of me, if only—if only—" He paused and looked again at the black woman. "Gauguin wouldn't be in it with me if I had done that," he thought. "Could I do anything like it?"

A great stillness fell on the canoe house, where so many things strange and terrible had happened under the eyes of the Black Venus who stood there holding up her eternal basket of fruits. Jason, motionless, stared at her. "I could copy it," he thought. "No one would know. Not three people have ever seen her, probably, outside the planters—and they see nothing. No use asking Gagetta to do a replica. They say he won't work except at long intervals, and that he's done no big work for years. Copy . . . Could I? Or would he sell?"

Never before in his life had he been tempted to artistic dishonesty; but—what was honesty? Who would be hurt if he copied this wonder, passed it off as his own? By heaven, it would be his own; hadn't he discovered it? And if he made his fortune by it, leaped back to the good opinion of men to his place in the sun once more and to all



Day after day he spent his time at Willie Wix's Island, working on the copy of the Black Venus.

that would mean, he'd see that old Gagetta, who would never know, anyhow, wanted for nothing all the rest of his life.

When Alfred and Daisy, after long waiting, came back to fetch him, he refused to visit Wix, the half-caste owner of the island. "Take me across to Gagetta," he said. "I want to see him immediately."

Old and naked, with gray hair and a hide as wrinkled as a hippo's, Gagetta, sitting on the veranda of his little leaf hut, received the guests with the ease of perfect self-possession. He knew no English. He had never learned the use of book or pen, never owned a pair of shoes or suit of clothes, never seen horse or motor car or plane. The world, beyond Rubiana Lagoon, was vague to him as the world beyond the solar system is to us.

But Gagetta had had the heart and kernel of things: fame had been his, and power, and beautiful women; the joy of fighting, the joy of creating lovely things. Now, in old age, he worked a little, sat much in the sun, smoked, slept, and ate at will, and found life good, even in its dregs. Very bright were the eyes that looked at Jason from under those gray jutting eyebrows; very proud the mouth of the old artist.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLACK VENUS OF RUBIANA
Continued from page fifteen

Winters interpreted. Would he sell one of the figures that upheld the canoe house? This strange white man with the wonderful hair wanted to buy.

The artist's lips, wonderfully expressive, curved in sudden scorn. Jason guessed the refusal before it was translated. He pressed for consideration. He'd give all he could afford, all the old man could want in reason. Couldn't Alfred manage it? What was the old chap saying?

"He says," interpreted Alfred, "that you're asking what can't be done. The woman is a spirit and she is alive. She would do dreadful things to anyone who touched her. She has gone hungry a long time now, the old chap says, and that makes it worse. He wouldn't answer for her if you crossed her."

"What would she do?" asked Daisy, her eyes as big as biscuits.

"He doesn't say," answered Alfred. "He only says that she wants heads, and that the government does not understand these things and won't let anyone give them to her, so for a long time she has been very angry. She would do something dreadful to him if he took her away."

"If he won't, he won't," impatiently declared Jason. "Ask him for a log of the wood he used; it must be good carving stuff."

"Oh, I'll get you that all right. Going to try a copy?"

"I can't say. Don't mind if I stop over on Wix's Island now and then, do you? It's a nice quiet spot."

"You can go and do," said Alfred, "exactly what you like; our place is Liberty Hall."

Jason winced at the bromide, but accepted its implication. Several days running he went over to the island, and there sat for some hours with wood and tools, working hard at his copy of the Black Venus. After nearly a week of labor, he seized the copy, cursed it, and flung it into the lagoon. It floated lightly, bobbing at the edge of the water. Jason looked hard at it for a minute or two, and seemed to think. Then he pulled the half-finished figure out of the sea and set to work on it again, whistling.

That night he was unusually gay at the Winters' plantation, played cards and laughed over his losses, sang songs to Daisy's banjulele. Next morning he was heard singing in his bath.

"He's getting over—her," suggested Alfred.

"No fear," corrected the bride. "He thinks he's going to get her now. He was singing Bye-bye, Blackbird.

"Why, that's about losing your girl!"

"It's what I tell you, all the same. You can't sing about losing people if you really think you're going to. You'll see. . . ."

A LONG way off, in Sydney, where bitter winds of August blew upon the harbor and the hills, Doria sat before a fire of scented cedar logs and talked to Kerry Campbell, the doctor who had sent Jason away on his voyage.

Kerry Campbell was no beauty man; harsh and brown as the rind of a nut, he might, like the nut, have a sound sweet kernel within, but it was not immediately apparent to any eye. His bedside manner was distinctly bad, and he had never learned to flatter his patients. In spite of all that, he paid for the biggest flat in Macquarie Street, and drove a car that advertised success.

Kerry was something of a genius, and—like all very successful men—just a trifle of a charlatan as well. The Abernethy model was his favorite, and he worked it hard. He was well connected, had a private fortune, and seemed likely to be included in the birthday honors lists before he scratched a gray head. Doria's family approved of Kerry; if the local papers had announced her engagement to him, there would have been no hurry-scurry to correct it.

"When did you last hear from Franks?" asked Kerry, watching under his heavy eyelids the ivory profile of Doria, seen against the fire. He was satisfied with his progress: Doria might avoid looking at him, but she was certainly interested.

"I can't hear for six weeks," Doria reminded him. "There are no boats." She lifted a peacock fan and held it between her face and the fire. Kerry silently admired the brilliant effect. "I did my best for the chap," he observed presently. "He interested me. Very curious case. It's a toss-up whether he makes a big comeback, or—"

"Or—what?" asked Doria. She was very still now; the fan, against her ivory face, had ceased to move. Kerry decided to be brutal. "Or cuts his throat," he answered her.

"You don't know Jason," said Doria after a pause. "He loves life and everything in it, and—me." The last word came out defiantly.

Kerry Campbell smiled, but said nothing. To himself he thought: "That's just it. That will be the last straw. Well, I'm not responsible; I've done my professional best for him, and I am not bound to stand out of his way." His thoughts drifted on. "She was made to be the wife of a successful man," he told himself exultantly. "She'll know it yet."

BUT through the brain of graceful Doria, as she sat slowly waving the emerald feather fan to and fro, went wandering the musical ghost of a little love poem, heard long ago and half forgotten:

Comfortress of unsuccess,
To bid the world good night.

Where had she heard that? Hadn't Jason quoted it? Well, she would stick to it for all the Kerrys in creation.

The fire of cedar, newly fed, roared on the hearth; sparks crackled, flying upward, as the life of man flies toward sorrow. Two thousand miles away, in the burning Solomons, Doria's lover lay on the veranda of the plantation house, listening to the bellowing moan of the crocodiles in the lagoon, breathing the hot air that was heavy with a hundred perfumes, and wondering if in this strange place he was indeed to find new beginnings, fresh chances, dawn of another day. Honestly or dishonestly, what did it matter, if nobody knew and no one suffered by it? And Doria—Doria!

Day after day he spent his time at Willie Wix's Island, working on the copy of the Black Venus, which—as Willie carefully informed him—was not a Venus at all, but a heathen spirit with an unpronounceable name. "These people of Rubiana," Willie said, "they haven't any education; they never heard of Venus; they know nothing at all. Lucky beggars, sir, I say. There's no good in sending Solomon people, native or half-caste, to those southern schools. I'm only sorry ever I went; it did me no good, no good at all; made me not one thing nor another, sir."

Willie, in smart European clothes, used to drift out of his solitary bungalow toward the canoe house once in a way, seeking, as always, for company, black or white; certain, as always, to feel himself either above or below it when found. Jason hardly noticed him; he was a man of single ideas, and now, a sole idea had possession of his brain. Once tiring of the distasteful task (for he despised his work and knew it to be contemptible) he let his tools fall on the sand, and turned abruptly toward the slender melancholy half-caste who was standing beside him.

"Do you believe these native yarns?" he said.

"I am much interested in the folklore of my people," answered Wix.

"Do you believe this what's-her-name can bring bad luck?"

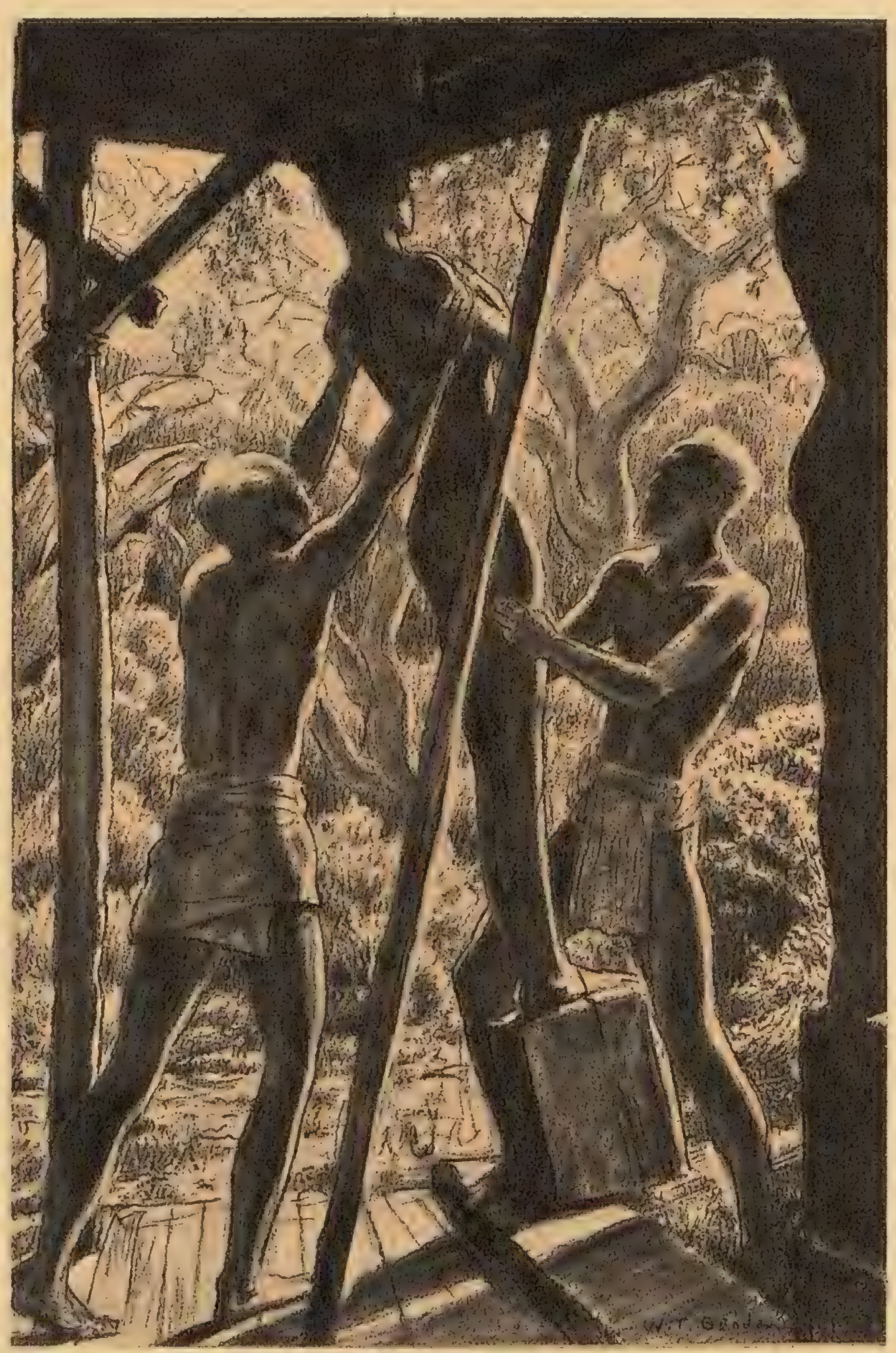
"I am a member of the Methodist Church, sir. I don't attend divine service very often, but—"

"Oh, cut that out! What would happen if anything happened to her?"

The face of Willie Wix grew suddenly dark; veins in his forehead stood out.

"I do not know, sir," he answered with restraint. "I can only repeat what my people would say—they would say that heads would fall and blood would flow.”

“Not much compliment to the government and the mission, if true.” Franks had taken up his tools again; the subject did not interest him deeply. How the devil had old Gagetta done that scarcely perceptible flexing of the thigh under its load, set the neck so solidly beneath the basket? No use trying for fine shades; a general resemblance would be enough. . . . Filthy task, copying another man's work, and copying it ill!



Maiaki and Gagetta, working together, set the Black Venus back upon her pedestal.

Wix was answering him, politely but vaguely. “The government and the mission have done good work, sir. But they do not know everything about the Solomon people.”

“Yes,” said Jason carelessly. Light was beginning to fail. He had almost done; it would be near enough. . . .

He rose, stretching himself. “I shall go home now,” he said.

“You are taking your copy with you, sir?”

“No, leaving it here.”

“You are returning to the island before the steamer goes?”

“Just to fetch my work. She's due day after tomorrow.”

“It is the new steamer, sir, isn't it? I like to go and see her when she calls.”

“SHE'S not coming close in. Too big. Lies some miles out, I believe. Beastly inconvenient.”

“All the same, I think I shall go. I shall like to see that fine steamer. She is twin-screw, sir. Mostly it's the single-screw that comes to the Solomons. I like fine ships.”

Jason did not answer him. Engaged in putting his tools away, he had paid no attention to Wix's talk.

It was an axiom with Jason, as with many better men, that half-castes didn't count; manners were wasted on them.

That life and death, for him, lay nested like unhatched cockatrice eggs in Willie Wix's scarcely heard remarks, he never dreamed—till the moment when all thought, all dreams were vain.

Going down to the boat, he met an elderly man somewhat resembling Gagetta, but with the old artist's fire left out. “That's Gagetta's brother,” volunteered Wix. “He comes here a great deal. Sometimes he looks at the canoe, and he says— What do you say, Maiaki?”

Maiaki, who was decently clothed in an indecently dirty singlet and a piece of tablecloth, shifted the chew of betel nut in his mouth, and spat red upon the sand. “I savvy Ingliss,” he parroted. “I savvy twice one two, twice two four. Good night!” He grinned at Jason. He was the oddest mixture of priggishness and savagery; he held himself with the conscious stateliness of a deacon (which he had been, once, for a brief six months); he was painted like a sorcerer; he chatted schoolbook English, and he wore round his neck a carven charm which was supposed to protect you from spirits that bit you in your sleep. He giggled when he talked, and scratched one leg with the other.

GAGETTA, that out-and-out savage, was dignified, well bred compared with him. “Maiaki got vaccinated with religion, but it didn't take,” Alfred had profanely told Jason. “And if you saw his house,” he added, “you'd understand that that charm must work overtime.”

Wix, disappointed of his effect, turned back toward the lonely bungalow. “I do not think it will talk, sir,” he observed. “Good-by. I must go and see if those natives have not forgotten to feed my pig. We think a great deal of our pigs here, sir.”

Jason, as usual, was not listening. Maiaki bored him almost more than Wix. “What does he mean about you and the canoe?” he asked perfunctorily.

Maiaki, looking on the canoes, suddenly woke up and became another man. In one moment he had shed twenty years of age, and he was a fighting man, a chief; he was hungry for the smell of blood and the sound of blaring conch shells calling to war. Of all his civilized accomplishments, a scrap of pidgin English alone remained.

“He say right,” proclaimed Maiaki. “Me come here; me look along that canoe; me very sorry inside belly belong me. No more that canoe he go fight. No more me go fight. Me sorry all same that missus up there.” Jason realized that Maiaki was speaking of the Black Venus, comparing his regrets to hers. “That missus,” went on Maiaki, his voice rising with every word. “That missus him hungerry, all same me. Him hungerry all-a-time for head belong man. No more. Finiss. Very bad.”

“Keep your hair on, old cock,” advised Jason. “Have some tobacco instead.” He tossed the old man a handful of navy cut. Maiaki immediately, with an ease that would have made his fortune in the pictures, slid out of his savage mood, and registered respectability, gratitude.

“T'ank you, sir. You got a box of matches?” he asked in an almost professional beggar whine. Jason tossed him two and went on to the boat. As he dragged the dinghy down to meet the lowered tide, Wix, looking forth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLACK VENUS OF RUBIANA
Continued from page seventeen

unexpectedly from behind a tree, remarked, "Sir, our people are very interesting, are they not?"

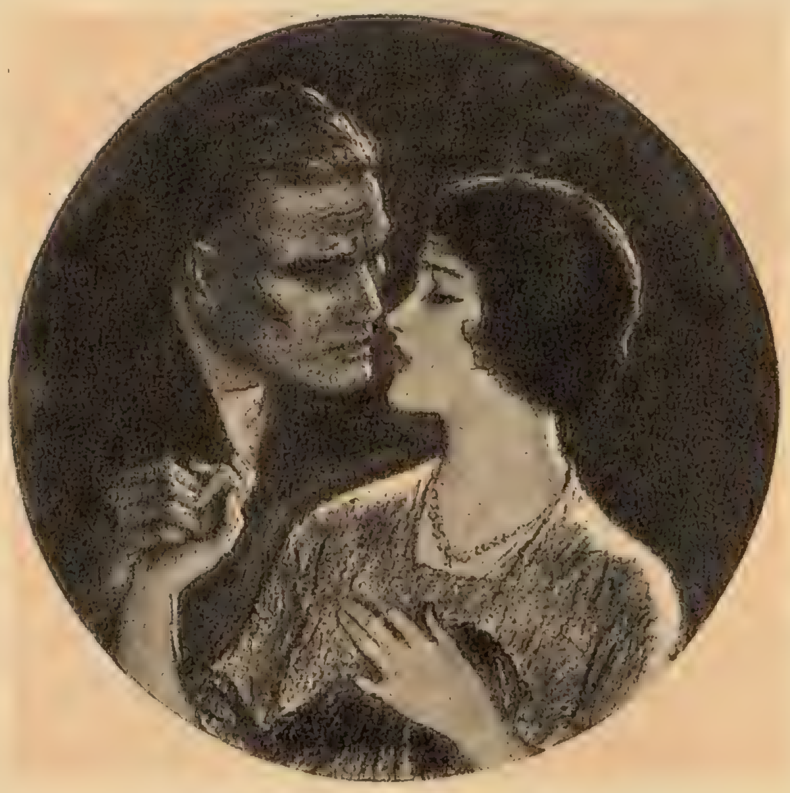
"I dunno," answered Jason inattentively. "Don't understand freak religions and sorcerers."

"Sir," said Wix, taking off his hat and waving farewell, "it has been correctly said that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. I wish you a good voyage."

"Thanks, cocky," replied Jason. The engine of the dinghy began to put and sputter; her keel, upon the surface of the lagoon, left a long sapphire wake as she slipped toward the plantation, away from the island where, in the ruined boathouse, the Black Venus, wonderful, patient, still, stood watching and waiting.

Maiaki, dropping his English and his gratitude together, remarked to Wix, in native:

"What a head that young man has! What a prize it would have been in the days when the canoe used to sail! *She* would have liked it." He pointed to the caryatid with the basket of fruits on her head. He made a remark, also, to the effect that fertility, fruits and the like, needed watering with blood; that they could not get it down Rubiana way these days, and that the place, in consequence, was going to the dogs.


Doria, in that moment, was giving her lips to Kerry Campbell.

The Black Venus heard it all and never changed her still, contented look. She had heard so much, seen so much, long ago. . . .

At her feet, still as herself, lay the copy, staring up to heaven. It was a clever piece of work. But Maiaki, looking at it, said something contemptuous in Rubiana, and spat upon the ground. The brother of Gagetta knew art when he saw it, as well as Jason. He also knew when he did not see it.

WIX, compound of two nations, had no clear convictions about the art of either, though he supported Solomon achievements from a feeling of patriotism. His own artistic tastes, formed in Auckland where he had been to school, leaned toward the drinking-fountain and baby-asleep style of sculpture. Outside of such masterpieces, all carvings were more or less alike to him—quite alike, if they represented the same subject.

"It's very fine," he said patronizingly, feeling now as far superior to the half-naked, betel-spitting Maiaki as, one minute earlier, he had felt blisteringly inferior to Jason. "This man is very clever. But his manners"—resentfully—"are not good."

"White men have no manners," replied Maiaki, as one might say, "The sea is salt; the rain is wet."

The other winced; it was his curse that criticisms of either race stung him equally.

"Except white men like you," added Maiaki, sucking his limestick. And Wix grew warm with pleasure. He had done his best for these people, certainly, though they didn't always recognize it.

"Stay here awhile," he invited Maiaki, and knew not that he was juggling with the balanced scales of fate.

Maiaki considered.

"No, I cannot," he said. "There is a big dance tonight and tomorrow night. Everyone will go."

"I will not go," said Wix with dignity.

"You shouldn't have gone to school," declared the other. "It's a bad thing, anyone can see that. It takes the fun out of everything. You can't take off your clothes and sing and shuffle all night; you can't go head-hunting; you can't do anything at all amusing. I wouldn't be you, son of Wix, for anything you could give me. Well, I suppose you must stay. Good-by." Leisurely he strolled down the beach—there was never any hurry in Rubiana—and got into his canoe.

On that night and the next the dance took place at a village some few miles away. There were scarce a dozen natives on Wix's Island; they all cleared out in canoes, soon after dark, gayly laughing and singing, and left the fairylike little place to starlight and silence. The first night passed quietly. On the second, Wix went to bed early; it was his intention to rise at dawn and canoe over to the entrance of the lagoon, whence he might catch a glimpse of the great new steamer.

THIS night he slept ill. Now and again he was conscious of the strange faint noises proceeding from the canoe house; but he did not rise and look for the cause. He knew himself to be alone on the island, as far as all human creatures were concerned, and he had no mind to encounter anything of a nonhuman nature that might be loose and wandering about. The canoe house was an uncanny place by night. If Maiaki had been there—but Maiaki was not. Sleep overcame him early in the morning, and he woke to find the sun looking under the eaves and all the world broad awake. Far away the sound of a long siren call told him that the steamer was in. Jason would be going on her. Jason was to have called early with the little launch to take away his copy of the Black Venus, which was not a Venus of course.

Had he come?

Wix, flinging on some clothes, hurried out through the emerald glory of the morning, green sea, green palms reflecting and sifting the sunlight till it seemed as though the island lay in the heart of one enormous gem. He saw little of its beauty; some strange presentiment of evil had possession of him. He was afraid of something. What?

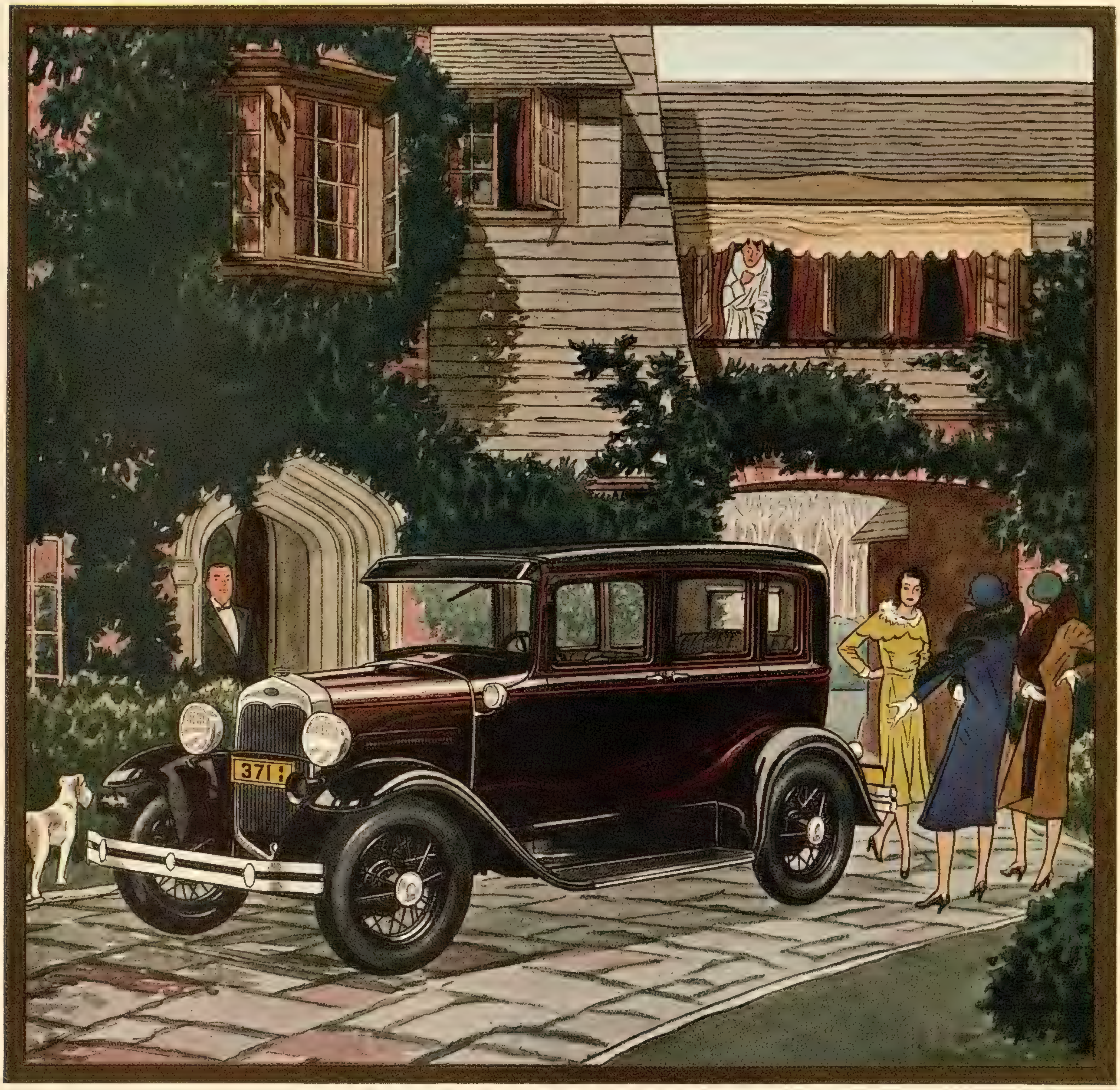
There seemed nothing to be afraid of. The island lay warm and lonely under the mountain sun. Nobody had yet come back from the dance. The boathouse was empty save for the never-changing figures that upheld the roof, and the canoes, tall, splendid, stretching out their inlaid bows like steeds that lift tense necks to listen for the hunting horn. Almost you could have thought they heard the blaring conch shells, panted to be away.

Yes, Jason had been here already. His copy was gone. Nothing remained of it but a scatter of dark sawdust on the sand, and, carelessly forgotten, half buried in a raffle of blown coconut leaves, a little powerful tenon saw. "That's a nice saw," thought Wix, securing it. "He won't want it now, and I couldn't get it to him if he did. I wonder can I paddle out fast enough to see the steamer go? She hasn't begun the three last whistles yet." He wondered a little what Jason could have wanted with the saw; saws weren't carving tools, so far as he knew. But the question was not interesting in view of the fact that the new Solomon steamer lay out beyond the lagoon entrance, and might be seen if he only hurried enough.

Swiftly as he paddled—and Wix was a famous waterman—he could not leave the melancholy thoughts of the morning behind. Long after he had passed Banga and reached the open mouth of the lagoon he was still being ridden by the black devils of undefined fear. He did not know what he feared, and that was the worst of it—like

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

New Beauty for the New Ford



THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

NEW ROOMY BODIES . . NEW STREAMLINES . . NEW COLORS . . NEW RADIATOR . . NEW FENDERS . . NEW WHEELS . . NEW RUSTLESS STEEL . . NEW UPHOLSTERY.

NOW, MORE THAN EVER, THE NEW FORD IS A "VALUE FAR ABOVE THE PRICE."

Ford

"Mother, what is *feminine hygiene?*"

CAN you answer that question *correctly?*

Much needless ill health and unhappiness are caused by misunderstanding of this vital subject.

Yet no woman need be misguided. "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the unquestioned standard for this delicate use for 40 years. Don't experiment. That is foolish and often dangerous. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" today. The directions with every bottle are professional. They are simple, specific, and easy to follow.

And send the coupon at the right for our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It is a woman physician's frank message to women.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

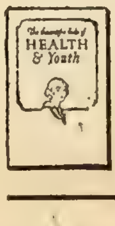
Copyright 1930, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Warning. Extravagant claims are being made for so-called modern, non-poisonous antiseptics. Your own doctor will tell you that. Some are virtually useless; others lose their potency on contact with organic matter. After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has been found to take the place of "Lysol"—and today the world uses over 7 million *gallons* a year for general disinfection and for feminine hygiene.

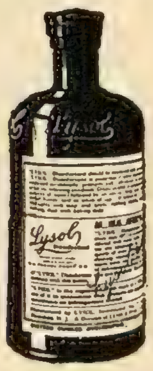
Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 389, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"



Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

waking up suddenly in a dark strange place and being unable to find yourself or remember where you were; groping for yourself in a haunted dusk full of unnamed horrors. . . .

It was not until he had passed the mouth of the lagoon and sighted the new steamer, lying like a huge bird upon the sea, that Wix regained control of his usually sunny self. Ships of all kinds held for him a passionate interest; most of his few happy days had been spent aboard passenger steamers, where people were so often kind, broad-minded, ready to treat him as a human being and an educated man. Willie Wix loved ships and the people who lived and traveled upon them. . . .

NEXT WEEK—

Mary Nolan *versus* Imogene Wilson

The story of Hollywood's strangest drama

By
Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

She had whistled once. That meant that she was due to sail in half an hour. He'd get a nearer view of her, at all events, even if there was no chance of going aboard. Incidentally, he would show them, if they cared to look, what paddling was.

He did show them during the next half hour. The steamer whistled a second time, a third; between the last two calls she woke the echoes of the islands, hauling up anchor, so that on the last whistle she was ready to go. Wix by this time was near enough to hear the bridge telegraph clang sharply; he knew he couldn't get aboard, but he paddled faster, catching up with the slow first movement of the mighty ship. There were other canoes in the running now; Maiaki, sprung from some neighboring inlet, was making the foam fly—one-two, one-two—on both sides of his long snaky craft; somebody else, older and slower, was steadily paddling along in the rear. Launches, having put their freight aboard, were chunking home again; a lighter or two, with its sweeps out, crept slowly landward. Only the canoes kept on, watched, as the vessel gathered way, by interested passengers hanging over the rails.

THERE came a moment when the speed of the first canoe —Wix's—balanced exactly with the speed of the steamer, so that he ran parallel with her, only a hundred yards away. Wix, excited by the notice of the passengers, paddled his hardest; he knew they'd cheer him and wave hats when the steamer finally left him behind. That was coming now; she gathered way much more quickly than the usual visiting boat; her twin-screw lifted her through the water. He couldn't long—keep this up. He —was—weakening. There she went.

Why, not a soul was noticing; they were all running forward, as if they hadn't seen him! Was something happening? What had fallen overboard? Why were they reversing, tearing up the sea into whirlpools of soapy lather? The ship was slowing, had almost stopped. In a minute he would be level with her again.

Maiaki, paddling faster than Wix had ever paddled, shot past him in a furious spurt. Close behind came the old man Gagetta, bent double and lashing the sea. They made a dead heat alongside something that was floating in the water, but Maiaki was first to seize it. Willie Wix, all white man in that moment, saw, and fell half senseless over the gunwale of his boat.

. . . . . .

The Winters said good-by to Jason, pressed upon him gifts they were ill able to afford, asked him to write to them, and saw him aboard the steamer. He had given them a great deal of trouble, and not shown any particular gratitude in return, but the limitless charity of Alfred and Daisy saw through that down to the sore heart beneath, and out of the riches of their own happiness they were glad to be generous. So much they had, so little he. . . .

Long canvas wrapped the replica of the Venus who wasn't a Venus; weighed down the stern of the little dinghy more than Jason's scanty luggage. He was much more careful of it, too; he saw it safely aboard before setting foot on the accommodation ladder himself, and he did not trouble to find his cabin until he had secured a temporary place for the package, lashed to a stanchion. Then, having waved good-by to the dinghy, he went below, saw to his baggage, and shortly returned. The ship was well under way now, cutting through the blue water of the straits at a good twelve knots, and rapidly gathering speed. Squads of deck hands, armed with brushes and cans, were beginning again the inevitable midvoyage painting, interrupted only for that morning's call. One of the hands, as Jason came on deck, was carelessly loosening the Venus from her lashings and pushing her aside. He had to paint that stanchion or face the comments of the chief officer, and he didn't intend to let the blooming rubbish of the blooming passengers get in his way.

JASON, with a shout, fell upon him and tore the long canvas bundle out of his hands. "Let that alone," he cried, "you—" and he called the deck hand several unpleasant names.

The sailor promptly hit him in the eye; Jason struck back; the shrouded Venus fell between them, and glissaded overboard.

In that moment, and before he leaped the rail, Jason had time to think of two things: that he could not go back without the Venus; that he could swim, and people were always picked up.

There came, too, as he fell, the vision of a girl's face, and the sound on his own lips of her name, "Doria—Doria!" He could not see across two thousand miles. He could not know that Doria, in that moment, was giving, at last, her lips to Kerry Campbell.

So was he saved the last and worst disaster prophesied by Kerry. For the twin screws, which let no man escape if he leaps overboard at high speed, had him before he was ten seconds in the water, and that was the end.

They put a boat out after the ship had lost way, and hunted round until they found his body. Not all of it was there. "I've known the like," said the sailor who rowed bow. "I mind in the Western Ocean in nineteen one, aboard the old Campania, there was a second-classer leapt out in fine weather, just to scare the girls and be picked up again. And we picked him up, without his head—too."

Light was not yet low in the canoe house that afternoon when Maiaki and Gagetta, working together, set the Black Venus who was not a Venus back upon her pedestal. All wet, with salt tears trickling over her still face, she seemed to be lamenting the disaster and dishonor of her capture. Gagetta, looking up at her, crooned to her consolingly, as to a child. But Maiaki, younger and fiercer, spurned with his naked foot the replica lying, all hacked with tomahawk strokes, in the sand.

"If you and I had not happened along and seen—that —before the steamer left," he said to Gagetta, "terrible things would have happened in these islands."

"Nothing terrible will happen now," said Gagetta, still gazing lovingly at the work of his hands.

"No," answered Maiaki, sparing a kick for a certain round leaf basket with something hard and heavy wrapped up in it. "Nothing. She has had her wish."

THE END

The Adventures of Miss Doctor

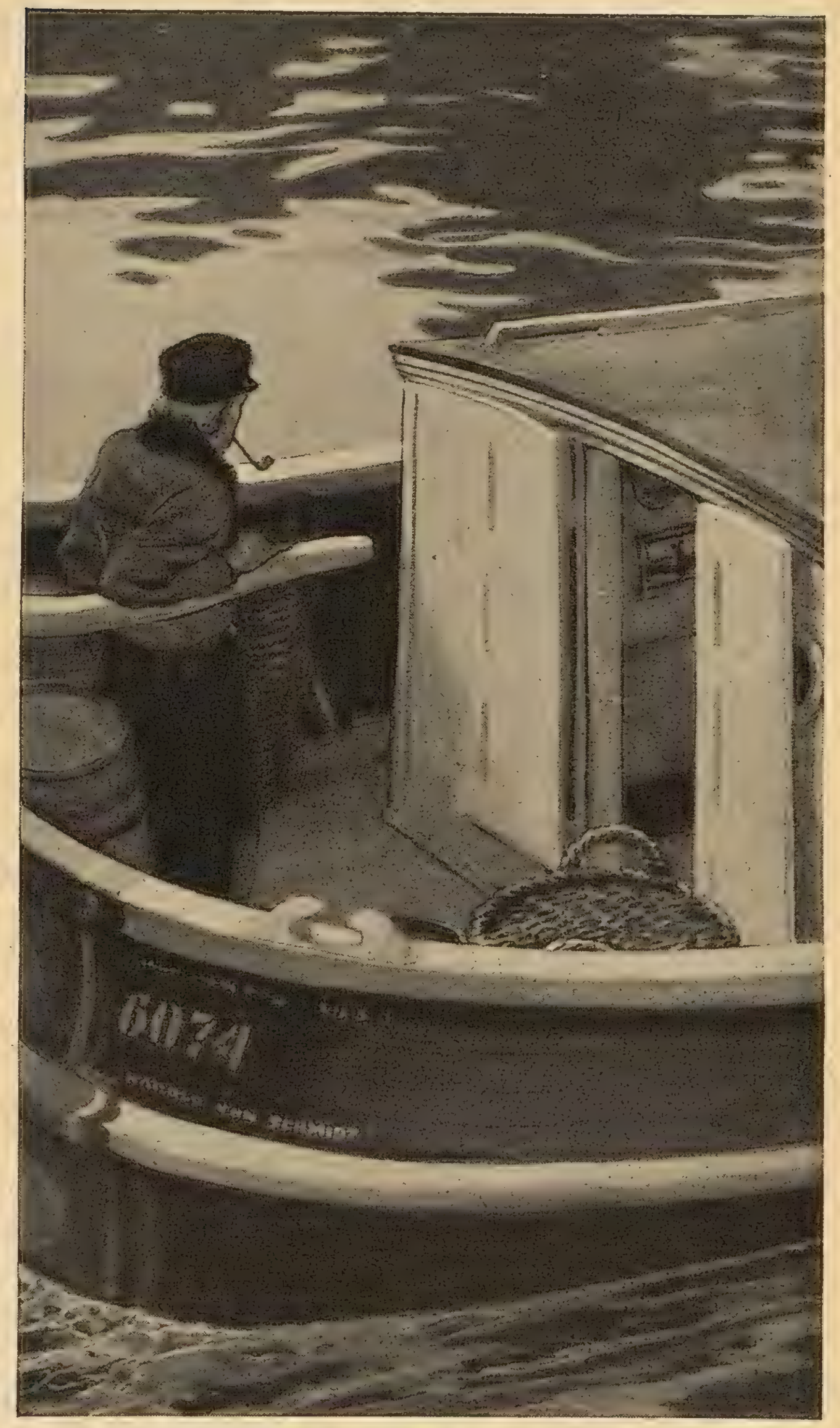
Translated from the German of

Hans Rudolph Berndorff

By

I. A. R. Wylie

Pictures by Harold von Schmidt



She tore off her clothes and slipped into the water.

"MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR" is well known as the nickname of the wartime ace of aces among women in the German secret service. But who and what this Miss Doctor really was has remained unknown and a fascinating mystery to the public, even in Berlin.

The story now told by Herr Berndorff is the truth, according to former high officers of the secret service, in which he himself had wartime experience. The girl's right name was Anna Maria Lesser. She was the daughter of a rich Berlin Jew, and was barely sixteen when, not long before the war, she was disowned and turned out by her father in consequence of her seduction by a Captain von Wynanky. The scandal ruined the captain and reduced him to becoming a well paid spy.

Accompanying him on an assignment in France, Anna Maria showed herself to be even cleverer and more daring than he was. When he suddenly died, her one desire was to continue in his perilous work, and she persuaded Herr Matthesius, head of the secret service in Berlin, to let her try.

All this was told last week in the opening installment of Herr Berndorff's narrative, which left her at the triumphant conclusion of her first lone-hand exploit, an espionage on French army maneuvers in the Vosges.

Part Two—In the Enemy's Country

AFTER four days Anna Maria rang Herr Matthesius up on the phone.

"I can't stand it any longer," she said. "I can't live without something to do. Where am I to go?"

"Beverloo," said Herr Matthesius.

Anna Maria had now become an acknowledged spy in Herr Matthesius' pay. She was given a number so that she might be recognized by other spies, and so that in an emergency she could get in touch with her employer. One and four, G and W, were her identification marks.

During this first winter Anna Maria remained in Berlin. With Herr Matthesius she worked through all the secret material concerning the military defenses in foreign countries. She was an intelligent scholar and threw herself heart and soul into her job.

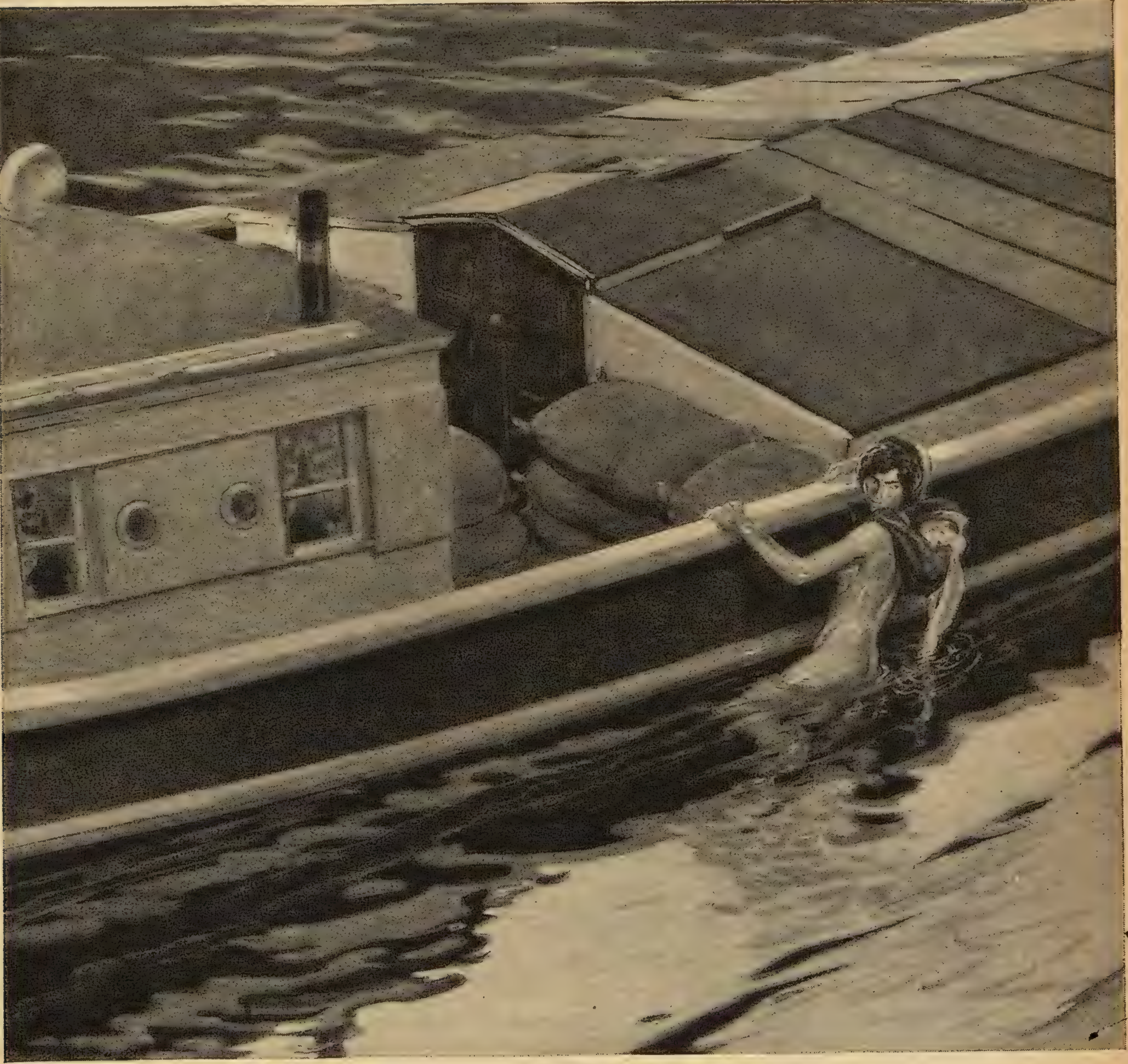
In the spring of 1914 she began her postponed journey to Belgium. She chose the territory around a little town within convenient distance of the immense military training ground of Beverloo which lies close to the Dutch frontier.

She had other interests, however—especially she wanted to find out figures concerning the defenses of the great Belgian fortresses. How many guns stood permanently in the armory of the Liége fortress? Of what caliber were they? How were the Belgian rivers and canals organized? And how could they be used in cases of emergency? In what condition were the railways?

One evening, in the dining room of the Hotel Anglais in Brussels, Anna Maria Lesser sat alone. This was not the name that she had written in the hotel register. She had become a Frenchwoman with a French passport.

As René Austin, a young Belgian officer, was going through the dining room, he passed her table, and at that

Germany's Greatest Woman Spy



She hadn't far to swim before she laid hold of the side of the low-lying boat.

moment a glass fell with a crash to the floor. The young and beautiful woman cried out sharply. She had cut her hand, and a few drops of blood fell on the tablecloth of yellow damask. René Austin, courteous and chivalrous, immediately sprang to her side, led her from the dining room, found cotton and plaster. And in a short time they were laughing and chatting together.

"Broken glass brings luck," declared René Austin.

"Let us hope so," Anna Maria laughed back at him.

BROKEN glass brings luck and sometimes facilitates friendship. The young officer learned that his new friend was an artist who intended to spend the early part of the year copying pictures in the museums of the beautiful capital. They got to know each other better, and very soon René Austin, who was often off duty, scarcely left the side of the beautiful Frenchwoman.

She was not only French, but passionately so, and moreover, a fanatical hater of the Germans. Her father, who was dead long since, had been an officer in the French army, and she had inherited the proud tradition of his profession. The glorious French army—was there anything finer? And what about the Belgian?

"Oho!" René protested, "we have our points too, mademoiselle. We have some things you haven't."

Then she disappeared for a week, leaving her friend disconsolate, and when as suddenly she reappeared she brought with her some charming oil paintings and sketches—innocent pictures of boats and windmills and so forth. A great box of these paintings went forthwith to Matthesius in Berlin, and that gentleman, who had no interest whatever in art, scraped off the oil-painted windmills and canal boats and found underneath pictures that interested him a great deal more.

One afternoon a smart two-seated roadster drew up before the Hotel Anglais. It belonged to Anna Maria, who wanted to drive around and really see the countryside. It was fortunate René Austin knew how to drive.

Austin, head over ears in love, took a week's leave, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GASTROGEN *stops* **Indigestion** —*it helps digestion*★

DON'T let heartburn, acidity or indigestion give you another moment's misery! It's as unnecessary as it is unpleasant. For two or three Gastrogen Tablets end after-eating discomfort in five minutes, and without a trace of the bad after-effects of soda bicarbonate.

Unlike "bicarb", Gastrogen contains only insoluble antacids. It can't alkalize the stomach, hence it doesn't retard normal digestion. And it does bring relief from the embarrassing gas and hiccups that soda-users know so well.

Gastrogen is harmless, spicy, aromatic, delightful to the taste. It comes in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

★ *Prove it yourself—make this simple test*

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)* 2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.* 3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

SODA BICARBONATE
GASTROGEN

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much—while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly, comfortably and without retarding normal digestion.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A30
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.
Name..
Street..
City.................... *State*..........

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

the two of them inspected every inch of the great maneuver territory of Beverloo, penetrating into the forts and entrenchments—entrance to which the young officer obtained easily through his comrades. It was only natural that the daughter of an officer should ply him with incessant questions.

On the sixth day they motored close to the Dutch frontier, and on the highroad the roadster developed a minor defect at which Austin set to work while Anna Maria drew out pencil and paper and began to take notes.

"How much gas have we used, René, and how many kilometers have we come? I want to know."

As soon as the young officer got the car going again Anna Maria folded up her papers to put them back in her pocket. But a careless movement and a gust of wind—and in a moment one of the papers was scudding down the road, with the chivalrous René in hot pursuit.

"No!" Anna Maria screamed after him. "Let the paper go!" But it was no use. The lieutenant continued to run and the paper continued its flight over the fields. Anna Maria too began to run, in the desperate hope that she might reach it first. But paper and lieutenant disappeared together into a ditch behind a hedge beyond sight and reach. It was a long time before Austin reappeared, and when he did so he did not look at her.

"The paper is in pieces. It has gone," he said. And nothing more.

They got into the car. The lieutenant pressed the accelerator. His face was deadly white; he bit his lip and refused to speak. Anna Maria pulled herself together. She sat on the edge of her seat like a cat, ready to spring and to fight for her life.

They reached a village and had to drive more slowly. At a crossroad, on the pavement and about a hundred yards away, a village policeman kept guard. Lieutenant Austin leapt from the car and ran up to the policeman.

"Come here, officer!" he shouted. "Come here at once."

ANNA MARIA knew practically nothing about driving. But she sprang into the driver's seat, stepped on the gas, let go the brakes, and, still in first, for she did not know how to change gears, shot out of the village. At the edge of a wood the car ran into a side road, and in spite of Anna Maria's frantic efforts dashed into a tree. She had just time to spring out before it continued its wild career, ending in a ditch where it overturned and burst into flames.

Anna Maria fled through the forest. She was running for her life, and she finally came out on a path that led to a canal. Here she stopped to get her breath, and as she waited, a barge driven by a small motor passed slowly on its way toward the frontier. Anna Maria came to a rapid decision. She tore off her clothes, tied them in a bundle to her back, and slipped into the water.

She hadn't far to swim before she laid hold of the side of the low-lying boat. By a desperate effort she dragged herself on board, crawled forward so that no one should see her from the shore, and finally presented herself, almost naked and wringing wet, before the elderly Dutch bargee—who let his pipe fall from his mouth. Anna Maria at once took command of the situation.

"Three thousand francs," she said. "Here are the notes. They are damp but genuine. And they are yours if you can get me over the frontier. You will have to hide me carefully, however, for the customs are after me on account of some diamonds I am supposed to have smuggled. Here are a thousand francs in advance."

IN answer to his shout the bargee's wife made her appearance, and from then onward everything went quickly. In the hold of the barge a small, half-hidden door led into a tiny room, and there Anna Maria took refuge until they were well over the frontier. There the bargee's wife witnessed the transfer of the final 2,000 francs and the hearty kiss of gratitude which completed the transaction.

In the meantime, René Austin had not let the grass grow under his feet. He and the policeman found the burning car and for a time supposed that the driver had been lost in the flames. By the time they had discovered their mistake and had telephoned the nearest forestry station, which at once sent out a posse of dogs and horsemen, it was too late.

Arrived at Brussels, the young officer carefully inspected the paper, which he had by no means torn to pieces. He found on it, in a delicate handwriting, exact descriptions of the two forts they had visited the previous day, including the calibers and ranges of their guns.

Anna Maria meanwhile took the boat from the Hook of Holland to Dover. And Herr Matthesius, who had met her in Amsterdam, proceeded to Berlin with all her papers.

She had changed her appearance. She did her hair differently and wore glasses. She remained some time on the Isle of Wight, and made several motor-boat excursions along the English coast, always with her paint box. And when anyone appeared to notice her she took on the rapt expression of the typical artist.

Suddenly, however, she was overtaken by the same sense of terror which had warned her that night in the village when Wynanky had been

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Germs destroy teeth and tissues

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE . . . a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Try this special tooth paste—sent free. It will aid in bringing back lovely teeth where other ways have failed.

YOUR teeth may be *unusually subject to decay.* They may be *stained, discolored and dull . . . or threatened with pyorrhea starting.*

If they are, please accept a tooth paste to try, that, under the observation of authorities, is found a great aid in combating the cause of 80% of tooth or gum disorders. There is no other kind just like it. That is why in ten days' time you will see results that ordinary brushing has failed to bring.

Germs and film must be removed from teeth

Germs cause tooth decay. Germs and tartar, under favorable conditions, cause pyorrhea.

There is but one way known to fight germs. You must remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film imprisons germs in crevices and clings so tenaciously that the most vigorous brushing fails to dislodge it successfully.

SAFE, scientific way acts differently

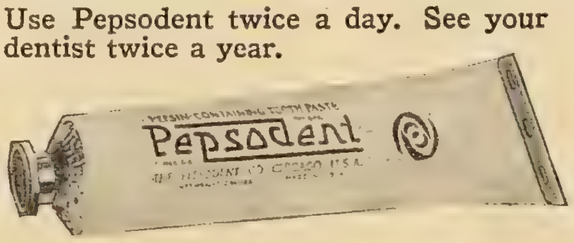
Today dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, and then REMOVES IT SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a scientific action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

Do not delay

There is only one Pepsodent. It is the finest tooth paste dental science of today knows how to make. Please write today for your tube to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist twice a year.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

Laughs and tears make the experiences of these two boys part of your own daily life. Every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 223, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name..

Address..

City..

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., **London,** E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family 3410

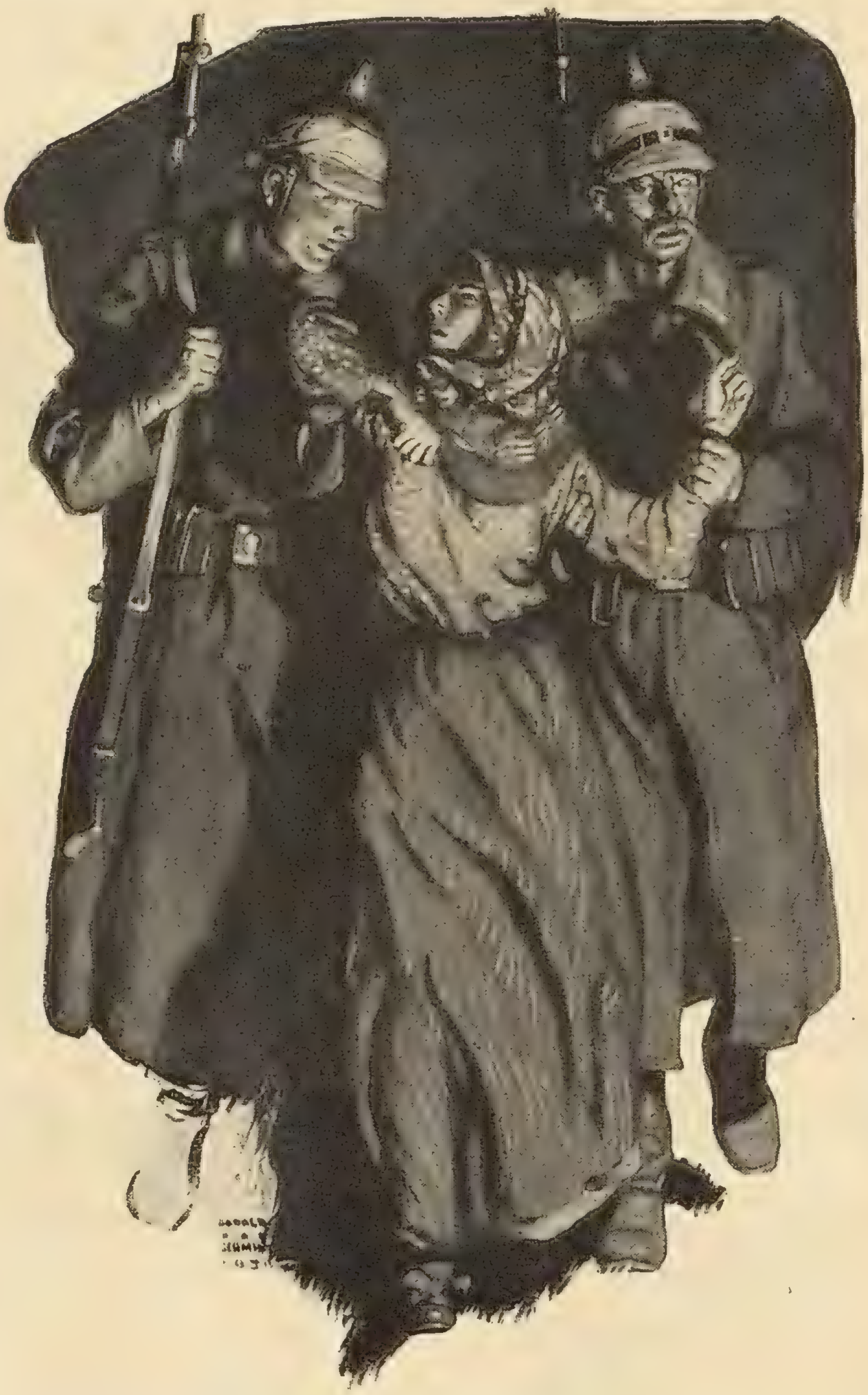
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

alive. In the middle of the night she got up, and prepared to escape from the village inn where she was staying. Obeying her instinct, she crept down the stairs and reached the ground floor, where she heard men's subdued voices coming from the sitting room. She knew they were speaking of her. She was suspected, and was to be arrested immediately.

The next morning Anna Maria crossed from Dover to Calais, traveling under a Swiss passport, and by way of Paris reached Berlin without incident. There Matthesius had learned that the Belgian and English secret services, working hand in hand, had established the fact that the spy who had seduced René Austin and the artist on the English coast were the same person.

On account of her glasses she had been nicknamed "Mademoiselle Docteur."

Herr Matthesius took all Anna Maria's passports and put them in the fire. "You shall travel under your own name to Meran and see what you can do there. I must say I am afraid—but I don't want to frighten you."



German advance guards on the frontier of Germany and Belgium arrested a woman.

II

ANNA MARIA LESSER walked through the park in Meran. The recent incidents of her flight across the Dutch border, and her nocturnal walk along the English coast to reach the Dover-Calais boat, no longer worried her. She had struck up a friendship with an Italian jeweler, and it was the first time in years that she had been often with a man from whom she did not want to extract some military secret.

In the middle of July, 1914, Matthesius ordered her to go to Italy. A spy, a former engineer officer, who lived in Milan, had been told by Matthesius to find out immediately what new earthworks had been built up recently, and especially along the coast. He had been given a week to carry out his task. He telegraphed Matthesius in code that it would take at least two weeks.

Twenty-four hours after this telegram Anna Maria arrived in his apartment. And the next day a new advertising bureau was opened in the town. It naturally struck no one as strange that this bureau should subscribe to all the newspapers of the state, and particularly to those of the small rural towns. Systematically all the advertisements were cut out which related to the military authorities and their employment of drainage and cement workers. After which, it was not difficult, with the help of a general staff map, to make out the nature and scope of the proposed new fortifications. And in a week the original problem was solved.

Anna Maria wanted to go for a few weeks to Capri, but in Rome she caught the first rumbles of the coming catastrophe. War stood at the door. She traveled in a high-powered car to Milan and scarcely had she obtained a false French passport from the local agent when the lightning struck. War had become inevitable. Anna Maria raced to Ventimiglia, and shortly afterward a Red Cross nurse was on her way to Paris.

Arrived in Paris she at once presented herself to her fellow worker, Herr Pissand, who received her with the greatest astonishment. Anna Maria reassured him.

"Don't look at me like that. One and four, G and W." Whereupon Herr Pissand jumped to his feet, his eyes shining.

"Mademoiselle Docteur—to think that you dared come here!"

IN breathless haste Pissand showed her his papers. During these first days of excitement he had done everything that it was possible for him to do in Paris. Mademoiselle Docteur needed an hour to hear all that he had learned and to write it down in the smallest handwriting on the thinnest paper, which she hid about her person.

Pissand, who always had the necessary materials with him, succeeded in making her a new passport. This time she was a nurse, the daughter of a Belgian officer.

But she encountered grave difficulties in her efforts to get quickly into Belgium. She dared everything to achieve her purpose, even venturing into the lion's den of the transport division of the Paris garrison. Her fascination, her delicate charm, and her smile as she gazed shyly from under half-lowered lids, did more for her than all her documents. Finally she was given a place in a courier's car which was going to Brussels with some French General Staff officers in mufti.

The journey took them through Compiègne, St. Quentin, Maubeuge, and Charleroi, and Mademoiselle Docteur's trained eyes took notes of the important points of the French dispositions. She also gathered a good deal more from the conversation of the General Staff officers who were with her, and she now learned what the German General Staff had only suspected—namely, that in emergency the Belgian and French armies would stand together against Germany.

The officers left her in no doubt on this point. Also, they were so charmed with her that when they arrived in Brussels they insisted on introducing the beautiful woman to the Belgian General Staff, where she was able to listen to the conversation between her new friends and General de Ryekel, the second in command. Playing the part of the enthusiastic patriot, she learned from him of an intended offensive against Germany. She likewise learned that in this emergency, the English had promised, upon the firing of the first gun, to land six infantry divisions and eight cavalry brigades, to the number of 160,000 men, in Antwerp.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, *the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating*

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "*It's lovely skin.* You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.

NANCY CARROLL *has lovely skin.*

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. It wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it."

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW *says: "People cluster around the girl with lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!* Clara Bow

9 *out of* 10 *Screen Stars use it*

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues. "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad we *have* kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures.

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

JEAN ARTHUR *always uses Lux Toilet Soap.*

MARY BRIAN'S *skin shows flawless in a close-up.*

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest "extra," shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too —and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

Lux Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

For your Head lamps
TUNG-SOL
TUNG-SOL 21CP-6-8V BI-FOC
TUNG-SOL 3CP-6-8V TYPE C

SAFER road illumination and better light when you use Tung-Sols.

Tung-Sols are made by specialists. The Tung-Sol lamp organization builds miniature types exclusively. Every Tung-Sol is carefully constructed and filaments are placed with exacting care. That is why car owners prefer Tung-Sols to ordinary lamps.

The TUNG-SOL FAMILY

Use Tung-Sols throughout for headlamps, stop signal, parking and tail lamps. Also Tung-Sol panel lamps for radio cabinets.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
95 Eighth Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Also Manufacturers of Tung-Sol Radio Tubes

Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

MISS DOCTOR
Continued from page twenty-six

Anna Maria knew that all this information was of the utmost importance to the German army—if she could only get it to Berlin. But she also knew that she stood in the greatest danger of being discovered.

So she took the first opportunity to get away. But there remained a promised interview with a French officer of the General Staff that same evening at the Palace Hotel—an interview the more difficult to avoid as the officer had fallen desperately in love with her.

Before she reached the street she had made up her mind, however, not to keep this engagement. But by evening her spirit of adventure had overcome her caution. She deliberately risked her life to gain more information, and, sure enough, in the first hour of her tête-à-tête with the officer in the dining room of the hotel, she had learned the Belgian mobilization plans.

THE mobilization was to take place on both sides of the Gette between Hannut, St. Trond, Tirlemont, and Hamme. Anna Maria learned the details of this plan, and toward midnight she added to her information the facts concerning the Liége garrison. Most important of all, she learned the technical and actual condition of that fortress.

With all this information in hand, Anna Maria could no longer endure the company of her lovesick friend. She pretended a sudden illness and managed to escape without arousing suspicion. With her forged document and passport she succeeded in getting herself on to the express train which was hurrying the Belgian General Staff officers to Liége.

Meanwhile Herr Matthesius was waiting in Berlin. He had not left his room for days; his table was littered with telegrams from every part of the world. The two telephones were never silent, and military dispatch bearers in uniform passed in and out in an almost uninterrupted procession. During all this, however, he could never get one question out of his mind. What had become of Anna Maria? He had had one code telegram from Milan telling him that she had left Ventimiglia for France, and he told himself that either this daring woman had been arrested and shot, or somehow she would get away with valuable information. He was all the more desperately impatient for her return, as his connections with Paris had been temporarily severed. The threatening war had made telegrams to or from his agents impossible.

On the night of August 2 and 3, German advance guards on the frontier of Germany and Belgium, not far from Eupen, arrested a woman. She wore a shawl and the skirts and thick stockings of a peasant, but the soldiers noticed the expensive, small, and well made shoes. The woman who had so mysteriously got herself over the border demanded to be taken at once to the commanding officer. It was midnight. They wakened the lieutenant commanding the advance guard, and that officer, viewing his prisoner with natural suspicion, sent for a neighboring midwife to make investigations. Nobody listened to the captive's furious protests or her demands that she should be allowed to communicate with a staff officer.

The search disclosed innumerable closely written papers and a Belgian passport.

"Idiot!" the woman raged at the lieutenant. "Of course I am a spy! — a German spy! If you won't take me to a staff officer, at least have the sense to telegraph to the General Staff in Berlin that their agent One and Four, G and W, has been arrested by you."

The lieutenant left the woman in the hands of the midwife and two guards and went off to wake his captain, who was wise enough to send an urgent telegram to Berlin. As a result, an hour later a high-powered car and a captain of the General Staff literally roared into the village. The lieutenant received the dressing-down of his life, and the telephone wires between Eupen and Berlin were kept busy for hours with the news which Mademoiselle Docteur had smuggled in with her, and which, after Herr Matthesius' careful revisions and amplifications, was transmitted in the form of orders to the German army. On the afternoon of August 3, General von Emmich received permission to cross the Belgian frontier and to attempt a surprise attack on Liége—an attempt which offered every possibility of success.

III

IN the first weeks of the war Herr Matthesius changed his quarters. His little office in the Bülowstrasse was no longer big enough, and he was given a large and beautiful old house in the Königgratzerstrasse. The place was like a beehive. The rooms of the second and third floors were occupied by officers in mufti who were busy gathering and coördinating the secret information which was poured in on them, and which, after it had been sifted out and tested, was sent on to military headquarters. On the third floor Herr Matthesius, and with him Anna Maria Lesser, watched day and night over the whole proceedings.

Men and women who saw a chance of making money as spies in the enemy countries presented themselves in a steady stream. These people went first to the military authorities, who, if they considered them of possible service, arranged an interview with Herr Matthesius. The next step was their testing out. Only if they succeeded in procuring first-hand and valuable information did they ever find a place in the offices. And only the great spies who had proved their value ever found their way to the rooms of the famous third floor.

Herr Matthesius began to break down under his stupendous task. His thin body became a shadow, his limbs shook, and his nervous habit of playing with the papers on his desk warned him of an eventual breakdown. Accordingly, Anna Maria began to take his place. It was she who interviewed the embryo spies. She knew how to handle these dangerous and difficult people, sifting the grain from the chaff, and on two occasions exposing enemy counterspies and rendering them harmless. Both these cases were French officers who smuggled themselves into Germany from Switzerland and as engineers had offered their services to the German secret service. By this means they had hoped to obtain information as to the activities of the German spies.

Anna Maria had learned to recognize both the negative and the positive value of the information that was brought to her.

WITH the exception of a short visit to England, where, for some reason that has never been properly explained,* all the German spies were at once discovered and arrested, and where it was consequently essential to start new connections, Anna Maria remained in Berlin until the spring of 1915. At this time the secret plans for the attack on Verdun had been concluded.

And it was just then, when it was of vital importance that the news from France should come punctually and accurately, that suddenly all connections were again broken off. Up to then Monsieur Pissand had been responsible for the invaluable and accurate information that had flowed steadily from Paris. It was in his office that the innumerable secret couriers, arriving from neutral countries, met and, having received their commissions, set off again on their indirect journey to Berlin. Moreover, the firm of Meunier & Co., of which Monsieur Pissand was the head, had Swiss affiliations whose representatives called on him every week, and in many small French towns there were apparently harmless automobile and tire agents who were also in Monsieur Pissand's pay.

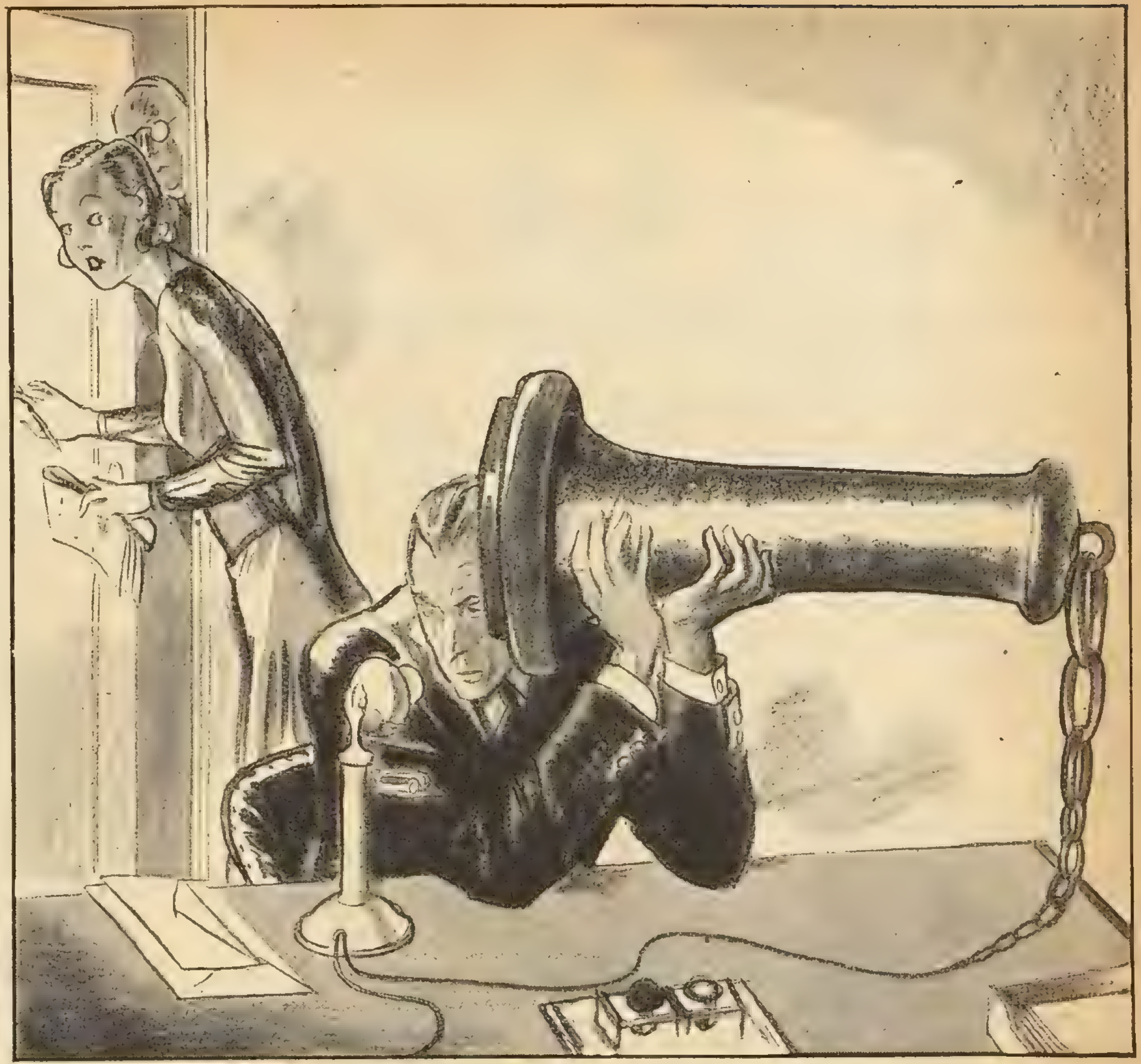
Now, in the critical days before the attack on Verdun, the flow from Monsieur Pissand's office suddenly ceased. No one could find him. His offices were closed and his fate was a complete mystery.

Mademoiselle Docteur decided at once to go to Paris herself and find

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

---

*A most interesting explanation from a German source appeared in The Spies in the Tower, by Winfried Lüdecke, in Liberty for September 21, 1929.



Office Headache?
Here's the Simple Remedy:

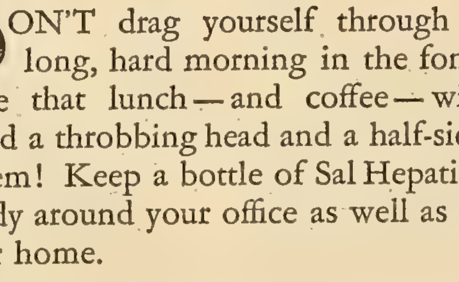
DON'T drag yourself through a long, hard morning in the fond hope that lunch — and coffee — will mend a throbbing head and a half-sick system! Keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy around your office as well as in your home.

Into a glass of cool water, pour a spoonful. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the mixture!

This sparkling combination clears your system quickly and its action, although gentle, is thorough. With its regular help, many women keep their complexions smooth and blemish-free. Men like it for it ends dull mornings and listless spirits. It defeats an "office" headache by getting at the source of the trouble!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ and $1.20



©1929

Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism and many other common digestive disorders submit to Sal Hepatica's efficient results. It neutralizes acidity, it cleanses the blood, it rids the intestinal tract of toxic wastes!

Physicians, here and abroad, point out the marked advantages of this saline method. In Europe the great spas are regularly visited by wealthy men and women . . . who "take the cure" by drinking the waters. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the familiar American equivalent of these Continental health springs!

Ask your physician about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle for your office as well as your home . . . Any time you feel not quite up to your normal level, put a spoonful in a glass of water and drink to your prompt recovery!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-30, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name________
Address________
City________ State________

What's *Your* Face Value?

Does it open or close doors to you?

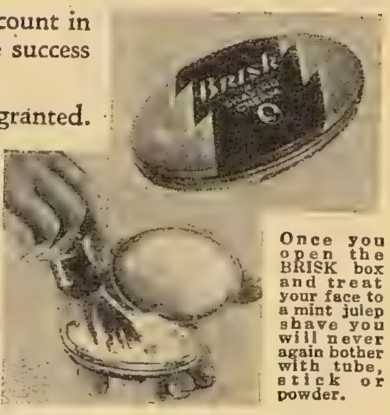
Poor Appearance Bars Many a Good Man

Whether we like it or not, appearances count in this world. It's only natural to associate success with the man who *looks* the part.

When a man looks neat we take a lot for granted. On the contrary, when a man looks shabby or unkempt, the thought "failure" comes to mind and it takes a lot to down it.

The man who knows his world adopts every legitimate means to look his best at all times.

To help man increase his face value a special line of men's toilet needs has been created. It is the Brisk Brigade and here it is:


Once you open the BRISK box and treat your face to a mint julep shave you will never again bother with tube, stick or powder.

BRISK, the Mint Julep Shave. **ZEST**, the bracing after-shaving lotion. **SMOOTH**, the powder that kills shine without showing powder. **TRIM**, the hair dressing . . . in cleanly stick form. **STIP**, the modern stoptic.

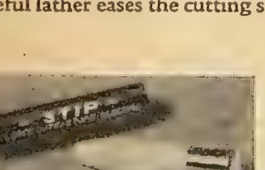
In these five essentials man's toilet needs are completely fulfilled. Each is as male as military brushes, cigars and suspenders. Each is designed to increase man's face value.

Have You Ever Had a Mint Julep Shave?

BRISK gives you a shave that brings to mind all the coolness and exhilaration of that famous Kentucky potion.

BRISK lathers freely in hot or cold water and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave. BRISK forms two to three times the amount of lather because it absorbs two to three times the amount of water. That means not only a profuse lather but one that *stays moist on your face until you finish your shave!* The rich, moistureful lather eases the cutting stroke of the razor—just like a bit of soap on a saw eases its way through a log. The razor doesn't pull or bump along your face, but glides smoothly over the skin, mowing down the hair clean, closely, almost without effort.

The smooth work of the razor and the cooling, lotion-like effect of BRISK leave your skin clean, smooth and refreshed—soft and supple as a fine kid glove. The flat, oval tin box—made for men only—contains an amazing lot of BRISK shaves. 50 cents at all drug stores.



STIP, the Modern Stoptic

The most skillful shaver will occasionally "nick" himself. STIP is your handy little "surgeon". Absolutely new—contains no caustic. Closes razor cuts, stops bleeding almost instantly. Handy, sanitary container keeps it clean, makes it easy to use. Stops a lot of cuts for 25 cents.

BRISK

"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"

and his 4 brothers

ZEST ~ Smooth ~ TRIM ~ STIP

MISS DOCTOR
Continued from page twenty-nine

out what had happened. She acted quickly but with all possible precaution. She traveled from Holland to England and from England to Bordeaux. Arrived in Paris, she went at once to Meunier & Co. and found the doors closed. Nevertheless, she was able to get into Monsieur Pissand's office and to find out what had happened to him. Monsieur Pissand had been recalled. But on the very day on which this famous spy, who had received vast sums for his work, was to have made good his escape, he had put a bullet through his head. His nerves had finally given way under the strain.

Anna Maria wasted no time trembling before the tragic end which Monsieur Pissand had put to his career. She acted.

In Berlin, a certain Constantin Coudoyanis, a Greek subject representing a tropical fruit company, had called on her, offering himself as a German spy in France. It was now Mademoiselle Docteur's turn to visit him. As a result of their interview Monsieur Coudoyanis took over the firm of Meunier & Co. from the heirs, two elderly ladies in Marseilles, and this proceeding was made the easier by the fact that, thus far, neither the firm nor Monsieur Pissand had ever come under suspicion.

Mademoiselle Docteur remained some time in France. And during her visit she did something of which she did not tell Coudoyanis. On a summer's day excursion she made the acquaintance of an underofficer attached to a section of the French army whose business it was to catch spies. In two days the misguided man had fallen her victim. And valuable information went straight from him to Herr Matthesius, who began to breathe more freely. For from now on the news from France began to flow in steadily once more.

ANNA MARIA threw everything into the scales. Her underofficer was convinced that she was a regular habituée of the cafés and boulevards of Montmartre, and, moreover, that thanks to his influence, she was becoming respectable again. In fact, one day during a walk he actually proposed marriage. Anna Maria agreed on condition that she should obtain the consent of her parents, who lived in a little village on the Spanish frontier. Accordingly, she set off.

As a matter of fact, she spent that same evening with a German officer who had arrived secretly in Paris. This officer knew nothing of Constantin Coudoyanis, and Constantin knew nothing of the German, who at once set to work to gather certain information which was important for the German army. Anna Maria meantime traveled through France as much as she dared without raising suspicion. Eventually she returned to Fontainebleau, where she met one of Herr Matthesius' representatives and handed her results over to him. On the same day she reëntered Paris.

It had been her custom to meet her sweetheart, the spy-hunting underofficer, at the door of his office. She did not usually have to wait for him, but on this occasion it seemed that he had been delayed. When at last he made his appearance she saw that, despite his pleasure at seeing her again and at the good news concerning their marriage, he was secretly troubled and uneasy.

"What is wrong, dear? What has happened?" she asked.

"Well," he said, glad of the chance to seem important, "we've had a bad day of it. Two of our people have just sent in news that they've seen someone who is on our list of German spies. It's a woman, and if she really is in the country it's a serious business, for she is one of their cleverest."

"A woman?" asked Anna Maria. "What is her name?"

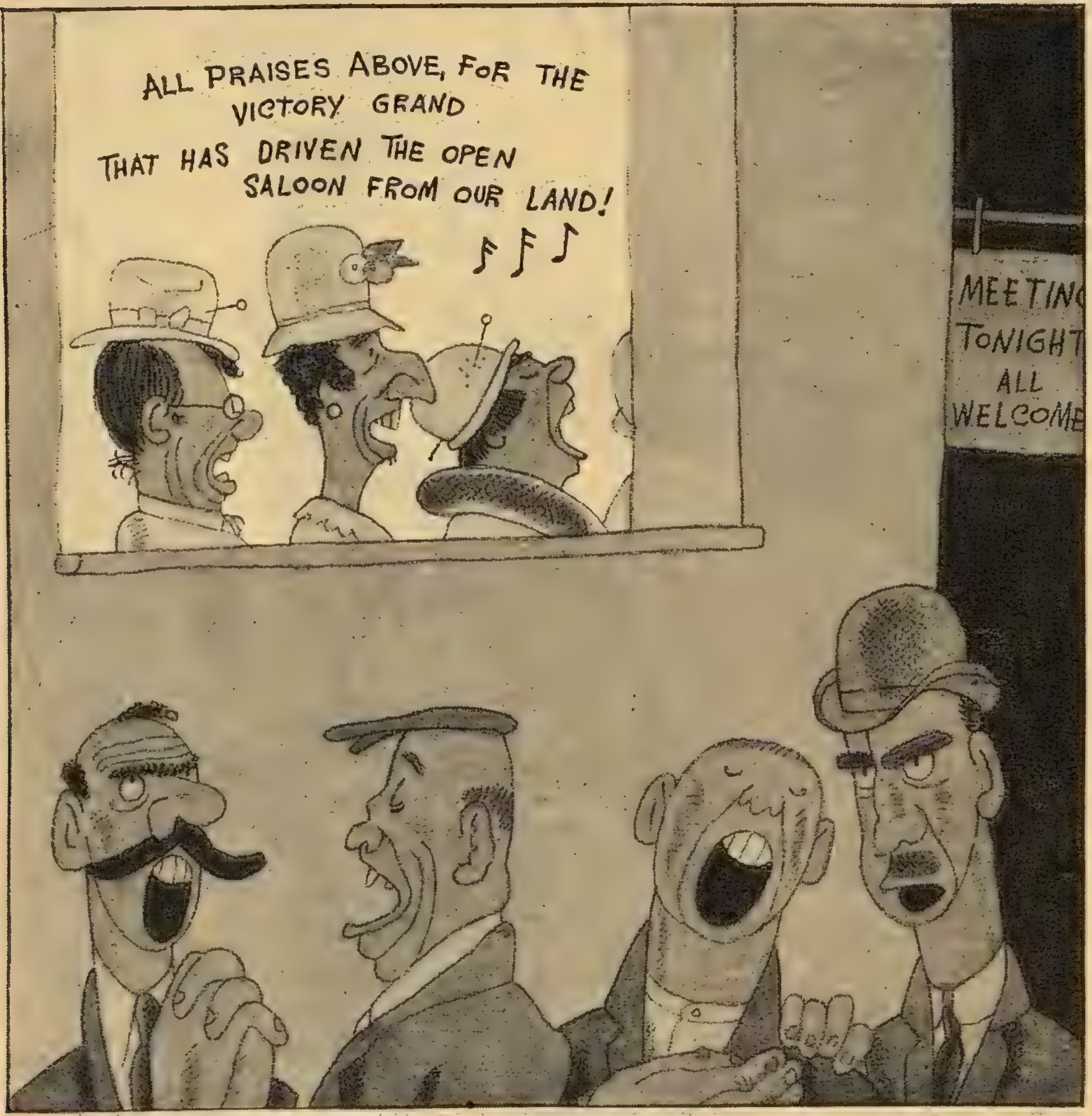
"We don't know. And we only have a very bad photograph, taken when she was running round in Brussels with a Belgian officer. But we know her nickname—Mademoiselle Docteur."

How Anna Maria escaped from this peril, and later on from others still more desperate, will appear with the conclusion of her story in next week's Liberty.

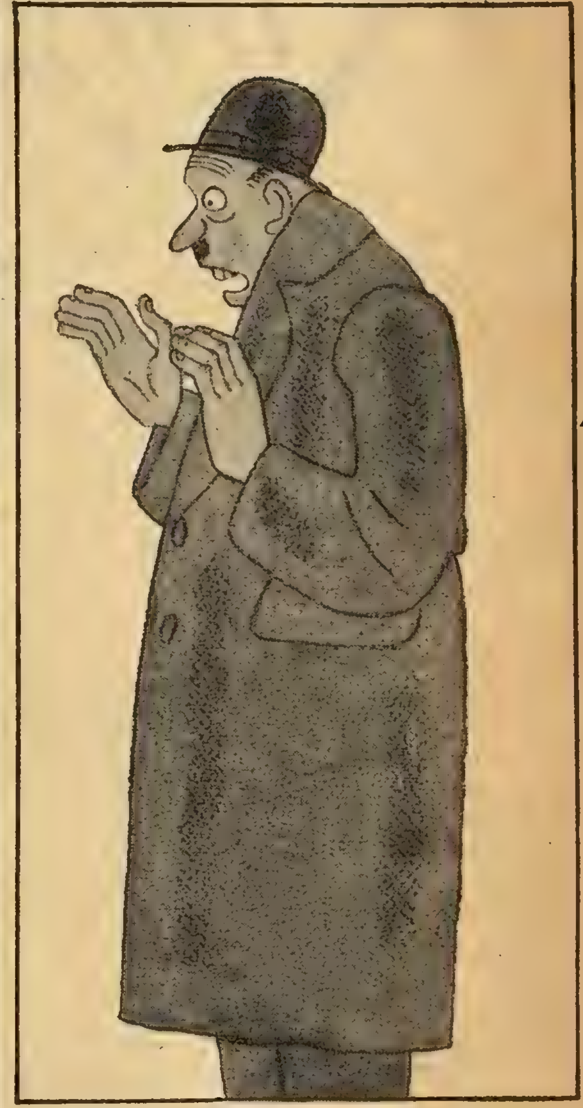
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

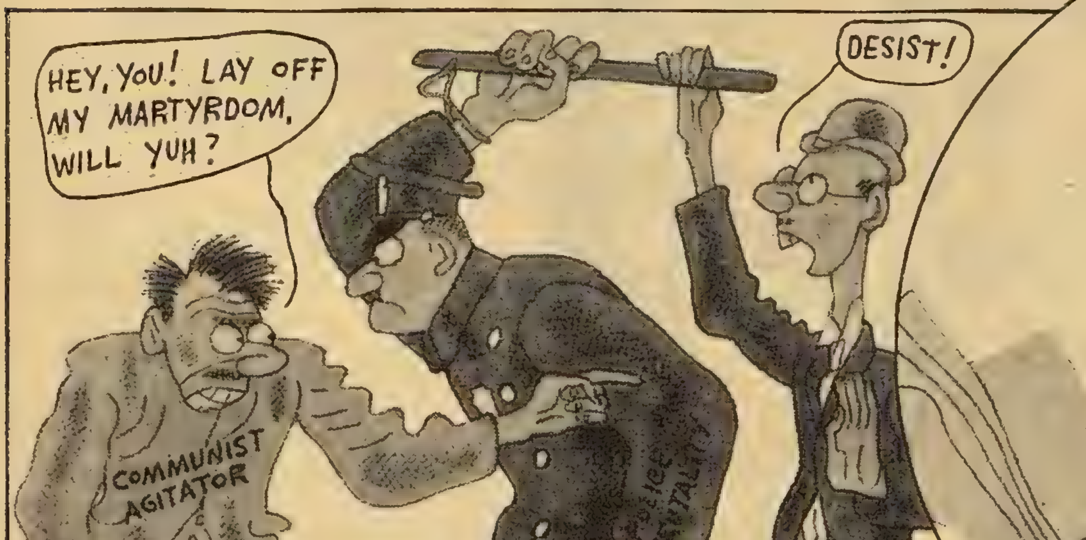
By RALPH BARTON


ALL PRAISES ABOVE, FOR THE VICTORY GRAND
THAT HAS DRIVEN THE OPEN SALOON FROM OUR LAND!
MEETIN
TONIGHT
ALL
WELCOME

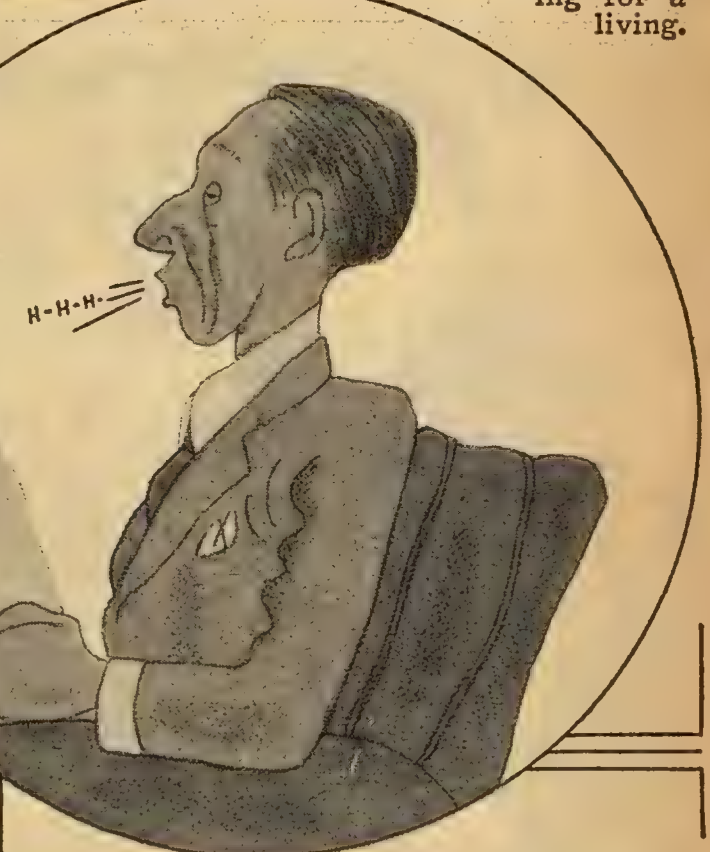
A CHORUS OF SPEAKEASY PROPRIETORS join in the refrain of the celebrated W. C. T. U. theme song.



WORST RESULT of the market crash: the low moaning and dismal wailing of those who can hardly bear the idea of working for a living.


HEY, YOU! LAY OFF MY MARTYRDOM, WILL YUH?
DESIST!
COMMUNIST AGITATOR
POLICE BRUTALITY
PUBLIC OPINION
SOAP
RALPH BARTON

GENUINE HAND-PAINTED CARTOON, with the caption written in a balloon and everything.



A PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT SIGH OF RELIEF heaved by this page when the London Conference put an end forever to battleship building and fighting on the seas.

The Films Range Afar

From the Caucasus to Frisco, to London, and Back

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE ROGUE SONG

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, the character barytone of the Metropolitan Opera House, makes a resounding sound film début in Metro-Goldwyn's The Rogue Song. This is an operetta based upon Franz Lehar's Gypsy Love. The original Lehar piece has been lavishly elaborated and has a number of new musical numbers.

The plot of The Rogue Song is not exactly new. Yegor, a bold, cunning bandit of the Caucasus, meets the Princess Vera and falls in love with her. Yegor is a ruthless brigand, at least in the subtitles, but when he invades the proud but susceptible Vera's bedroom in a lonely mountain inn, he beats a hasty and modest retreat.

The Rogue Song presents Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen.

Richard Barthelmess and Constance Bennett in Son of the Gods—in which East clashes with West.

Tibbett is Yegor and the fragile Catherine Dale Owen, who was the love interest of John Gilbert's recently disastrous first talkie, is the haughty princess. Outside of Tibbett and his roistering Cossacks, nobody sings. The barytone approaches the sound films with confidence and élan. At the New York première his voice was projected entirely too loud. The same ear-splitting effect was reported at the Los Angeles opening. Apparently the sound recorders decided to give Mr. Tibbett the limit in recording.

You may or may not like the barytone's personality, but you will go far before you hear such robust singing in the sound pictures.

★ ★ ★ SON OF THE GODS

Years of motion-picture viewing have made me singularly wary of Chinese films. These always have a mellow old Chinese who continually offers gems of Oriental wisdom. There is one of these Celestial

Love wins! This time it's proved by Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, in Their Own Desire. The man standing up is Lewis Stone.

philosophers in Richard Barthelmess' new First National talkie, Son of the Gods, written by Rex Beach.

Indeed, Lee Ying is the star's august father. When he isn't cheering up young Sam Lee with "He who strikes with a sharp point will not himself be safe for long," he is reporting sadly that "A man's feet trip upon molehills, not mountains."

Sam Lee, born in San Francisco, flees to Europe to get away from racial prejudices. There the harum-scarum daughter of a millionaire Yankee soap-maker falls in love with him. She has boasted of her love that knew no bounds—and Lee has believed her. But, when she finds he is an Oriental, she beats him with a riding crop.

Lee flees back to his own people, there to find that he really is white, a foundling adopted by the wealthy and philosophic Lee Ying.

Mr. Barthelmess gives a splendid performance of Sam Lee—one that adroitly glosses over the story's weaknesses.

★ ★ ★ Seven Days Leave

Paramount grew a bit faint-hearted about the title of Sir James Barrie's one-act play, The Old Lady Shows Her Medals, developed into a full-length talkie. So the more box-office title of Seven Days Leave was clapped upon this gentle and tragic tale of the war and an old London charwoman.

The old woman has been shunted aside by the bloody avalanche. All her cronies have sons or relatives at the front, but she, quite alone, is an outsider watching the pageant of battle.

So, in order that she may not lose caste, the charwoman invents a mythical son. She writes letters to herself, having taken the name of a real soldier in the Black Watch as the object of her affections. When the lad himself turns up, she is dazed. The soldier, sick of the trenches, is going to desert; but this meeting with his self-appointed "mother" sends him back to Flanders and death. In the end, you see her opening a letter, this time a real one, from which falls a medal of honor.

Seven Days Leave has no so-called popular appeal. There is no pretty heroine. But the direction of Richard Wallace, who made The Shopworn Angel, is so tender, the acting of Beryl Mercer is so moving, and the playing of Gary Cooper, as the soldier, so sincere, that Seven Days Leave will wring your heart.

★ ★ Their Own Desire

The yarn of a flapper who falls in love with the son of the very woman who is breaking up her parents' marriage. The two go canoeing and are cast ashore on an island in Lake Michigan. Only then do they realize that love is greater than parental complications.

Norma Shearer gives a neat performance of the girl and Robert Montgomery is the boy, while the heroine's mamma and papa are done by Belle Bennett and Lewis Stone.

Barrie comes to the screen in Seven Days Leave—played by Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper.

Do you know that—

John Barrymore is doing a talkie version of The Sea Beast with Joan Bennett in the rôle that made Mrs. Barrymore (Dolores Costello) a star? . . . They are using a forty-eight-foot make-believe white whale that weighs sixty tons for the big scenes? . . . Doug Fairbanks is going to remake The Mark of Zorro as a talker?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—The Bishop Murder Case, The Laughing Lady, Hot for Paris.

Four stars—Lummox, Devil May Care.

PATCHOULI

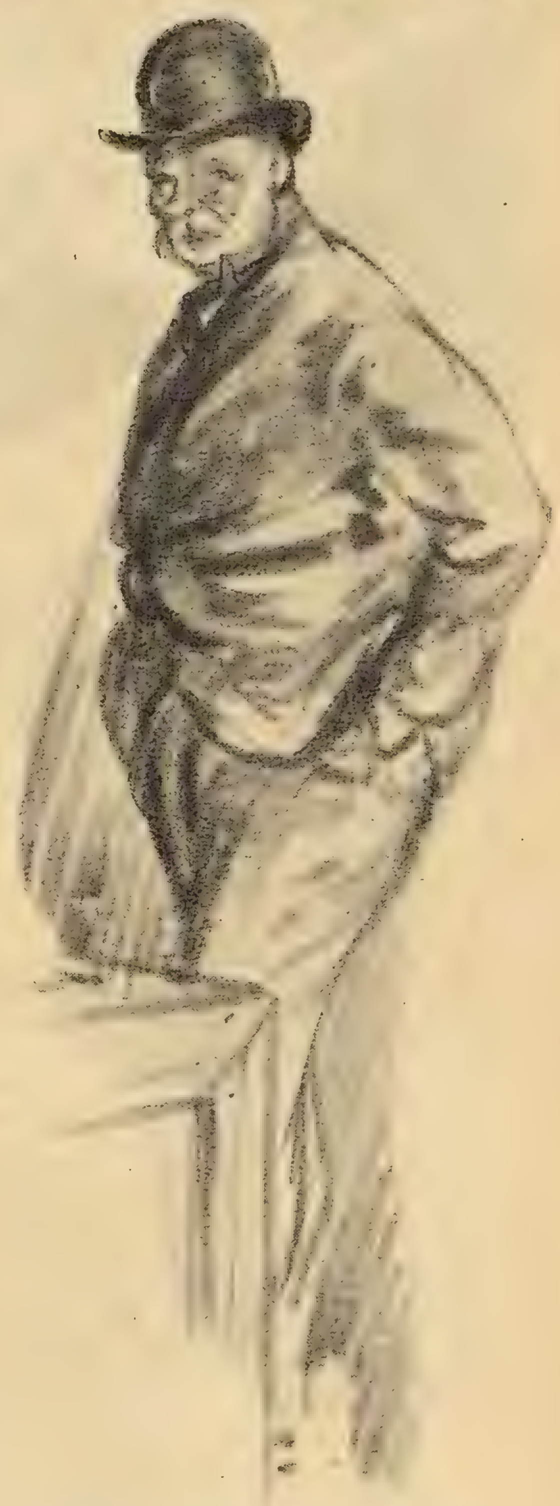
The Story of a Well-Remembered Love

By

EDWARD L. McKENNA

who combines the art of writing with the science of mathematics, being a professor at the Wharton School of Finance as well as the author of many short stories and two novels. Recently Mr. McKenna has tried newspaper reporting in Philadelphia. It's good discipline, he says.

Pictures by A. D. FULLER



"About three years ago she comes in and asks if I got the props from Granada here. I tell her, yes, I have them."

WHAT do you do, when you hit a new town? In this racket we blow into the office of the local rag and say, hello, I'm so-and-so, and I've worked on the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and the Toledo Blade, and the Galveston Post, or wherever it was you worked. And maybe they say nothing doing; and maybe they say, O. K., try you on space for a while.

Then you pick up a couple of stories, if you're lucky, and after a while you get steady time, and a by-line now and then. Finally, it gets tiresome, or you get in a jam, or whatever it was that got you before gets you again, and you drift to another paper or another town. That's a reporter's cycle—space, straight time, by-line, and space.

Well, I'm working on space for the Record now. Ever work in Phillie? The stuff about it's being such a slow town is crazy. It's just that it's closed on Sundays, and that the newspapers are pretty careful what they print. If you do get a good story, the chances are that it would shock Aunt Kate, out on the Main Line, or that Germantown Gertie's particular friend is involved, and that wouldn't do either, or else that it's politics.

There are a lot of ways for a stranger to speak out of his turn in Phillie. The political situation is not simple. I've learned that.

So, I have become so low that I am doing Sunday features. I look around until I find something that looks harmless, and then get a camera man, and we take a few shots of Edgar Allan Poe's house, or a Lovely Spot on the Wissahickon, or what have you, and I write a little filler, and call it a Sunday feature. Anyhow, the pictures are good. The camera man is a darb.

About three weeks ago I went down to Sonnenberg's Storage Warehouse, for no good reason, as usual. I had a sort of idea that I might fix up something about goods stored for a number of years, and then sold at auction, and found to have marvelous value as Americana. They are strong for Americana in Phillie, and I know some good places to get some nice shots of antiques, or else I could fake it some other way.

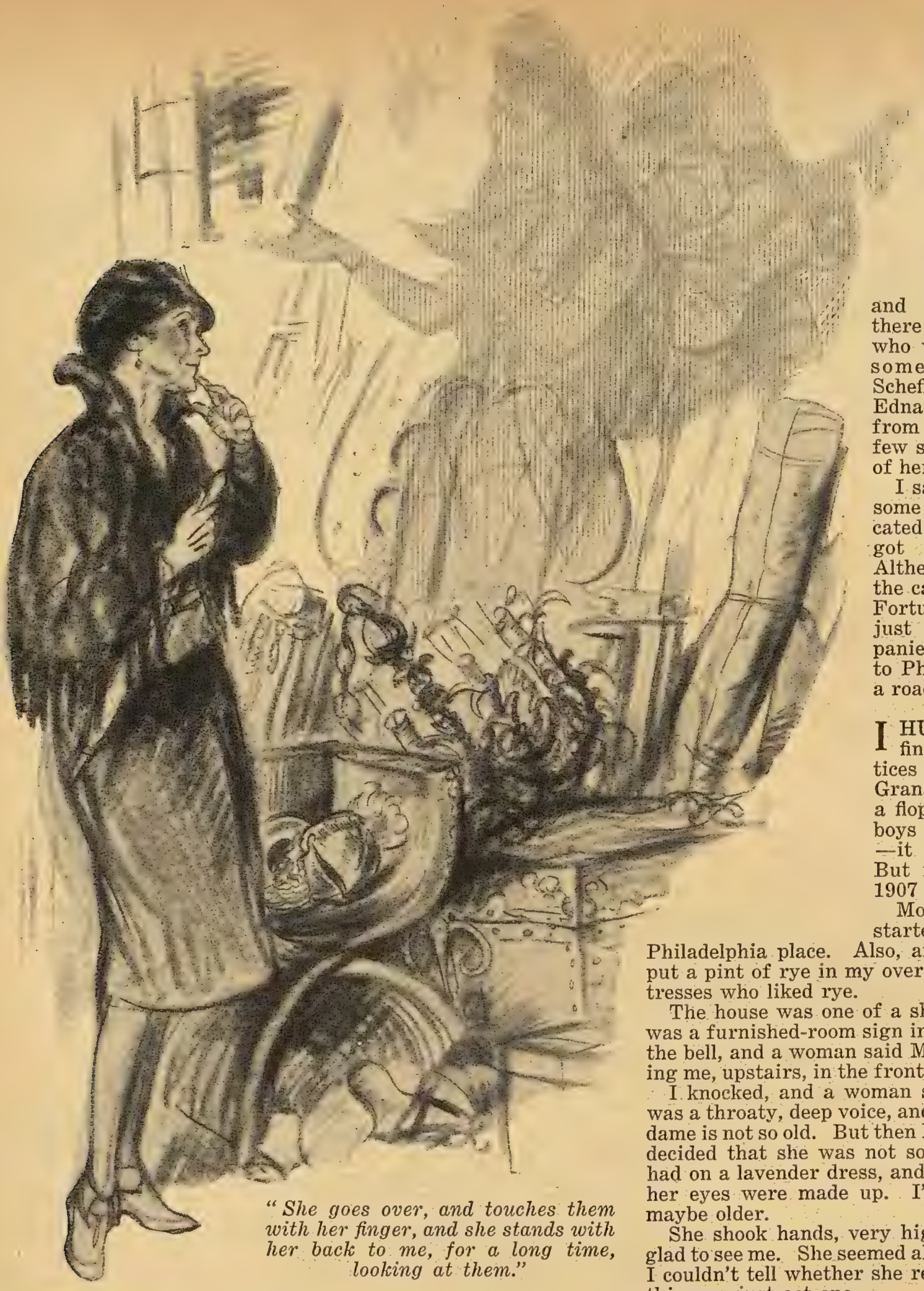
I started my line on old Gus Sonnenberg; told him I'd give him a break on the story and so on, and we talked for a while. He said, yes, he had stuff stored for twenty years and over, and the charges all paid. He had some old carriages, and a high-built automobile with the door in the back, and he had a bar and fixtures, and a couple of libraries, all stored away for twenty years.

And he told me he had a lot of old theatrical stuff, too, scenery, props, and costumes. I said I'd like to take a look at them.

Well, Sonnenberg's isn't Cain's Theatrical Warehouse in New York by a long way, but they've got a lot of old junk there. It's pretty dusty and fly-specked, a lot of it, and the paint is cracking, and I suppose most of it is unmarketable. Theatrical scenery dates quickly, and they don't go in for castles or Moorish effects as much as they did. I asked Sonnenberg, and he said, yes, it was hard to sell. Sell it at auction—it brought next to nothing. Storage charges might be paid on the stuff for a few years; after that—try to get them. So, said Sonnenberg, maybe you'd sue, and then again maybe a suit wouldn't be worth while, and so, here the pieces would stand forever, or until he got ambition enough to get rid of them.

Sonnenberg himself is a nice sort of old boy, proud of his warehouse, proud of his business, and I figure it just suits him. People send him stuff, and he takes good care of it for them. Pay him for four or five years—well, if he's got the room, and the stuff hasn't much value, there it will stay. A slow-moving, polite, easy-going man, Sonnenberg is.

"I TELL you," he said, when he noticed that I was interested in this theatrical morgue of his. "There is an old lady comes in here every once in a while. About three years ago she comes in here, and she asks me if I got the props from Granada here. You don't remember Granada? It was before your time, yes. Well, the show opened here, and closed here, too. For a long time, the charges were paid. Then—no more. So I keep the stuff here. So I tell her, yes, I have them, and she says she would like to see them. I take her in here and she sees them—it's that set right over there behind you. She goes over, and touches them with her finger, and she stands there with her back to me, for a long time, looking at them. By and by she turns around. 'Could I come in, once in a while, and look



"She goes over, and touches them with her finger, and she stands with her back to me, for a long time, looking at them."

at these?' she says. 'I'd be glad to pay you a little something for your trouble.' I say, come in when you like, and it is no trouble. So she says, thanks, much obliged, and since then she comes in regularly every few weeks. Now I just say, hello, go right on up. Why not? She does no harm."

"Uh-huh," I said.

He looked at me. "I think, maybe, there is a story there," he said. "What do you think?"

"Maybe," I said. "You never can tell."

"The next time she comes in, I might ask her. She's a nice lady. If she says no, it's no harm done. You're a young fellow; you're trying to get along, writing pieces for the papers. You leave me your name here. I'll let you know."

Ten days later I got a letter over at the Record office, signed Althea Page. She was the lady from Sonnenberg's, and would I stop in and see her Monday at four? The address was in North Philadelphia.

I asked Harry Moore, over in the dramatic department, if he knew anything about an Althea Page. He thought a while, and then he said, yes, there was an Althea Page who was a lyric soprano, something like Fritzi Scheff, or Lulu Glaser, or Edna May. Came here from England, played a few shows. Hadn't heard of her in years.

I said uh-huh, and with some little trouble I located the Record files and got some dope about Althea Page. She was in the cast of Wang and The Fortune Teller — maybe just second road companies, the kind that came to Phillie when there was a road.

I HUNTED around and finally came to a few notices concerning Granada. Granada, I gathered, was a flop. Some of the local boys were interested in it —it had good write-ups. But it didn't last long— 1907 the date was.

Monday at four I started for this North Philadelphia place. Also, after some thought, I put a pint of rye in my overcoat. I've known actresses who liked rye.

The house was one of a shabby row, and there was a furnished-room sign in the window. I rang the bell, and a woman said Miss Page was expecting me, upstairs, in the front room.

I knocked, and a woman said, "Come in." It was a throaty, deep voice, and I said to myself this dame is not so old. But then I opened the door, and decided that she was not so young, either. She had on a lavender dress, and plenty of rouge, and her eyes were made up. I'd say she was fifty, maybe older.

She shook hands, very high, and said she was glad to see me. She seemed all excited and fluttery. I couldn't tell whether she really was, or whether this was just act one.

She took my hat and coat, and said, "You don't carry a stick? In my time, so many of you chaps did."

Ho, said I to myself, Cuthbert, you're about to assist, in a vulgar, amateurish way, in a few of the better passages from Trelawney of the Wells. I told her, no, only editors carry sticks these days.

Then I started my line, right away. It never hurts you, with any actor, to remind him of his past performances.

"I was reading about you this morning, Miss Page," I said. "About Wang." Which was not precisely true, as I had spent the morning over on Ridge Avenue in an undertaker's parlor, sitting up with the remains of a former gunman from Kensington.

"Oh, yes?" she said, and if she wasn't pleased, the imitation was perfect.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PATCHOULI
Continued from page thirty-five

“I thought, maybe, I might persuade you to give me a story. I'll try to give you a nice write-up, if you will.”

“A story,” she said. “Good heavens, I don't have to give you a story. You'll see me, and write it presently— It's a long time since I've given an interview.”

“You've retired, Miss Page?”

“Oh, yes. Years ago.” It seems that after Granada she went back to Europe. Then, in 1910 or 1911, she tried playing comedy or drama, or whatever it was—things by Alfred Sutro or Henry Arthur Jones. In 1914 she had been doing some entertaining for the troops. Those were her last appearances.

She had nice eyes, and a swell voice, and say what you will, an English accent is a pretty thing in a woman.

She suggested that maybe I'd like some tea, or possibly a drink. I took that for my cue, and I told her that I had brought along a pint of rye, just in case. If she'd had a fan, she'd have given me a playful slap, as it were.

“Oh, I have some,” she said.

“Not on your life,” I said. “Let's use mine.”

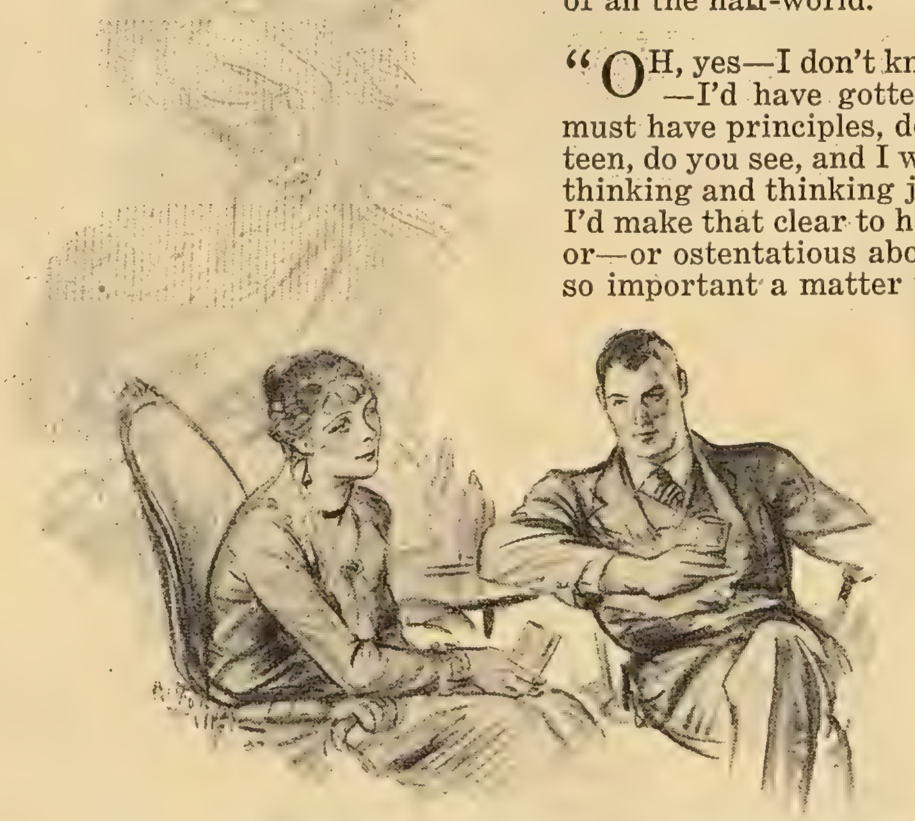
Well, she had a pint of prescription rye with the seal still on it. So had I, by the way. I like prescription liquor, myself.

I opened mine, and she said, “I have seltzer and ginger ale,” and I said, don't bother. But she said she liked a high ball better, and so I took the cap off a bottle of ginger ale for her. She got it from behind a little screen that concealed a washstand.

The bottle was good and cold. Having lived in rooming houses myself, I knew that she had a piece of ice in a dish pan back there.

Why, the old girl is throwing me a party, I said to myself. I'll write her a good notice, see if I don't.

“Good luck,” I said, and she said, “Happy days,” and bowed to me just like a man.



“I wasn't really first-rate, you know. That bothered me a lot, when I was young.”

“WHERE are you from?” she asked me.

“Brooklyn,” I said.

“I played in Hyde & Behman's,” she said. “I suppose that was before you were born.”

“I guess—I never heard of it.”

“Oh, yes, I played in Hyde & Behman's, and Koster & Bials', and the Park Theater, and Pastor's on Fourteenth Street.”

“That's been a burlesque theater the last few years,” I said.

I had another drink, and mixed her one, though she protested a little.

“It's a pretty drink,” she said. “All drinks are pretty. I'd like to taste a drink as nice as creme de menthe looks.”

“So would I,” I said.

“Were you ever at the Oriental Hotel, in Manhattan Beach?—No, I don't smoke, thank you.—I remember the first week I was in New York, I went down to Manhattan Beach—”

The week she arrived in New York, she stopped at the Oriental Hotel. She thought she had to go somewhere that cost money, put her best foot forward. She had an appointment with—well, with a producer, an angel, a man about town. He was to see her on a Thursday night. She sat there, on the veranda of the Oriental, waiting for him. He never came. She looked at the water, and watched the passing crowds, and the waiters carrying trays of tinted drinks.

She was nineteen years old and she had about a hundred dollars. Men were staring at her; the waiters made her uncomfortable.

She was just a Miss Althea Page, actress, singer, heaven knows what, stopping at a hotel patronized by a smart if sporting clientele.

“You know how we are in the profession,” she said. “We don't take things calmly, like other people. He sent me a telegram the next morning, but I wouldn't see him. Freddie So-and-so, he was.”

I said I'd heard of him. He was the little friend of all the half-world.

“OH, yes—I don't know. If I'd been less—proud—I'd have gotten on faster. But a woman must have principles, don't you think? I was nineteen, do you see, and I was a good girl, too. I'd been thinking and thinking just what I'd say to him, how I'd make that clear to him, without being prudish—or—or ostentatious about it. Queer, but that's not so important a matter now as it was— And then, he never came.”

“The Oriental is torn down now,” I said. “There's nothing left but the breakwater.”

“Fancy that,” she said. “I can't think of its ever being torn down. It was a lovely hotel.”

She was still looking at the balance of her second high ball, so I had a small shot by myself. Yes, that's one of the reasons I'm on space. Only one of the reasons.

“You're not married?” she said.

“No. I've never been married.”

“Neither have I. I fancy that people like us should not marry. We go on being miserable in different towns.”

“Oh, I don't know,” I said.

“My dear boy, I've been in a thousand towns. A thousand towns— And, naturally, I didn't stay quite as good a girl as I'd been. You'd know that.”

“Now, behave yourself,” I said, and she began to laugh.

“It's a long time ago, and it hardly matters. I used to justify myself, and say that it was necessary for my art. That's all nonsense. You live fast in the theater. Your nerves are on edge, you're keyed up. When you get through, you can't read a book. You have to go somewhere, or drink, or have a sweetheart. You substitute another set of virtues, that's all. Actors are the most generous people in the world. Isn't that true?”

“I don't know,” I said. “The newspaper outfit is pretty regular, too.”

“I wasn't really first-rate, you know. That bothered me a lot, when I was young. Kind applause. Kind applause—that's just what you don't want. You want to knock them dead. Not for the money—the money's the least part. I got everything there was out of my voice. Everything. It wasn't quite enough. Yes, I'll have a drink, thank you.”

“Well, there's this. Maybe you're not first-class, but you never can tell. Maybe you can knock out a few jobs, anyhow. There's always a chance, in your line or mine. Here's me, working on space, for the Record. Here's you, with a voice that's—that's—”

“Not like Fay Templeton's. Yes.”

“Well, what of it? What of it? We drift from job to job, yes. We go from town to town. How do you know? Maybe, some one time, you were better than

Emma Eames—Emma Eames was the best I ever heard. Maybe you were, and you never even knew it. I suppose I make forty bucks a week, on the average. Probably I'll never make much more. You think I'd quit; go get a steady job?"

"No. You won't quit. At least, till you get old and afraid. I—I quit, in a way. In 1914 I—"

In 1914 she tried to entertain the troops. She sang the songs she used to sing, and they gave her the bird, or the razz, as you prefer. More kind applause, some of it ironical, or so she thought. One of the brave Tommies called, "Good for you, grandma." She was forty-two. It broke her heart. It didn't make me feel so good, either, particularly at the time.

"So I had a little money, and I retired."

"How did you ever save any money?"

She smiled.

"I didn't, my dear. I had a very bad time during the war. I—I got employment. Then, in 1918—a—dear friend of mine died, and left me a small annuity."

"You mind if I ask you a question? It's—it's a personal one."

"Surely. You may ask me."

"Was it—the same man who backed Granada?"

She looked at me for a minute. "Yes," she said at last. "You know who—who he was?"

"Yes, of course," I said. "I do happen to know."

HE was one of those Philadelphia Main Line boys, or Spring Street boys, I guess it was then. He was crazy about her, and she was about him.

She was thirty-five years old, and he was twenty-eight or thirty. He backed the show, and she was his sweetheart, or vice versa, have it any way you like.

His people came around and tried to arrange matters with money, and it couldn't be done.

"Finally, they tried to show me that I was really doing him harm, or so they thought—and I thought to myself, well, perhaps that's true. You see, things that are very simple to us aren't—aren't at all simple to people in society. And I thought, he'll be like all the others; at any rate, in a year, two years, one of us will tire. What's the use? I thought. I wouldn't harm him for anything.

"So, I considered it and—and I did the only thing I could. I took a settlement from his people. I sold them his letters. That was the only way to break it up. He was very honorable, and—and—you learn that from the people who are more honorable than yourself, if you care for them. I said to myself, Al Page, you've been second-class all your life. Here's your big scene, play it now. I did. I went to his people dressed like an adventuress. And I took the money and spent it, every cent of it. I hated his

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"my customers all come back for more"

writes M. M. Somers— a restaurant proprietor

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City
Gentlemen:

I am a proprietor of a restaurant and find it necessary to give my patrons good food, well cooked. I obtain the good food, and after trying several oils, have decided Mazola is the easiest, best and most economical. It blends so well with vinegar that my salads are always delicious. I use it for all frying—it gives food that "tasty" taste so much desired.

I have a great call in the morning for "Breakfast Gems" which I make as follows, cutting down, of course, on all ingredients, as the housewife does not require my large amount of ingredients—

1 cup sweet milk
⅓ cup Mazola
2 teaspoons baking powder
1½ cups flour
1 egg
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Mix thoroughly and cook in hot gem pans.

Mazola really is a perfect oil. They often say you can get indigestion from eating in restaurants—but my customers all come back to me for more—so I must be giving them good things to eat. I really and truly believe a great part of my success comes from using Mazola.

Sincerely,
M. M. Somers,
New Haven, Conn.

As an excellent oil for all salad dressings—a cooking oil that makes good food taste better—and a perfect shortening—Mazola enjoys the preference of millions of America's progressive housewives.

MAZOLA
A PURE SALAD and COOKING OIL from CORN
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, is now in its fifth edition—so great has been the demand for this valuable book of nearly 300 modern recipes. Fill out and mail this coupon—we will promptly send you your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. Y-3, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station,
New York City.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

Beech-Nut
BLACK
Cough Drops
When-
ever
you
have a
cough
use

Beech-Nut
BLACK
Cough Drops
A cough drop with
an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.
Makers of
BEECH-NUT
LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

PATCHOULI
Continued from page thirty-seven

people then; hated the way they looked at me, at everything I represent. My—my relation with him was not common. It was not low. Not ever. I never tried to marry him. I'd never dreamed of it."

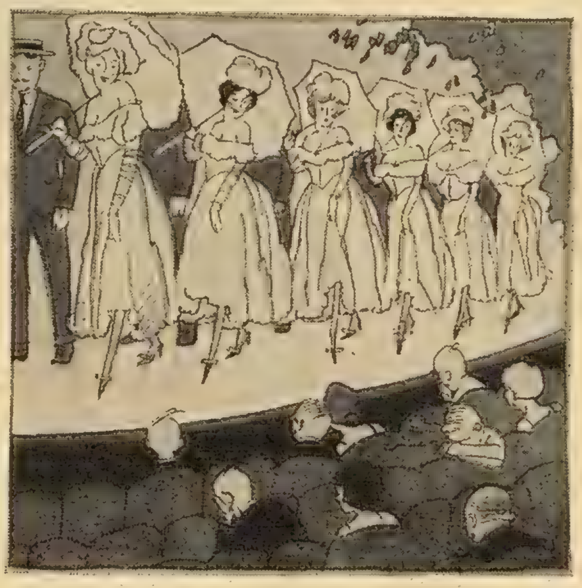
"Yes, I know," I said.

"I took the money, and spent it foolishly, spent it fast. I didn't give it to a tuberculosis hospital or any such thing. I'm not as tawdry as that. I'm not as theatrical as that. You see? There's been enough Camille played."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"I think, perhaps, you believe me. It doesn't particularly matter."

"Sure, I believe you," I said. "I've got my own ways of making a fool of myself."



"I played in Hyde & Behman's, and Koster & Bials'."

"And then, naturally, I had to find that he was the one, the only one. Heavens, I sound like a song of Marie Lloyd's. Don't worry, I won't sing it for you! I'm not so far dizzy as that."

"He never knew about it?"

"No. No, certainly not. He was married and decent. He married two years later. Why should I— You see, after all, I'd done those things. I'd sold his letters. I'd lived on the money.

"And after he married, I—I don't say I never looked at another man. But he was the man in my life, just the same."

"Sure. I understand. It's like you said. You can only treat a regular person in a regular way, the way that seems regular to you."

"IN the profession we say you've got to be a good trouper. A good trouper. And then he died of the flu, in 1918, and he left me this annuity. So, in 1925, I came back here. I—I—he and I lived here, not so far away. This used to be the side of the town—for that.

"And then somebody told me about Sonnenberg's. Harry had paid storage on those Granada props all those years and years till he died. He never wrote me a word; he never tried to see me. But he paid storage for the stuff from our show all those years."

"Yes."

"They'll never sell them now, will they? I—if I'd make a killing—"

"You, too?" I said.

"Oh, yes. I—I've got to have something for excitement. And I love the horses. I have to be careful. I haven't got a great deal. But my annuity's paid in monthly installments."

"I don't think they'll sell them, now. Listen, Miss Page. How much of this stuff do you want me to use?"

"Oh! Oh—"

"I tell you what. I'll fix up an interview with you for the Record, saying what you think about George Gershwin, or the Earl Carroll review, or some such thing. And then, if we do anything with the rest, I'll change the names, and so on, and show it to you."

"Yes — I'm awfully—I—you know how we are about press notices. I—it's childish, isn't it? —I don't want anything about Harry in it, please."

"NO. Not in the Record. Just one other thing, if you don't mind. That perfume you use, what is it? I remember it—when I was a kid."

"Oh! It's patchouli," said Miss Page. "Yes. Perfumes will do that. Wait. I'll make you a cup of coffee."

"No. Please. I'm all right."

"Well, look. Take this bottle of liquor. I bought it for you, really. I don't keep liquor around. Really, I don't."

"I know you bought it for me. I'll come back and help you drink it some time."

"Oh! Will you, really? I don't know what my landlady will say, my having a nice young man, at my age.

"You will come back again, won't you? I—I know you're busy. I'm—I've—there aren't so many people who —whose conversation I enjoy. I'm so afraid of shocking them." She laughed.

"You're a great girl, Althea," I said. "I'll be back."

And if you think my calling her Althea wasn't a great exit line, you're crazy.

She's — well, in 1907 she was thirty-five. Figure it out yourself. But sporting people are like soldiers. They never grow old.

So I fixed up a couple of stories for the Record, and the lady has them in a scrapbook, along with an opulent picture of herself carrying a spear.

And she's O.K'd the proofs of this, and as it stands there's no libel in it. First American Serial rights only, because I once got two guineas for a reprint, and this ought to go good in England, wouldn't you think? And if we do sell it, me and Althea Page will invest the jack in a nice parlay, or some attractive if-money, or on a long-shot's nose.

What do you say, kid? Save your own money.

THE END

"And So I JUMPED"

Wide World photo

Lieut. J. R. Tate in a parachute jump of 2,000 feet over Pearl Harbor, Honolulu.

Some Thrills of Parachuting

By

HAROLD WHITBY

who in 1928, while in the navy, made a world's record fall before pulling the ring. He is now a test jumper for a manufacturer of parachutes. Needless to say, he's under thirty.

If it hadn't been for a parachute there wouldn't be a Lindbergh. The Lone Eagle qualified four times for the Caterpillar Club before he flew to Paris.

Not long ago a navy pilot off duty was watching some parachute jumps in Florida. "I wondered if I'd ever have to bail out in one of the bloody things," he said afterwards. Next day his ship caught fire at 3,000 feet. He went over the side and was saved. "I'd never have thought of jumping if I hadn't just seen how easily those other fellows did it," he admitted.

Before I began jumping I used to ask a lot of jumpers about their experiences. They'd always spin a fine yarn up to the point where they said: "—and so I jumped." After that point they'd shut up like clams, or else be vague.

What I wanted to know, and what I still enjoy hearing (as well as *feeling*), is what happens after a man dives off into space.

My first jump was a lift-off. I stood on the wing and pulled my ring. Next thing I knew came such a walloping jerk on the upper half of my body that I was a little dazed until I found myself floating quietly earthward. I missed the roar of the motor but enjoyed the pleasant drifting sensation. Landing was a cinch—like hopping off a fence.

After that there was nothing to it.

Mighty few fat ladies would jump off a liner with a life belt on, especially into the icy ocean waters off Newfoundland. But I notice that when a ship goes down a lot of ladies bob up on the friendly bosoms of their life belts.

Some day the public is going to lose its fear of a parachute. People will find out just how useful that little pack can be. A lot of us flyers have.

P. & A. photo

How a jumper looks before he pulls the rip-cord ring. This is Chief Petty Officer Lyman Ford in a test jump at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

There are plenty of jumps on record now to show what I mean. There was Irvin Rutledge, pilot for the Pacific Air Transport Company. He didn't pretend to be anything of a jumper. Maybe he didn't especially like jumping. Some don't. But he wore a chute just the same.

He was rewarded one day when he took off from Frisco, bound down the coast for Los Angeles. A typical Frisco day: air like the sharp edge of a razor, not a cloud the size of a pocket handkerchief in the blue sky, and a nice fresh breeze from seaward.

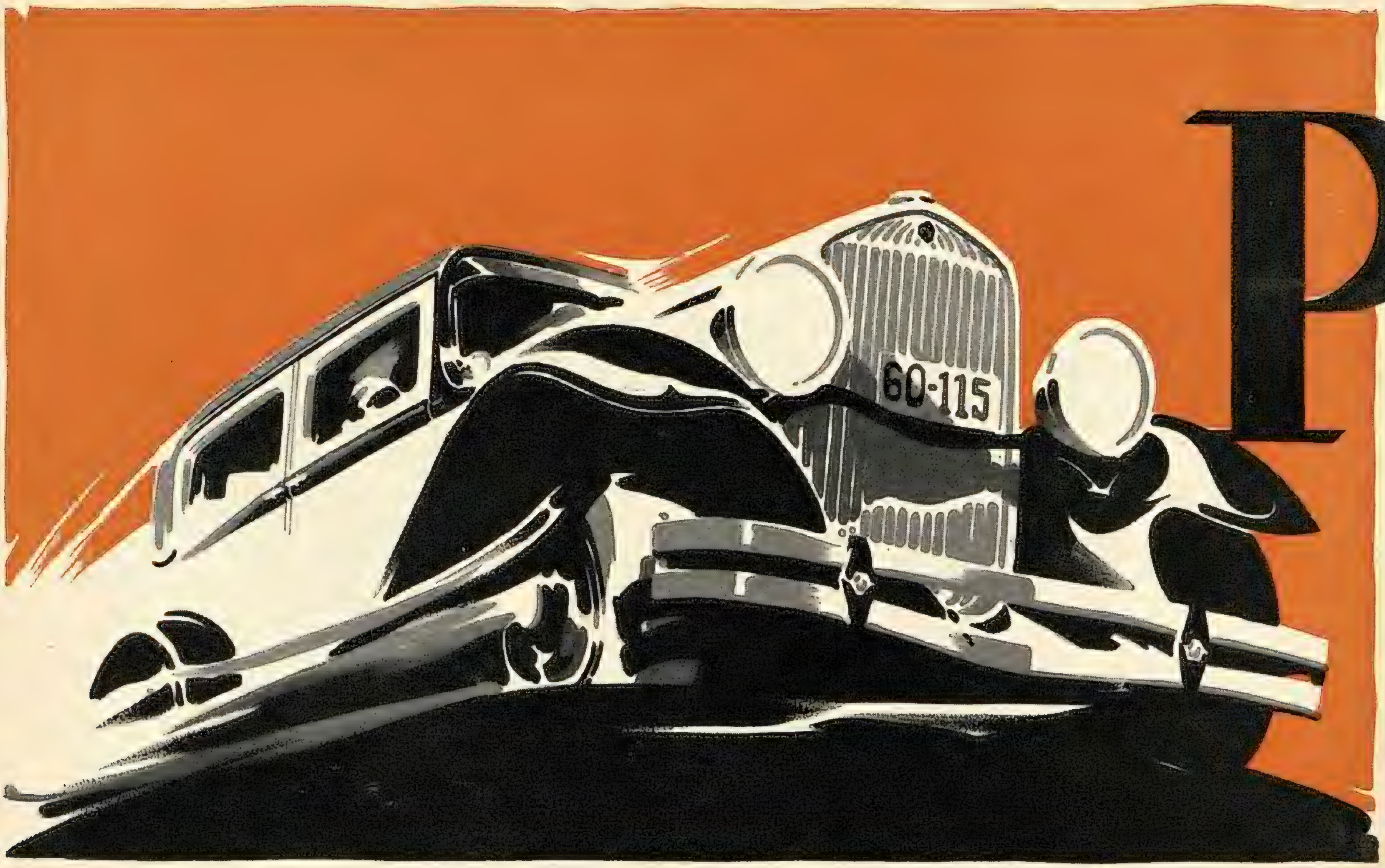
High up Irvin saw a mare's nest ahead—fog. He tried climbing, but it was what the native sons call a "high fog." It was high, all right. Irvin got into it before he had lined up the coast. Only thing he could do was skim to keep landmarks in sight. Safe, because there weren't any mountains to go over.

Fog flying isn't so good. If you're hanging to a level and use instruments (tougher than most of us admit) you're okay. But playing around is dangerous. First thing Irvin knew, his ship was cockeyed—or the earth was, for it came up on his port bow when he thought he was flying square. He lifted and tried to flatten, but was out of control before he could do anything.

He bailed out at 300 feet; pretty low when you figure most jumps are made about 1,000 feet. But his chute cracked and he had his toes in the sand before he could count five. He says his plane went past like a gray ghost at almost the same instant.

Dick Bowman of the same company had a nice party in the fall of 1928. Cracked his chute under the worst

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE FOLLOWING]



THE New Essex challenges the performance, the style, the luxurious comfort of any car on the outright basis that no other gives you back so much for every dollar you put in. We invite you to prove this to your own satisfaction.

From head to tail-light the New Essex Challenger is newly engineered for relaxed driving. From road to roof it is designed for smooth, vibrationless comfort, roominess, interior smartness and beauty.

The new Super-Six motor is smoother, more powerful. Essex requires little gear-shifting. Essex brakes answer to a touch. All controls are easy and handy. Gears shift lightly. Starter on dash saves scuffing of footwear.

In performance the New Essex Challenger is just as advanced. There is more power. It gives more in every performance range and gives it smoother, easier. These extra margins save any sense of effort, mean longer life.

It challenges the attention of all as a brilliantly different car. It challenges the smoothness and comfort of any car. And, in value, it challenges all that motordom offers. The price remains within reach of nearly everyone.

The ***NEW*** **ESS**

ROVE *its Right to* CHALLENGE

in Faster Speed—Quicker Get-away—Greater Power and Economy. It challenges, too, in Beauty, Comfort, Finish and Completeness of Detail

Advantages That Challenge

1 It is a Big Roomy Essex—Longer wheelbase and wider seats afford additional comfort for passengers.

2 It is a Low, Safe Essex—A double-drop frame lowers body height with headroom maintained and road clearance increased. Four-wheel brakes are effective with light pedal pressure.

3 It is a Modern Essex—designed in the vogue of 1930. Modern design is used in the detailing of fenders, hood, hub caps and body moldings; repeated in interior fittings and decorations.

4 It is a Colorful Essex—You may exercise your own taste within a large range of colors at no extra cost.

5 It is a Complete Essex—Included in the list prices are:

4 double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers;
Manually controlled radiator shutters;
Starter, electrolock and motometer on dash;
Electric oil and fuel gauge on dash;
New simplified windshield control;
Double cowl ventilators;
Adjustable seats and steering column.

EX *Challenger*

AT A PRICE ALL CAN AFFORD

“—AND SO I JUMPED”
Continued from third page preceding

conditions, but luck was on his side. Dick was on the reverse course, Los Angeles to Frisco, with the midnight mail. Like all of us he knew he'd have to watch out in crossing the Tehachapi Mountains, eighty miles out. They're pretty high, but the worst thing is the way quick storms boil up from the desert beyond them. The storms hit cold air from the ocean and make a lot of rain.

I guess Dick began to bounce near the pass. But since the weather was apparently good on both sides he crossed his fingers and gave her the gun. With the wind came rain, a perfect deluge, and thunder and lightning. Pitch black one moment and bright as day the next. Enough to make an iron man feel queer. And the plane jumping like a toy ball on the end of a rubber band.

At 11,000 feet Dick looked his instruments over. The only one that told him much besides his altitude was the speed indicator. He was buzzing along at 135 m.p.h. On his way, but from the looks of things going to hell fast. He stood up and dived headfirst into the inferno below him.

For two minutes he drifted down in the darkness, wondering which bolt of lightning was going to stab him in the back. He looked hard when the flashes came, hoping to pick out a spot where he wouldn't land in the top of a high tree. Shinning down wet branches in a thunderstorm is a dangerous game.

Wide World photo

Wide World photo

Photo from Aero Digest

The jumper about to land is Captain George Stuart. At the left is the late Fred Hoyt, and at the right, Dick Bowman, heroes of parachute adventures related in this article. Hoyt's jump saved him, but his experience had a tragic conclusion.

Suddenly he slammed down on a gravelly spot the size of a tennis court. A nice bit of luck, because there was a cliff fifty yards away. He rigged up a tent out of half his chute, rolled his wet body in the other half, and slept until morning. When he awoke it was clear and sunny, and he had the grandest view of the world you can imagine—perched there on the summit of the highest pass on the Tehachapi range. He breakfasted on fresh air and mountain water, strolled down to a ranger's hut in the valley below, and reported the accident. His plane was kindling, but he had cut his switch before he bailed out and his mail wasn't even bruised.

FRED HOYT, chief test pilot for the Stearman Aircraft Company, had a tough break three winters ago. Stuck to his job to the last and got down all right; but things went sour before he could walk out.

He took off from Salt Lake City in half a gale, bound for Boise, Idaho. As the mountains often break up low storms, he probably guessed he'd be out of the wind in a few hours at most. He didn't have any load but fuel; his job was to deliver his ship, a new one, to the Varney Air Lines.

Ask any mail pilot and he'll tell you this stretch is one of the dirtiest in the country: it goes over the foothills of the Rockies—long spells of heavily wooded highlands with a lot of wind eddies that jump up just when you don't expect them.

Hoyt beat it hell-bent with the wind quartering, heading right for the center of Stravell Pass. It just happened that he was a few minutes ahead of the mail plane: a fact that had a bearing on what happened later.

In the pass lived a lone rancher who used to come out to the entrance every day and wait for the mail plane, the pilot of which would drop a newspaper over the side as he scooted by. So of course when the rancher saw Hoyt he thought it was the mail and got kind of sore when no paper came down; wondered what he'd done for the pilot to treat him that way.

Just then the mail plane hove in sight and the rancher knew that the other one must be a stranger. It developed later that the fellow went back to his shack and brooded over the thing all day long. He got to thinking that maybe the plane was lost because it was going so high and so fast, perhaps to run out of the storm that was unmistakably brewing. He got more worried than ever when the storm broke, the wind swelling up into a good old-fashioned Idaho blizzard, with drifting snow and below-zero temperature.

Well, it turned out that that rancher's glimpse was the last seen of poor Fred Hoyt alive.

WE know exactly what happened from then on, because Fred had the imagination to keep a diary right up to the moment he died.

He plowed through the storm to the end of the pass. It was tough going, he wrote, and all the fur clothes and woolens he was packed in didn't keep him warm. And even though he was out of the windstream, snow leaked in around him and began to clutter up with his feet and pack.

A little more and he would have been able to ease down on the other side. But his ship began to get logy. Above 10,000 feet as he was, and it being winter, a lot of ice formed on his wings that he couldn't shake off even though he dived down close as he dared to the flying white haze of the land below him. He lost so much speed due to the extra weight of the ice that he finally couldn't handle her at all. But he stuck until his altimeter showed him 500 feet.

Despite the wind and snow his “ umbrella ” opened and landed him nice and soft in a drift. He must have got a good mouthful of snow and spent some time emptying his eyes and sleeves. Without being at all excited he wrote in his diary that he took off his heavy flying suit, rolled up his chute, and stowed them in a clear spot where they wouldn't get drifted in. He scribbled a little love note to his wife and inclosed the last page of his diary and tied them to the branch of a nearby bush.

Fred saw then he might be living his last few hours of life, although at the moment he was pretty warm and well fed, and not a bit panicky.

He started hiking down the pass. Every half mile he wrote a note and pinned it to a bush.

When night came on he gathered a big pile of wood and lit a fire. He didn't have any tent and the duds he had been sweating in all afternoon began to freeze stiff as a board. He had a few mouthfuls of food which he had taken down with him in the chute. I guess he didn't sleep much that night—pretty cold and hungry; but he had the strength to hop about when he felt his feet getting wooden.

Well, I can picture the first two or three nights: uncomfortable, and cold and getting hungrier all the time, his throat all raspy from slaking his thirst with snow. And yet he must have kidded himself along, maybe talking out loud about what a hell of a pickle he was in, and so forth.

But when it comes to the latter part of the week, and then the days of the second week, I just get sort of sick trying to think what the inside of Fred's mind must have been like. No doubt he'd have moments when he was as clear as a bell—moments when he hurt all over, frosted fingers and snow-blind eyes and a steady gnawing pain in his belly. Then he must have floated off into a nightmare when he wasn't sure whether he was having a bad dream in his bunk back at the home field or had died and was getting punished for all his sins.

He was found a week and a half after the crash. He was lying beside a little pile of dry sticks that he had painfully collected for a fire. His head was neatly cushioned on his outstretched arm. In one hand he held an open match box, in the other a match which he hadn't had the strength to strike. Not a quarter of a mile away in the direction he was heading was the front door of the rancher's shack.

Fred's wrecked plane was easily found from the notes he left on the bushes. It lay right close to where he had landed in his parachute.

NOT all people agree, but I think the most entertaining jumps are those which are deliberate. A forced jump has so many complications as a rule that a fellow doesn't have much of a chance to figure out what is going on. But when you're all set to go, like a fellow on a Sunday afternoon with a buggy and his best girl, you see and feel a lot of things that are real fun.

The jumpers that make the long free falls have the most to think about. Everybody knows that for years it was believed that a man would become unconscious on a long fall, or have his sense jerked out of him by the shock of the chute opening if he waited too much time before pulling his ring. But it's all disproved now.

I remember a discussion started over this theory at Mitchel Field in 1924. Sergeant Randall Bose, who was something of a daredevil, agreed to find out the truth.

"Hope you live to tell us what you learn," one of his buddies in the mess told him right to his face.

"I'll be having beans for breakfast when the daisies are sprouting over you," he came right back. And he probably will.

Randall went to 5,000 feet and fell 1,500 before he opened his chute—a big stunt in those days. He claimed that things began to turn black just before he pulled his rip cord. But he didn't lose his nerve. Next time he went down 1,800 feet before rounding up. The jerk nearly broke his neck, but there were no ill effects.

This record didn't stand long. In 1925 Sergeant Budreau went up at Selfridge Field and hopped off at 7,000 feet. He fell 3,500 feet without a twinkle of silk above him. Those looking on had begun to turn sick and groan when the chute shot out. Even then they figured the terrible tearing effect of the wind would split the canopy into ribbons. But it didn't.

Last year three aviation machinist mates in the navy determined to break the world's record for a free

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"DON'T BE A HOUSEHOLD SLAVE

Use Samoline for cleaning"

Say women everywhere

100% Clean
WITHOUT INJURY
to the surface
or the hands

FOR 15 years thousands of women have been telling their friends that housecleaning is fun with Samoline. In the bathroom Samoline removes all dirt, stain, rust and tarnish from tub and lavatory and nickeled parts *quickly* and *easily*. It makes those "difficult" tile floors and painted walls and woodwork immaculately clean, sanitary and inviting —and saves you ⅓ the time, ⅓ the labor and ⅓ the expense.

You can use Samoline in perfect confidence on everything from the grand piano to the kitchen sink. It is wonderful for cleaning silverware; fine for white woodwork. In fact, it cleans all painted, varnished, enameled, tile, metal and glass surfaces 100% clean without injury to the surface—and leaves the hands soft and white. Being in paste form, there is no waste.

Samoline is not just another cleaner. It is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping and sold on the basis of absolute satisfaction or your money refunded. In 15 years not a single can has ever been returned. Try Samoline today—the ease with which it does your cleaning will delight you.

"The World's Greatest Cleaner"

SAMOLINE

Samoline is sold and recommended by grocery, drug, hardware, paint & varnish, plumbing, variety and department stores everywhere.

SAMOLINE CORPORATION
1300 Fletcher Street Chicago

Little Sammy Samoline Says—
Use Samoline on your hardwood, waxed and oil-mopped floors—it removes wax and dirt and brings out the original beauty of the finish.

DRUG STORE
GROCERY STORE
HARDWARE & PAINTS

FIVE SIZES

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR ABOUT SAMOLINE

a turned up collar - won't stop a cough

TROUBLED THROATS

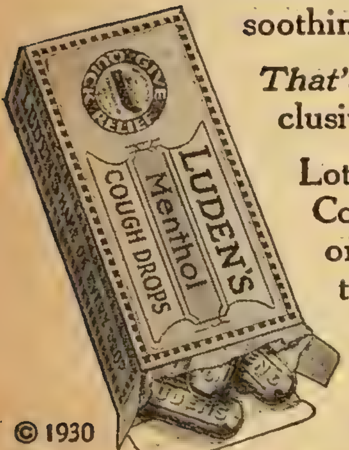
Some folks are born with tender throats — some acquire them from the wear and tear of use and abuse — and to a troubled throat a turned-up collar brings no relief.

But Luden's to a tender throat is like a real friend—relieves you of your troubles instantly.

Take a Luden's—let it dissolve in your mouth —breathe deep. *Quick relief.* Down your throat—up through your nose—a waft of soothing, refreshing coolness spreads.

That's Luden's Menthol Action—exclusive with Luden's.

Lots of imitations of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops — that's natural — but only Luden's are made according to the exclusive Luden formula —tested by years and users.



FOR QUICK RELIEF

In the yellow package everywhere—5¢

© 1930

LUDEN'S

["—AND SO I JUMPED" Continued from page forty-three]

fall. They were myself, now a test jumper for the Russell Parachute Company, Morgan, and Crawford.

Scientific experts told these birds they'd better look out. Reminded them that gravity makes things fall thirty-two feet faster every second; and that by the time they'd shot down past the existing record for free fall they might be going so all-fired fast they'd rip their chutes off their backs even if they did not tear the fabric to shreds. But you know how a bunch of young fellows are when they set out to beat what another man has done.

Funny enough, too, good old Mother Nature came to their rescue without their or anyone's realizing what it was all about. I mean that it was pretty soon discovered that this gravity rule doesn't hold true all the way down. A lot of tests have proved that a dummy the shape and size of a man, and weighing 180 pounds, with a parachute pack on its back, doesn't increase its velocity after about 1,200 feet of free fall. The speed then is 118 miles an hour, if I remember rightly, and at that speed the air pressure is so great upward that it offsets the acceleration of gravity working downward.

At any rate, on April 4 these three fellows went up at the navy air base at Pensacola, Florida, one after the other. Crawford fell 2,800 feet before he pulled his ring. Morgan an hour later boosted the figure to 3,100 feet. I was the last, bailing out at 5,100 feet and managing to hold my fire until I had fallen 4,400 feet.

Wide World photo

Captain A. W. Stevens equipped for his jump of 24,206 feet.

That was a new world's record all right; but I was too much shaken up by the shock to get very much pleasure out of it. None of us was hurt.

I WANTED to see what spinning would do to me. I knew I'd have plenty of time to experiment between going over and the moment I pulled up. I jumped so I'd tumble front somersaults. I quickly found that by kicking my legs I could control my movements.

I changed into a flat spin. After enjoying that for a bit I kicked myself into a tight spiral, head down.

By this time the earth was coming up pretty damned fast. It was a grayish blue—because, I guess, I was shooting towards it at such speed that my eyes didn't work any too well. But I could see the ships on line before the hangars and a lot of little black bugs in front of them where the gang was watching me sail down.

You mightn't believe this, but while I was spiraling slowly with my head pointed toward the sod, I also noticed the barracks. And I actually picked out the window of my room!

By this time the hissing of the air in my ears had thinned to a shrill whistle. Then my hearing suddenly went dead. Had something to do with my blood pressure changing, perhaps. The doctors had a lot of ten-dollar ideas about it all after I landed.

I decided to pull the ring. So I kicked myself into a somersault and when I was next in a feet-first position I gave a yank. I remember I was surprised to see how green and how near the grass on the field looked at this moment.

But I didn't forget what was going to happen. I didn't exactly brace myself, but I was all mentally prepared when the shock of opening came. Holy cripes, it seemed to jerk me right up into the chute! My liver splashed so hard against my backbone that it was sore for days afterward. The report the chute made when it cracked was heard all over the field. I came in pretty fast. But I had my feet braced and pointed out like Babe Ruth sliding home. At that, I went head over heels when I bumped. But I wasn't hurt a mite. Next morning my legs and arms were black and blue from the jolt the harness gave them.

Incidentally, that 4,400-foot drop of mine took thirty seconds—a long time, under the circumstances.

The record for the higher altitude at which a jumper has ever bailed out is held by Captain A. W. Stevens of the army photographic section, McCook Field. At 24,206 feet he dived out of the cockpit of a Martin Bomber piloted by the well known Leigh Wade. He released his parachute as soon as he cleared the ship. He carried a bottle of oxygen in the pocket of his heavy flying suit. The air was very thin and the temperature was well below zero.

Sergeant Randall Bose, who first disproved old theories about falls.

STEVENS fell for twenty-five minutes, about 1,000 feet a minute. He landed seventeen miles from the field from which he had taken off. But the only discomforts he suffered were a slight giddiness as a result of the violent swinging he did on the way down, and a sprained ankle when he landed. Considering that he weighed 225 pounds, including the pack of his emergency chute on his chest, he came out all right.

This jump of 24,206 feet was made in 1922 and the record still stands. There was one high jump made by Sergeant Ralph Bottriel from 20,500 feet that had a good deal more fireworks in it, even if the altitude wasn't so great.

Bottriel wanted to prove that rarefied air far aloft is still solid enough to support a parachute. As the ship crossed 20,000 feet, he got ready to bail out. He must have stood up and put his hand on his ring to see if everything felt all right. He never knew just how it happened, but his parachute all of a sudden popped out.

It wasn't a new accident in the history of aviation. About a year before an Englishman was yanked from his seat under similar circumstances, only not so far up, and dangled under the tail while the flabbergasted pilot coasted around for an hour or so trying to shake him off. When fuel ran low the pilot landed as gently as he could, but broke the jumper's neck when he bumped.

Bottriel's chute luckily didn't foul the tail. After a quick skate along the fuselage it dragged him right through it. A projecting splinter of the smashed vertical rudder ripped through the sleeve of his leather flying suit and pared the muscle off his right arm.

Had he been nearer the earth the sergeant's fix wouldn't have been so bad. As it was, blood drenched him from head to foot and it looked like a sure fade-out before he could possibly get down to help.

But a jumper is accustomed to quick thinking. Bottriel used his wits before he lost consciousness. After the chute opened and he was going down easy he lifted himself with one arm and grabbed a bight of the shroud line. Somehow he managed to wrap this around his damaged shoulder, making a tourniquet. He was limp as a rag when he landed, sixteen miles away, in a cornfield right in front of a farmer's horse and plow. Being in good shape, he got well in a jiffy. But I guess he'll always remember how he got that scar on his arm.

It requires nice judgment to teach men to use a parachute. Pupils vary so much that each one is a different problem.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BETTER HALF *gave me the* low down *on the perfect shave*

I STOOD in the bathroom the other "morning after"—shaving and swearing. As usual, it's a complete victory for Old Nick, the razor. Skin raw, spirits blue, 100% grouch all over. All of a sudden in pops the spouse, and hands me a bottle. "What's this?" says I—"poison?" "Yes," says she, "—poison for your grouch. Sprinkle it on the jaw bone." "What for?" says I. "For me," says she, giving me the goo goo look.

Well, I did. And boy! In ten seconds I'm on top of the world! Grouch gone, face perfect, skin tingling under the touch of this potion from Paradise. The darn stuff's styptic, too—fixes tiny nicks and cuts like a surgeon.

"What's the racket?" says I to the ball-and-chain, after the miracle. "Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion," says she, "made by Houbigant, the maker of the finest women's preparations. After all, the only difference between your face and mine is that you plough yours with a razor."

And say! Don't miss Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. Not a chance for razor burn or irritation. It's swell! And Fougère Royale Talc—real he-man stuff—invisible.

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c *Talcum, 50c*
Shaving Stick, 75c *Shaving Cream, 50c*
Eau Vegetale, $1.25 *Facial Soap, 50c*

Note to wives:

If you want a happy, handsome husband, mail the coupon below for generous samples, mildly perfumed with that wholesome outdoor fragrance Fougère Royale (Royal Fern)—with our compliments.

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS
CREATOR OF TOILETRIES
FOR THE ELECT

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. H9
539 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name..........
Address..........
City..........
State..........

CANADIAN NATIONAL — TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Alaska

Land of Romance—
Charm and Mystery

. . . Mellow summer days, long hours of bright sunshine, rosy twilight, where the sun sets in a blaze of glory to rise slowly again, blending evening into morning with no thought of night. Range after range of giant snow-capped mountains. Gleaming glaciers. All these—and the comfort and luxury of steamers of the augmented Canadian National Railways Alaska Fleet.

Canadian National's Jasper Park-Pacific Route across Canada prefaces this glorious voyage through the sheltered "Inside Passage," with stops at Ketchikan, past wondrous Taku Glacier, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway—one of the world's famous rail-and-water cruises.

A tri-weekly service from Vancouver or Prince Rupert affords excellent connections at Skagway for Lake Atlin and Dawson by the White Pass and Yukon Railway, following the famous Klondike Trail of '98—a succession of thrills and a constant panorama of magnificent scenery.

For descriptive literature communicate with our nearest office.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

BOSTON
186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO
420 Main St.
CHICAGO
4 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI
49 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND
925 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT
1523 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH
430 W. Superior St.

KANSAS CITY
705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES
607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
518 Second Ave. So.
NEW YORK
505 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA
1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
355 Fifth Ave.

PORTLAND, ME.
Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE.
302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS
314 No. Broadway
ST. PAUL
83 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO
689 Market St.
SEATTLE
1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D.C.
901—15th St., N. W.

"—AND SO I JUMPED"
Continued from page forty-five

A ten weeks' course is long enough so that the work doesn't have to be hurried, or the pupil scared by rushing him. There are no extraordinary physical requirements. During the first two weeks the candidate is taught how to take care of a parachute pack, how to pack and fold his canopy, how to make up his shroud lines and attend to ordinary repairs. His last bit of study is of the physical laws that govern parachuting.

All the time he is being coaxed along gently. He is taught how easy it is to jump, how much the average jumper likes the game, how small the percentage of failure is—incidentally, this percentage is still zero on the Russell Lobe chute, developed by the young genius, James M. Russell of San Diego, California. We try never to ask a man to jump. We wait until he gets a little eager for the big adventure and asks for himself. He doesn't often get a "no" to his request—only in the rare case where we believe that the pupil's nervous state might get him into trouble; and that isn't true of one person out of 10,000.

Wide World photo

A parachute jumper in the act of "navigating" by a pull on the shrouds.

Usually the first jump is a lift-off, two men making the jump at the same time. Being a pair seems to buck them up. Each fellow is sort of put on his mettle.

They take their places on opposite wings. At 2,000 feet the pilot levels off and gives the signal to pull rip cords. The chutes trail out, inflate, and lift the pair into space. From this altitude the descent takes from one and a half to two minutes.

NEXT comes a free fall. The pupil sits on the entering edge of the wing. When he gets the signal he falls forward into the air. His body revolves in the direction of flight. At the completion of the first turn he is supposed to pull the ring. The old scheme of counting three has been abandoned.

It's funny, in this connection, that some men lack a sense of timing. One fellow made his first jump from 2,000 feet. He didn't pull his ring until the last 300 feet. We thought he was just scared and got him to go up again the same day. Three times he fell to the 300-foot level before he opened up. We almost had heart failure watching him. He was speedily boosted out of the parachute section.

The next step is to teach the pupil how to guide chutes in flight to avoid landing among high-tension wires or buildings, or over speeding trains. Guiding is done by pulling on the shroud lines, deflating the skirt of the canopy or lobe, and causing the chute to slip in any desired direction. This also somewhat increases the speed of descent.

Pupils are encouraged to make as many jumps as possible in the early stages of their careers. It gives them confidence. They must make one jump a week, once they start. Archie Atherton, a top-notcher and test jumper for Jim Russell, says that during his army training at Chanute he had to make at least two jumps a week to feel right.

IN the early days of jumping the pupil was made to stand on a three-inch step outside the fuselage. He then put one foot back and fell into space. But several slipped on the step and one fellow smashed his nose on the edge of the combing, so they put a stop to the practice.

The new jumpers certainly get the most thrill out of the work. I know one fellow said his biggest surprise was when he looked *down* and saw the sky between his feet! He didn't know he was falling head first.

Women don't seem to mind jumping any more than men do. I remember one little girl whose father was a professional jumper — Broadwick was her name—who made hundreds of dives from balloons and old pusher planes. She was only nineteen years old at the time, and made as many as four jumps a day.

Of course, some fellows get blue funk and lose their nerve when they get out on the wing. I think that's largely because a parachute jump is still supposed to be a terrible thing to do. Some day, a few years from now, when jumping becomes a commonplace, people are not going to shrink from it the way they do now. Why, I can remember when it gave me a real scare to make forty miles in an automobile. Now I'm all in a stew if I can't do over sixty on a nice straight stretch of concrete road with nothing in sight.

The fellows who get scared usually do one of two things: either they fall off, or they tie up into a knot and refuse to go.

There was a young yeoman in the navy who got permission to make a jump for the fun of the thing. Maybe he had been bragging in mess that he wasn't afraid to do it. He went up in a big steady Martin Bomber and at 2,000 feet crawled out on the wing as he had been told.

The pilot signaled him a couple of times to go, and nothing happened.

When he looked out he saw the kid flat on his belly on the wing, pale as a sheet, staring at the ground. Despite the vibration of the machine and the pounding of the windstream he could see the fellow's body shaking like a leaf in a hurricane.

Realizing the danger of the situation, the pilot grinned in a friendly way and motioned the yeoman to return to the fuselage. He tried to, but the eighty-mile gale was too much for him. He grabbed for a strut, slipped, and hung head down over the back edge of the wing.

Afraid that the yeoman might lose his grip, the pilot carefully brought his ship down to the field. It took the combined efforts of two flight surgeons to pry the kid loose from his grip.

Sounds bad, but I know two men who behave just the same way if they're urged to jump off the end of a dock into ten feet of water. It'll take a red-hot dose of hypnotism ever to make them learn to swim.

There have been some sweet stunts pulled off with chutes in the last year or two. I don't know any neater way to make a crowd stand up and take notice than to show them something new in this line.

BILL DODSON, aviation chief machinist's mate, who is in charge of the parachute department of the United States battle fleet, would have washed out in a jump last year if his pilot hadn't thought about twice as fast as the velocity of light.

It was at the air races held outside Spokane, Washington. At 3,500 feet Bill signaled for a loop. His plan was to bail out at the crest of the upturn.

Up she went, sizzling into a loop. Her cockpits gaped downward. All Bill had to do was to give himself a little shove and out he went head first.

Quite pleased with himself to find it so easy, he cracked his chute.

At that instant, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the plane whistling along her downward curve at about 150 miles an hour, headed straight for Bill's canopy. He didn't have any emergency chute on hand, either.

He says he could see the propellers spinning in the sunshine, ready to cut his aërial lifecraft to bits. He reached up for his shrouds, to try to sideslip away from the plane. It was a long chance, and probably wouldn't have worked because there wasn't time.

You've got to hand it to the pilot. He saw what was going to happen about the same time Bill did. With a yank that nearly pulled the stick out by the roots he did a lightning wingover. At that, his landing wheels carried the pilot chute away.

"My closest call in 103 jumps," says Bill now.

Not much sense to such jumps, but still a lot of them served to put the Indian sign on crazy theories. For a cheer and a few bucks in the hat, some birds will undertake to prove any-

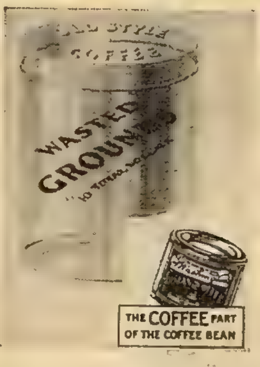
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

In just a few seconds . . .
You can serve
this modern coffee

ALL you do is place a level teaspoonful of G. Washington's in each cup, and add hot water. It is the quick and easy way—the modern way to brew a perfect coffee, for meals or with evening refreshments.

G. Washington's is good coffee, pure coffee...nothing but coffee; with the grounds and water removed before the coffee is packed in the can.

In addition to its great convenience, it is really economical, because there is absolutely no waste.



The little can, which contains only the coffee part of the coffee bean, makes as many cups as a large can of ground coffee.

Send 10c for a sample, or buy a can at your grocer's. G. Washington Coffee Refining Company, 202 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

G Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee *part of the coffee bean*

THE FINEST WEDDING CLOTHES IN THE WORLD . . .

being the first detailed description of the royal trousseau of Princess Marie José of Belgium. Hurried to America by Liberty's Paris Fashion expert, Bettina Bedwell. Look for it

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Home-Study
Business Training

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. **Free 64-Page Books Tell How.** Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin **today.**

☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Mod. Salesmanship
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Rail. Station Mgm't
☐ Law: Degree of LL. B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Mgm't
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Telegraphy
☐ Business Mgm't
☐ Railway Accounting
☐ Business Corres.
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel Mgm't
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy—Stenog'y
☐ Paper Salesman's Training

La Salle Extension University, Dept 331-R Chicago

USED TO HAVE PIMPLES.. IT'S DIFFERENT NOW

thanks to **DR. EDWARDS**

IF you want that perfect, sea-shell complexion, so irresistibly lovely, you should try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. An efficient substitute for calomel, mild in action, yet effective, these tablets have quickly and safely helped thousands to banish unsightly blemishes and pimples. The flush of health is restored to cheeks.

So mild yet so effective

Only a physician knows how the entire system depends upon the proper action and elimination of the intestinal tract. By the elimination of the poisonous bacteria from the intestines we keep them from going into the liver, kidneys, skin and other organs. By keeping the secretions going and eliminating the poisons from the system, we keep a clear mind, a clear skin and a bright eye.

If you are bothered with dread constipation, pimples, colorless skin; if you feel old and terribly low, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets for a few nights. All druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Buy the large size to have them handy, always. Know them by their olive color.

She Cheated at Love!

The flaming beauty of this woman brought the world to worship at her feet. Men idolized her. Only her daughter saw the selfish spirit behind her mother's shell of beauty—and hated her! Read what Lauren, the daughter, tells of her mother's escapades—in the April issue of

True Confessions Magazine

Can Divorce Cure My Heartache?
Kisses of Hate
Kidnaped By My Husband

Many other revealing true confessions of life and love experiences.

Now on Sale at All Newsstands, 25c

"—AND SO I JUMPED"
Continued from page forty-seven

thing. Jumped from an altitude of 100 feet, the new Russell Lobe chute has worked repeatedly.

Low? From a parachutist's gently Victorian point of view, that's so low it's shocking. You jump, the chute cracks, whoosh, and you're kissing Mother Earth. I cite it here to show how safe the parachute's become.

Lots of people have asked me the best way to get out of a disabled ship. Well, I always say, that depends. If it's in a dive, fall out from one side of the cockpit. In a spin, bail out from the side opposite the direction of the spin.

Never do it inside. There's too much chance of the ship rolling back and kissing you on the bonnet.

AT any rate, if control is lost, get out. It is safer. If you keep your wits about you, there is little chance of entangling the chute on the tail surfaces. That only happens when you pull the rip cord before you're clear of the ship. Just remember that when you jump it doesn't feel a bit bad. You will do your stuff instinctively. Most of the nearly 200 members of the Caterpillar Club had never made a jump before.

A jump can be dangerous, of course. So can eating, if you're not careful.

Improperly packed chutes, causing fouled cordage, have meant business for the undertaker. That's just carelessness.

The army repacks its chute every two weeks. The Lobe, now in service on transport lines, is generally repacked only every three months.

That's because it has neither pilot chute, springs, nor rubber bands which are subject to climatic conditions.

YOU can punish a chute. Jumping at high speed puts a terrible strain on the canopy. I saw one lad, flung out of a navy ship which fell out of control at 200 miles per hour, come down with a whole panel blown out and sky showing through. He landed harder than usual, that's all.

Other lads have had the pilot chute snarl about their legs and boots.

But such accidents are much the exception, and a good man generally can get clear of a minor fouling.

On the whole, there's not much to worry about as long as you have altitude. Air is free, and if you would go down to the earth in parachutes don't be a piker.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for March?

2—Who are called mestizos in the Philippine Islands?

3—Who said, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable"?

4—What American general in the Revolutionary War was called the "Swamp Fox"?

5—What is a panegyric?

6—To what family of animals do foxes and wolves belong?

7—When is Twelfth-night?

8—What is the common name for cartilage?

9—What is claustrophobia?

10—What is copra?

11—Of what country is Tegucigalpa the capital?

12—What is uxoricide?

13—What is the third letter in the Greek alphabet?

14—What are known as the Low Countries?

15—What is called the sport of kings?

16—For what Latin phrase do the initials R. I. P. stand?

17—What is a martinet?

18—What river flows over Niagara Falls?

19—To what political party did George Washington belong?

20—What is frangipani?

(Answers will be found on page seventy-eight)

Taps

A Short Short Story

By

LILLIAN McCAHAN

who writes between trains—she is a railroad telegraph operator working the night trick at a little station in Pennsylvania, the only woman on the division. She has held such lonely jobs for twelve years. This story is the first fiction she has published.

JAKE HARBAUGH was dead. With none to mourn his loss. Not that his townspeople disliked him. They never thought about him. Even when they passed him sitting on the steps of some pool room, or by accident had cause to exchange a few words with him, they scarcely noticed this shabby, bleary-eyed man who had become such a fixture at the town's loafing places that he was as taken-for-granted as the striped pole in front of a barber shop.

From childhood Jake had been that type of human—anonymous. When, a ragged urchin, he had roamed the streets, he was never a ringleader, only one of those who followed. In his teens this quality of being easily led had got him sent to the reformatory after he was found helping two more spirited companions rob a hardware store. Later he had drifted back to town, but had given the authorities no further trouble. His family provided him with food and shelter; he did an occasional odd job for pocket money; and the rest of the time he smoked, drank, played pool, and loafed. He didn't even get married, for though girls have loved greater rascals, their fancy could have never been caught by such a sluggish fellow as Jake. So his twenties passed.

He was forty-five now, and dead. Had been killed by an autoist during the night at the outskirts of the town, where he had been lying in the middle of the main highway in a drunken stupor. There was just a mention in the paper about it the next morning. Everyone who read it said it was a wonder it hadn't happened before, for Jake had been drinking heavily the past ten years—moonshine, canned heat, bay rum, whatever he could procure.

He had been batching in a dilapidated-looking shack attached to the back of one of the poorer boarding houses. As usual, he had done odd jobs. Sometimes he paid his rent, sometimes not, but his landlady had let him stay because the place could not have otherwise been rented.

When she was told of his death she immediately began telephoning in hope of finding some of his scattered relatives willing to bear the expense of his funeral. She succeeded in locating a brother and a sister in distant towns, who promised to come immediately. That load off her mind she became magnanimous and donated the use of her parlor wherein Jake was ushered during the afternoon to lie in lonely state his last twenty-four hours above sod. . . .

THAT same afternoon the successful young Dr. Peterson entered the law office of his friend George Hawley. "Got any important business engagements for tomorrow afternoon, George?" he asked, leaning against his friend's desk.

"We-l-l, none I couldn't postpone, I don't suppose. Why?"

"Want you for a military funeral again. What you get for being a bugler."

"Yeah? Who's dead now?"

"Jake Harbaugh. You know he was killed out along the road here last night?"

"Jake Harbaugh? That rummy that hung around Pretsy's?" Hawley took his cigar out of his mouth at a sudden recollection. "By Jove, he was in our outfit, wasn't he?"

"Sure he was. I guess you didn't see so much of him, but he was a buddy of mine for a while. Good soldier, too. Course he didn't win any medals, but you know that night three of us got marooned in a shell hole? He was the one who led us back. I'd completely lost my sense of direction. Never much of a fellow to complain, either. Seemed to sorta like the infernal business."

"Uh-huh," Hawley reflected. "'S funny, but there's always something a man can do if he just hits the right thing. Guess that musta been what he took to."

Peterson nodded. "Well, we'll have to give him a military funeral, anyway."

"Oh, yes. The Legion can't let one of its buddies go west without that." . . .

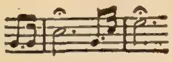
The hearse containing the remains of Jake Harbaugh drove slowly up the hill to the cemetery, followed by five closed automobiles in which rode the small procession of mourners—brother, sister, landlady, a few shoddy pals, ten members of the American Legion. It was a cold, drab November day. It had been raining, and clouds still hung low over a colorless earth. The mourners, leaving the autos to stand beside the open grave while the clergyman performed the last rites, shivered but expressed no emotion.

The casket was lowered into the earth. The clergyman stepped back. Eight men of the Legion, their civilian dress a bit incongruous with the guns they carried, came forward. Despite their dress there was something strangely military in their bearing. Their usually lax figures were snapped into attention, their heads erect, their faces tight-lipped, emotionless, as they had stood many another time—was it only eleven years ago?

An awed hush gripped the little, unpretentious group of townspeople. A voice spoke sharp and loud:

"Ready! Aim! Fire!"

A VOLLEY shook the earth. Again came the command. Again the mourners swayed slightly as the flaming guns split the silence. A bugler stepped up. It couldn't have been George Hawley. George Hawley was a jovial fellow, exuding prosperity. This man was straight and somehow slim, with a brooding sadness in his eyes.



The mellow notes of the bugle rose like the sweet but melancholy cry of a broken heart. A sob racked the frame of the worn sister. Jake had been good to her when they had been children together, she remembered. Many a time he had given her his share of goodies.

A tear slid down the landlady's cheek. Jake had been a gentle fellow. Her little girl had liked to talk to him. And the dog had always welcomed his uncertain step.

The bugle had risen to crescendo. Jake's pals swallowed. Jake had sure been a good sport. Never quarreled. Always treated them when he had any money. A brave man, too—fought for his country. They'd forgot about him being overseas.

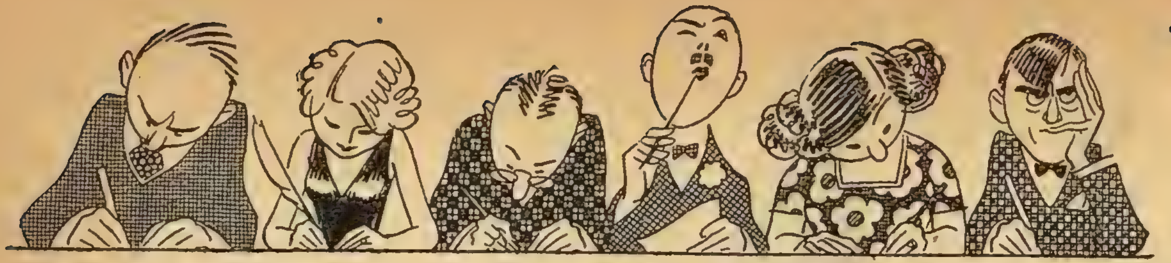
The ex-soldier blew on. To their melting hearts, their inspired imaginations, he symbolized the nation honoring a beloved warrior. The women were weeping openly.

Abruptly the bugle dropped into a lower key, tender as the throbbing strains of a violin. The final note was blown so softly it seemed but an echo, a last, whispered farewell.

After a motionless, unspeaking instant the Legion members turned and filed back to their waiting autos. But the mourning townspeople lingered, loath to leave the grave of their hero.

Jake Harbaugh had achieved an importance he could have never attained in life.

THE END



Vox

The Next War Is Fought a Little Ahead of Schedule

Los Angeles, Calif.—Re your article "In the Next War—Battleships or Airplanes?" by Brigadier General Reilly, you are to be congratulated on having a much less one-sided discussion of the question than is usually to be expected from an admiral or a general. However, it contains several statements which are somewhat misleading, no doubt unintentionally so.

There were no ships sunk by aircraft in the Battle of Jutland, as at that time no suitable bombs existed. We now have them up to the 4,300-pound size. His reference to the 1,500-pound bombs leaves me up in the air without a parachute, as that size was not among the 300,000 pounds of bombs I've dropped. Possibly the British 1,600-pound or the U. S. 2,100-pound bombs are meant.

The statement that a bomb should be placed within a few feet of a battleship does not conform with actual tests, which indicate that a distance of thirty to forty feet is preferable. The idea is to spring the seams over a large area and flood the greatest possible number of compartments. The depth at detonation should be around thirty-five feet to be most effective below the blister.

The article states that airplanes are required to adjust long-range fire from the battleships. Why not equip these planes with bombs to sink the target, thereby saving the big-ship gunners the trouble? I have often pondered on this same question while sitting aloft trying to help the coast artillery boys to hit somewhere near the target.

Actual tests indicate that from an altitude of 9,000 feet and on a target consisting of a forty-foot danger zone around a dreadnaught, 56 per cent accuracy in hits may reasonably be expected, with 2,100-pound bombs.

With this degree of accuracy there would be eight hits on each of the Gun Admiral's battleships, and as the tests on the Ostfriesland indicated that one 2,100-pound bomb could sink a battleship, why consider a second trip by the planes?—*Norbert Carolin.*

Harlingen, Tex.—Have been reading General Henry J. Reilly's story, "In the Next War—Battleships or Airplanes?" and I think it is very good, but he is all wrong when he says a torpedo is only effective at ten thousand yards, as they are effective at fifteen thousand yards. I have seen torpedoes that has ran over eighteen thousand yards and was just as effective as they would be at ten thousand yards.

Also he is all wrong about the speed of a torpedo, as I worked on the biggest and fastest torpedo used in the United States navy, and it makes twenty-nine knots, and some make thirty knots, or the equal to thirty-four miles an hour. You know a few more miles or so might mean a lot when you are firing at a target.

I am a torpedoman in the United States navy, and a graduate from the seaman gunner class at the U. S. Naval Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island.—*A Torpedoman, U. S. N.*

Pomona, Calif.—Although I am a very strong airplane enthusiast, Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly's article in your February 1 issue has made me do some very deep thinking in regard to the real strength of the airplane as a defensive arm.

I think, though, that Reilly's article is a little lopsided. I would suggest that you have a thoroughly experienced man take the opposite viewpoint and see how the battle would end with him stating the case for the Air Admiral.—*Bob Hillen.*

Silver Hill, Ala.—In Liberty for February 1, in the article, "In the Next War—Battleships or Airplanes?" I find enough to make any ordinary human boil over, and as an active member of the one-time A. E. F. Air Service, I protest.

On page thirty-four, paragraph three, check this point: Why should the Air Fleet keep 200 miles away, when the maximum range of the Gun Fleet is under fourteen miles?

Why not put them an even 1,000 miles away, my dear Brigadier General? Allowing half an hour to launch the planes, it would take them all of ten hours to get there, a half hour to drop the bomb (although, of course, it would be dark and they would have to wait until morning to lay their eggs), and ten hours to fly back, or twenty-one hours per round trip.

"Illogical," you say? Not half so much so as thinking any sane Air Admiral is going to stay 200 miles from the target when he would be perfectly safe at twenty-five!

Recalculate it on that basis, fans, and see how long it would take to get the Gun Fleet all wet.

The yarn reeks with impossible assumptions, ridiculous maneuvers, and near misrepresentations, but the entire success of the Gun Fleet is carefully hinged on that 175-mile discrepancy. Remove it and you have not a story but a debacle.—*Paul S. Donham.*

Washington, D. C.—With all of the muddled thinking and dream stuff that is now being sent from the London naval disarmament conference, it was indeed refreshing to read General Reilly's clear and informative articles on how naval battles are won and lost.

I have been studying and writing on military subjects for twenty-five years and I never read a better outline of naval warfare.—*E. B. Johns.*

That Must Be Why the President Makes It the Summer Capital

Washington, D. C.—The librarian of the Interstate Commerce Commission has called my attention to an editorial in a recent issue of Liberty in which he states Washington's summer climate is presented in most unfavorable terms.

Washington, like all other American cities, has a certain number of hot days in summer, but we are informed by the Weather Bureau that Washington's climate is highly normal and salutary. Comparison of figures for sixteen large cities both north and south shows a mean annual temperature of 57.8 as compared with 55 for Washington.

Washington is favored with a larger number of clear days than many other cities.

The valley of the Potomac is rich and fertile, and flowers—especially roses and the climbing vines—grow in a profusion not found elsewhere in the United States.

The thermometer has reached 100 degrees only twenty-three times in the last fifty-three years.

A number of years ago a publicity seeker waited until the hottest day and then endeavored to fry an egg on the Capitol steps—a stunt which could have been conducted with an equal degree of success, on the right day, in any other city in the United States. This story is responsible for many of the utterly unfounded aspersions upon the weather of the Capital City.

In the interest of the high regard in which the Capital City should be held by all Americans you are respectfully requested to give publicity to the facts furnished you in this letter.—*Dorsey W. Hyde, Jr., Secretary, Washington Chamber of Commerce.*

What Do You Care?

New York, N. Y.—I drink prewar stuff, love a red-headed woman, and read Liberty every week.

Is there any salvation for these terrible habits?—*Worried.*

(1) Yes Indeed (2) Indeed Yes

Dubuque, Iowa—I've just finished reading Westbrook Pegler's article, "Spooks in the Press-Box," and enjoyed it immensely.

Being an ardent admirer of Pegler, reading his almost daily works in the Chicago Tribune, it is a pleasure to vote him the best sports writer ever known—to me at least.

His stories carry more meat than the biggest butcher shop in town.—"*Herb*" *Klaas.*

Meridian, Miss.—I have just read "Spooks in the Press-Box" in the issue of February 8.

Oh, my *dear* Mr. Vox Pop! What an exposure!—*R. C. Brown.*

Pop

The Disturbing Mr. Snook

St. Louis, Mo.—I was rather surprised and shocked last night to read the article in Liberty Magazine by John W. Snook, former warden of the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

If the article is true and is not stretched, it is one of the most amazing documents I have read for a long time, and it plainly shows the lack of consideration being given by the government, in certain departments, to this particular subject.

The mixing of prisoners, particularly the "hill billy," with the lower-type criminals and particularly the dope addicts and peddlers, is a condition that should shock the finer sensibilities of any citizen.

Isn't it almost the same as the "one rotten potato in the barrel," and shouldn't the country be thoroughly aroused over such a situation?—*Henry J. Dentzman.*

Fort Worth, Tex.—John W. Snook's article on Federal prisons and the government's lax method in handling them, shows an understanding of his subject and a conception of fundamentals which is refreshing to read.

Unfortunately, Warden Snook's article exposing governmental weakness will result in nothing more than a momentary amazement on the part of the average citizen that such inefficiency in high places is allowed to exist—and conditions will remain as before. Those of us who have had occasion to become familiar with the incapacity of our national lawmakers to grasp fundamentals, and solve the problems of government, know that nothing will be done about it.

With statesmanship in this nation at its lowest ebb since the beginning of government, there is little hope for remedy or relief.

Since the adoption of the last two amendments—the twin curses of the age—so many small men have been elevated to high public office that the wonder is not that conditions are so bad, but that they are no worse.

The fact that those in power can't solve the problems of government intelligently is not their fault but the fault of the citizenry which put them there.—*Ida M. Darden.*

Clarksburg, W. Va. — Congratulations to Mr. John W. Snook for being a man that hits the ball, regardless of where it lands.

If the country had more officials of the type of J. W. S. we would be better off.—*J. N. G.*

Not Knocking Anybody, of Course

Stratford, Conn.—It seems to be unfortunate that the American public rewards its writers so liberally that they cease to associate with common people and hie themselves off to London, Paris, and the Riviera, from which vantage points, surrounded by fawning ladies with more money than morals, they send back profound judgments of American womanhood.

I refer specifically to one Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald, who made the statement that in these United States "the identification of virtue with chastity no longer exists among girls over twenty."

It is one thing for an interesting writer to entertain us with tales of loose ladies, for it is the unusual that is interesting; but for this same writer to assert that all the sweethearts and sisters over twenty in this country have no morals is too much to swallow.

There may be a few among our young women who will be mentally weak enough to follow Mr. Fitzgerald's suggestion that chastity is a waste of effort and opportunity, but the big majority of them will simply consider his outburst at its worth: an indictment of his female companions.—*T. A. D. Weaver.*

Texas Speaks Up

Brownsville, Tex.—Your editorial, "Should Canada Annex the United States?" was most timely. If, however, Canada refuses to take us on—well, why not try Mexico?—*F. C. H.*

Poem

Garden City, Mo.—

Liberty's punk and very vile.
I read it.
It jars and shocks me all the while.
I read it.
It makes me sick, it makes me sore,
It makes me rave, it makes me roar—
The darn thing gives me kicks galore.
I read it.

—*L. E. N.*

The Trap Beyond the Altar

Boise, Idaho—The girl who signs as Stenog and wants to change her job for that of a wife gives me a sad laugh. I was a stenog, too, and didn't know when I was well off. So I married and for the last six years I have been wife, mother, doctor, nurse, cook, laundrywoman (one batch of diapers every day for six years), furnace tender, chambermaid, and valet, and what not.

I have lost my good looks, my good times, and my friends, and almost my sanity. I have no pretty clothes—only the necessities—and I never have a cent to call my own. In the last six years I have not had one night of undisturbed sleep.

Think it over, Stenog, before you jump from the frying pan into the fire. Few girls understand the trap that awaits them beyond the altar.—*Wife, Mother, Etc.*

Stating—

St. Louis, Mo.—Heh! Heh! If you think us Vox Poppers are going to pass by a crude story like "The Payoff" without complaining, you just don't know how to think.

A few more yarns like that and your 2,250,000 copies a week are going to shrink to 225. That story was too raw to even be poured into a bottle and labeled: Just Off the Boat. And when I've said that, I've stated the situation.—*B. J.*

—the Situation

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Lo and behold! The days of miracles aren't passed. A good story in Liberty—and man and wife Saunders produced it, together. It was called "The Payoff."—*Barbara Allison.*

A Few of What?

Medford, Ore.—Adela Rogers St. Johns has "put the finger" on Ronald Colman.

The woman truly has a tarnishing touch.

Don't let her get to work on Lon Chaney! We have only a few of them left.—*Michael Valentine.*

For Mr. Benda

Vancouver, Can.—I notice lots of Vox Pop praise for your stories but almost nothing about the illustrations. For sheer beauty I think those of W. T. Benda need some beating. Keep the good work up.—*Mrs. E. Lipscombe.*

He Likes 'Em Wild

Racine, Wis.—Have just read your story, "The Speckled Spearmen," by Paul Annixter. It was great! It's worth spending five cents a week for a couple of years to run into a story like that. Stories of wild life have always held a great fascination for me. Let's have more of them. Please.—*Bob.*

We'll Tell Him

Mercersburg, Pa.—Who is this guy, "Unconscious," who was intimating that "The Diamond Eye" is an immoral story?

If he doesn't know a good detective or mystery story when he sees one, tell him to—

Well, you know what to tell him. This boy Doherty is d— good.—*C. S. H.*

Who Said They Hadn't?

Fort Amador, Canal Zone—Your magazine is by far the most popular, as far as I can observe, with the men of the army, which goes to show that even soldiers have good taste when it comes to reading matter.—*(Staff Sgt.) George M. Weir.*

Hard Boiled HANNAH

The Story of a Virtuous Vamp

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

WHEN I was lunching with my old friend Dr. Gill last week in New York I ordered broiled lobster and kindred dishes, for I always have a culinary debauch when I get to New York as a protest against my usual safe and sane home cooking.

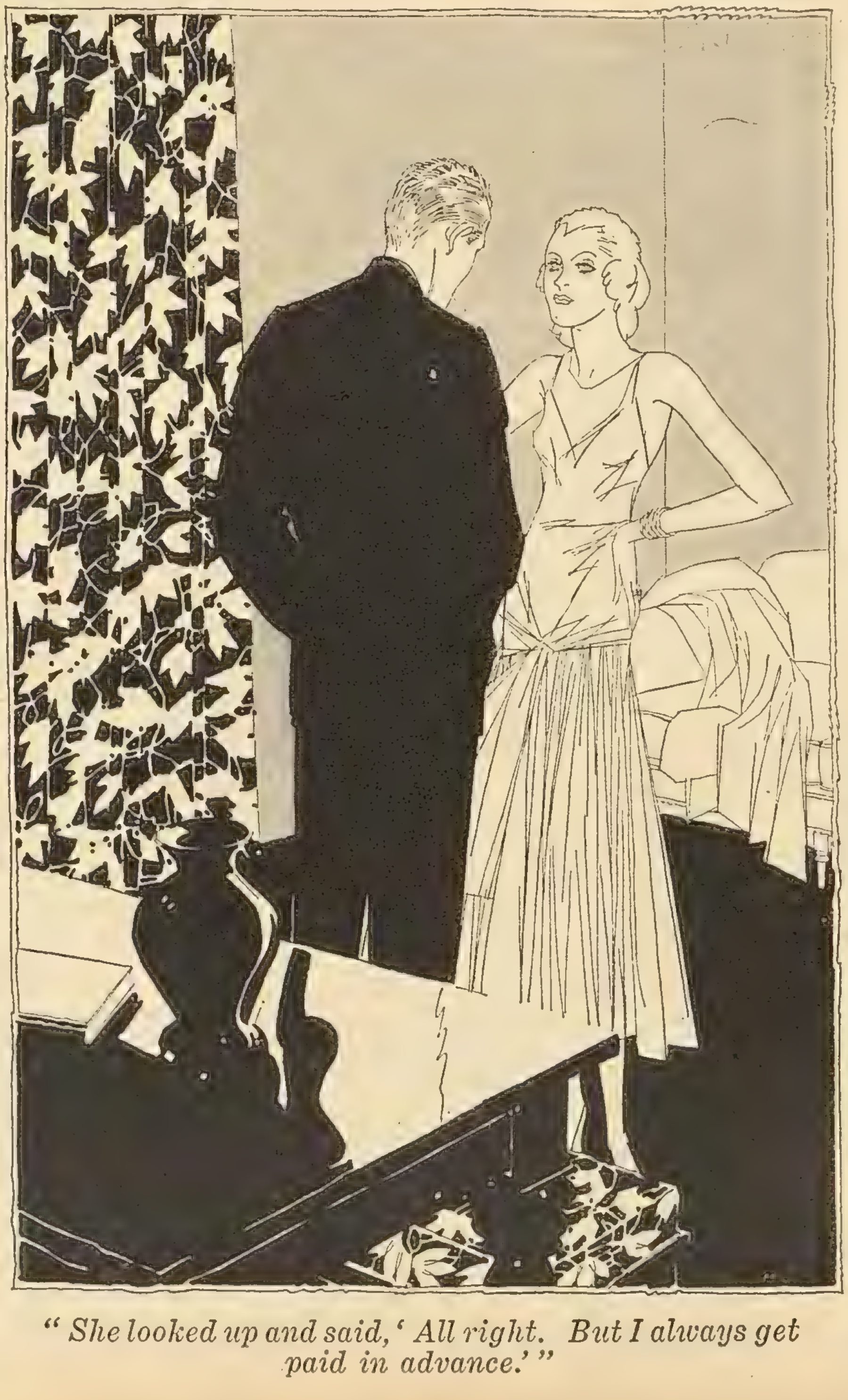
"You're a fine doctor," I told him, laughing, "to sit there and see me ruining my health with such food. Don't you have any professional interest in your friends?"

"None whatsoever," he assured me. "And no friendly interest in my profession if I can help it. If your stomach can survive your asininity, I guess I can. You can't get any free medical advice out of me. Come up to my office and I'll tell you that lobster is hard to digest and send you a bill for ten dollars. But now I won't even offer you an antidote. And don't call me on the phone either."

"Thanks," I told him. "It's a comfort to have you near by. Anyway, you're the only man that has ever seen the inside of my stomach, so you won't be likely to take my esophagus out in a spirit of experimentation if I suddenly turn green and lay my chin on the floor."

"Sure. I know just what part of your stomach to remove next, all right, and which bootlegger to have arrested, too. Lay off the shop. I'm tired of your symptoms, anyway. That's the trouble with working on your friends. They think their own little appendix or duodenum or pancreas are of social importance. It's bad enough to have to carve them up, but it's worse than that to be drawn into the social and private affairs of your regular patients.

"You can't tell where professional ethics ends and friendship begins. Your friends clamor for medical advice and your patients want sympathy. They think I'm Beatrice Fairfax. I don't like it, but I can't help it. I had a funny thing happen last month along that line. I was certainly the head man in that show."



"She looked up and said, 'All right. But I always get paid in advance.'"

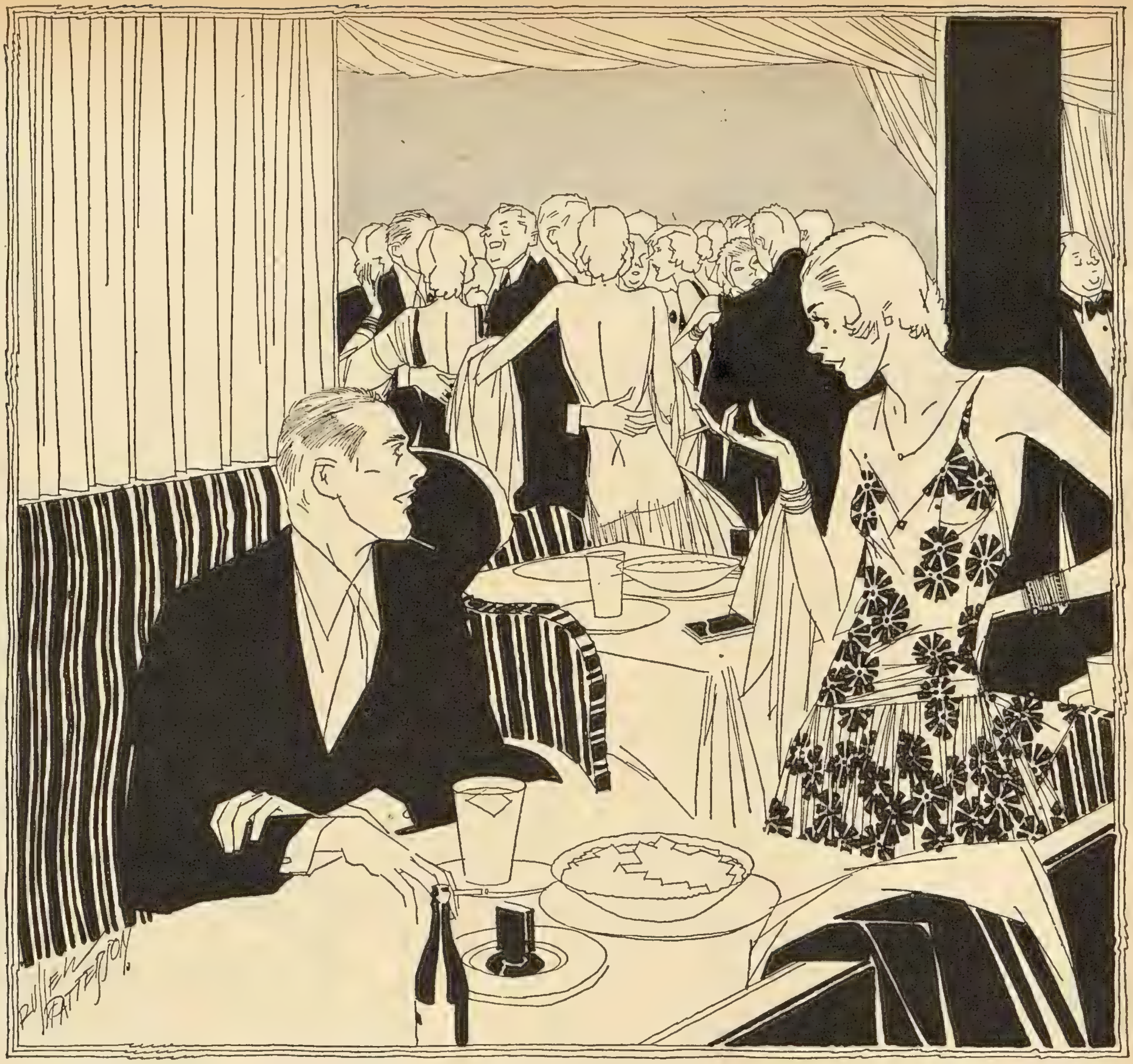
And this is the story as Dr. Gill told it to me.

About four months ago Bruce Werrel dropped in to see me. He was looking like an old shoe and had the jerks. Bruce and I were in the army together and we were great friends. But I hadn't seen him since he got hit. He had a great yarn to tell me. He'd stayed in Europe over a year after the Armistice, having a good time. He came back among the last ones and went to work in Cleveland. That didn't suit him, so he went down to Texas and got a job as a drill man in a wildcat oil-boring outfit. For four years he dug ditches, sharpened drills, ruined his hands, and nearly starved. Then he saved a little money and bought some options in a new territory. In three years he had an annual income of a hundred thousand.

SO he'd come to New York to have a look at the place. He was tough—hard as one of his own drills—but he had burnt himself out, working. His nervous system was exhausted. If he had been in uniform I would have called him shell-shocked. He was done up in a hard knot—just played out.

He had no ambitions, no desires, no appetites, no family ties, no friendships—nothing. All he'd done since he came to New York was to sit in his room at a cheap hotel and go over his maps and production reports. He only called on me because he'd accidentally seen my name in the telephone directory!

I told him he was one jump ahead of a straitjacket, and that he had better relax. He asked me to look after him, so I did what I could. I gave him a bromide and told him to get about and see the town and look up some sort of amusement. He had to get away from himself. I made him get some good clothes, move to a good apartment, and let the hair grow on the back of his neck. You wouldn't have



" When she came over to my table, I asked her if she'd have something to eat. ' Sure,' she says. ' I gotta order something expensive or I'll lose my job.' "

known he was the same fellow I used to bunk with in the army. His head was so full of oil that there wasn't room enough for anything else.

I even persuaded him to join the Yale Club and quit tobacco. He objected to that at first and insisted it was all right because he'd learned to chew tobacco while he was in the Yale Battery in 1916.

I took him around to the best speakeasies and introduced him to some good bootleggers and told him to take a couple of months off and be a young man about town till he got back his balance and sense of proportion.

HE took to it, all right, and I could notice some improvement every time I'd see him. He got so he could sit down for a few minutes to talk to me, and his eyes lost the glassy stare. He began to notice that there were people around him.

New York is pretty empty of amusements for the stranger within her gates, so naturally he drifted to the night clubs. These gave him a laugh. He thought they were crude. He used to come around to my office to pan them and weep over the girls in Paris.

" Say, doc," he told me one day, " I'd rather have a French houri steal my last cent than listen to these local vamps panhandling taxi fare. One of those big-eyed, long-legged pirates in Ciro's would make you feel she was doing you a favor by looting your pockets. These Manhattan nymphs insult you while running up your dinner check. I don't mind 'em being tough—I'm tough myself—but I want something human around. When these babies smile the only impression you get is that they're posing for a toothpaste ad.

" It's the same wherever you go in this town. You can spend the afternoon and evening with one of these hose wagons and she'll never ask you your name and how the folks are back home and where you made your money and why you're in town alone. In fifteen minutes a Folies Bergère pirate would be crying on your shoulder because Cousin Agatha had the flu. Meanwhile she'd go through your pockets. But you'd be so overcome by her sympathy and tender affection you'd show her which pocket housed your francs. To hell with these New York Eskimos."

" They just smell the oil on you, Bruce," I assured him. " And they try to pretend they're not interested. That's the New York pose. They have to act that way or the men would be afraid of blackmail and beat it. The lawyers have made New York about as gay as the House of David without King Ben. People in New York get married and live happily for years without knowing each other's real name. That's how careful you have to be in New York. If you're lonesome, I know a little French restaurant I can take you to where you'll find plenty of French dictionaries. Haven't you played around with the girls any since you left France? "

" No. One kind was too tough for me and I was too tough for the other kind. But I haven't missed anything by it. Not from what I've seen around this town.

" Say, I found a little kid the other night in the Ginger Club that just suited me down to the ground. She was all you could ask for. I liked her and decided I'd loosen up a little and give her a nice present—a diamond bracelet or something. But before I could get what I wanted for her, the little fool borrowed my gold cigarette case. I wouldn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bald
Dandruff
Untidy
Thin Hair

looks and feels like a

TRAMP

Instead of going around with your hair ruffled and coat collar sprinkled with fallen hair and dandruff . . . look as if you had just stepped out of a bandbox. Keep your hair thick, healthy, clean and free from dandruff . . . It's easy . . . Here's an amazing formula that will do it . . . in 12 seconds a day.

It is a perfect blend of rare vegetable ingredients found to be most beneficial to scalp and hair . . . It is greaseless and free from a perfume-parlor odor . . . It dissolves dandruff and restores natural oil-balance to the scalp . . . Stops falling hair . . . It invigorates the scalp, puts new life into the hair . . . and keeps it in place all day.

Ask your druggist for Hair Groom—liquid or paste. Comb a little into the hair every morning. That's all. You'll cheer the result.

LEARN TO FLY FREE!

Anyone over 16 years of age can win a Free Flying Course with *all expenses paid* by Modern Mechanics Magazine! Others have won this monthly Win Your Wings Contest and are learning to fly now—at no cost! You can do the same! Details in April issue of Modern Mechanics Magazine.

Announcement of Win Your Wings Contest No. 7 to close April 15 appears in this issue; also announcement of Winner of Contest No. 6!

Other Big Features

"My 5000 Mile An Hour Rocket Plane" —Fritz Von Opel, famous rocket power inventor tells how he will fly round the world in six hours.

"What Tomorrow's Autos Will Look Like"—Fred Dusenberg, famous auto builder, makes startling prediction on the future car.

"How to Market An Invention"—An article that every inventor should read and profit by.

All the latest news and views of inventions and new discoveries everywhere. Get your copy *now!* Ask for the April

MODERN MECHANICS AND INVENTIONS

If your newsstand is sold out, send 25c (stamps or coin) for the April issue to:
Modern Mechanics Magazine,
35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago.
Now On Sale At All Newsstands, 25c

[HARD BOILED HANNAH
Continued from page fifty-three]

have minded giving it to her—it wasn't worth much—but it has a secret compartment and there was some valuable notations in it.

"I insisted on having it back. She wouldn't give it back to me. I had to have it back and told her so. Finally she gave me a pawn ticket for it She'd gotten fifty dollars on it. Imagine that! And me with a three-thousand-dollar bracelet in my pocket for her. They're pikers—that's what they are. Not a thoroughbred among 'em. Well, they've met their match. I'll show 'em who's who around here."

I took that as a good sign. When he first came to New York he didn't know there was a woman in town. Now he was all set to play. He was getting better. No man is very sick as long as he thinks he's a devil with the women. And I knew nobody in New York would make anything off him. The best of them couldn't steal as much as they'd get as a gift. They'd get just what he was willing to give them and no more. He was generous but hard! Bruce had a heart like Napoleon's statue. I saw the prettiest girl in Paris shed tears for his benefit once.

He was back about a week later.

"Say, doc," he confided to me, "I found what I was looking for. Better poison your patients and come out with me for a couple of nights. Your wife won't let you? That's right. You boys with the ball and chain have to check in every afternoon. I know. Well, I was in the Semper Club last week and there was a new hostess in there that looked as good as a cashier's check. I sure brought in a gusher. It didn't take me long to cap her. She looks like butter would melt in her mouth, but she's as tough as a mule steak. She's a straight shooter. None of this camouflage like the rest of the 'gimme' chorus. When she came over to my table, I asked her if she'd have something to eat or drink.

"'SURE,' she says. 'I gotta order something expensive and order it often or I'll lose my job. But I couldn't eat a bite to save my soul. I've nibbled at five rarebits and turned over four drinks in the last hour. Be a sport and order a bottle of champagne and then I can lay off for a couple of hours.'

"That's the way she was—tough but straight. And pretty, too. Figure, eyes, hair, ankles—everything custom built. If she walked into Ciro's everybody would turn around and look at her. And it would be worth a look, too.

"The other girls hated her like poison. They called her Hard Boiled Hannah. I'd been playing around with the others till I saw her, but after that they were out. And they sure did give her hell for butting in. Guess I'd been a little too generous in that place.

"I don't know how I'd missed her. Anyway, she came over and joined me without my saying anything, and after that I was a willing victim. I've been there ever since, because if I'm not there she has to sit at the table with some of these visiting firemen and there's always a fight. That's where she got her name. They get to fighting over her and she walks off and lets 'em kill each other if they want to.

"DOC, I'm gone. I haven't felt this way since the first mademoiselle called me 'chéri' and fluttered her eyelids. I haven't told her I'm Santa Claus yet. I'm saving that for the right time. I've been fooled before and it ain't going to happen again. She thinks I'm a rounder, throwing away all I've got. She doesn't know my income's piling up necklaces for her every day. We're going to do things in a big way."

"Better watch your step, Bruce," I cautioned him. "Wiser men than you have been taken for a ride. Better men than you have been suckers for the sirens. And you're getting soft and sloppy. You're in a dangerous mood. Be careful. I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't fall in love with her."

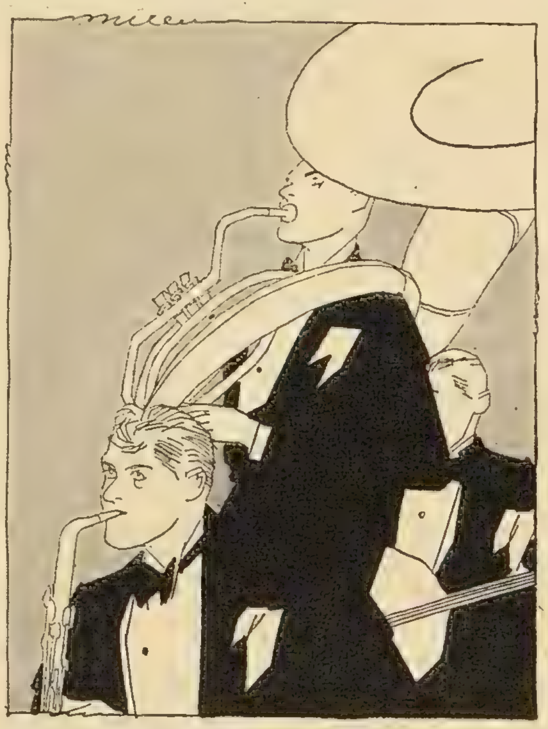
"Neither would I," he admitted. "But I wouldn't take any wooden nickels. Not Uncle Bruce. I don't reach out unless I see the brass ring. I'd never be foolish enough to say anything before witnesses; I haven't written a letter in years; and I don't use checks. But she can have what I've got in the bank any time she wants it. That's how good I think she is!"

About two weeks after that he came into my office and dropped into a chair. His eyes were red and his cheeks sunken. He was the picture of dejection. I poured him a drink and he tossed it down.

"God, I'm a wreck," he admitted.

"So I see," I told him. "Did Uncle Bruce burn his fingers?"

"He did! And it serves me right. Yea, Hard Boiled Hannah! Straight shooter! Yea. Well, she is! That's



New York is pretty empty of amusements for the stranger, so he drifted to the night clubs.

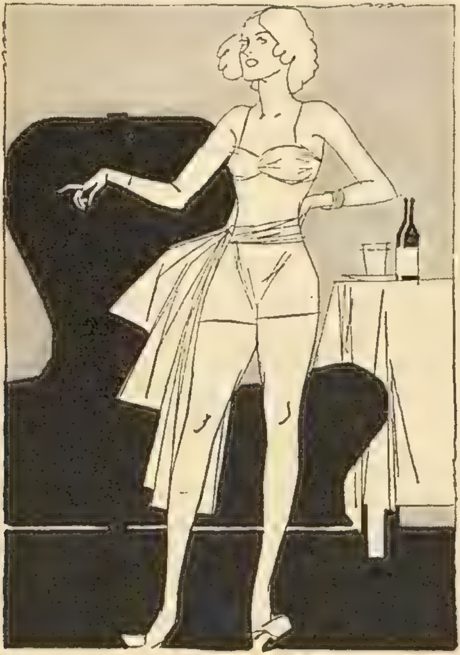
the hell of it. I haven't been in bed for two nights. I'm going to give my money to charity and go back to France. I'm going to start the charity right here and now."

"What happened?" I asked him.

"Just what you said would happen. I fell in love with her. Yea, me! But I wasn't born yesterday. No, not me. So I play my cards like an old hand at the game. Yea. I keep the Santa Claus part up my sleeve. I only let her see what was in my right hand. Yea, that's the way I played it.

"It's a month now since I took up with her and purchased her company in that damn club. But I've been seeing more of her than that lately. We've been lunching and dining together and going around town. She sure does improve on acquaintance. I was all overcome with love and enthusiasm. Well, my mind was made up. I found the place to hang my hat.

"So the other night I took her up to my apartment after the club show for some good champagne. She looked so pretty and was so sweet that I couldn't hold back any longer. Then I told her what was on my mind. I didn't beat around the bush any and said nothing about Santa Claus.



"I found a little kid in the Ginger Club that suited me down to the ground."

"That got a good laugh from her. It looked like I had played the sophomore.

"'I MIGHT have expected that,' she told me. 'Where did I get the idea you were Sir Galahad? I almost made a mistake and forgot you were a man. All right, if that's your idea. But, mind you, you're buying something that may prove a bad bargain.'

"'I'll chance that,' I agreed.

"'*Caveat emptor*,' she announced. 'You're sure you want to make this purchase?'

"'Yes,' I told her. 'I've been far gone over you for some time.'

"She looked up at me quickly and said, 'All right. But I always get paid in advance.'

"She wasn't called Hard Boiled Hannah for nothing.

"'How much?' I inquired, never flinching.

"'A hundred dollars.'

"I handed it to her.

"Then she broke down and cried. That stumped me. I couldn't figure it out. She came over to me and said, 'Put your arms around me and kiss me just once.'

"Then she dried her eyes, pulled down the corners of her mouth, looked me over, tossed her head, and said:

"'You didn't ask me, but I think I ought to tell you that you may have reason for many deep regrets. It's only fair to warn you. However, that's your lookout. It was your suggestion.'

"I thought she had slapped me. I just stood there and wabbled on my feet. The devil always collects his dues. I paid mine right then. Hell will never get another try at me. There's nothing left. How could any woman with real blood in her veins deliberately lead me on the way she did, make me fall in love with her, and then make sure she didn't miss one moment of my suffering! She wanted to see me wither before her eyes. Well, I did. She got her money's worth.

"'I suppose you want your money back,' she said.

"'No,' I told her. 'That wasn't what was on my mind. You'll need more than that hundred. What are you doing about it?'

"'Nothing,' she admitted.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

*"When I'm smoking, jesting, joking,
There is no king half so gay."*
— *Brander Matthews*

Did any pipe tobacco ever have so much to talk about?

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD -- AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

Suppose *you* discovered a tobacco that made good with its first pipe-load —and kept on making good. Wouldn't you talk about it?

And Granger Rough Cut has plenty to talk about. *Taste?* Its mellow Burley flavor is "sealed in" by our exclusive Wellman's Method. *Coolness?* The big Rough Cut flakes (cut for *pipes*, not for cigarette-rolling) burn slower . . . and cooler . . . down to a clean dry ash. *Package?* Another step ahead—a practical, comfortable soft-foil package. *Price?* Ten cents for the foil pouch; half-pound vacuum tins and one-pound humidors in proportion.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

*A cooler smoke
in a drier pipe!*

GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER

SUITABLE
INVESTMENTS *for*
Individual Needs

The problem of each individual investor is to select, from the many and varied offerings of new securities, those best suited to his own requirements. In this selection The National City Company with its wide-spread buying and distributing organization, its background of long experience, and its financial resources, can be of service.

In America, National City offices in important financial centers, interconnected with the head office and with each other by private wire, are at your convenient call.

Albany, N. Y.
Atlanta, Ga.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Dallas, Texas
Davenport, Iowa
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Hartford, Conn.
Houston, Texas
Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.
Memphis, Tenn.
Miami, Fla.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
Oakland, Cal.
Omaha, Neb.
Pasadena, Cal.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Rochester, N. Y.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
San Diego, Cal.
SanFrancisco,Cal.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Spokane, Wash.
Tacoma, Wash.
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D. C.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Montreal, Canada
Toronto, Canada

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

HARD BOILED HANNAH
Continued from page fifty-five

“ ‘ You must,’ I said. ‘ I’m going to take you home now and I’ll call for you at ten tomorrow morning.’

“ ‘ It’s none of your damn business,’ she told me.

“ ‘ We’ll see,’ I said. So I took her home. But she wouldn’t see me next morning. I’ve been nearly crazy. Last night she wouldn’t come over to my table, and I had to whip a fellow who was with her. The management threw him out, as I was a regular customer. She had to sit with me then. And I told her I’d be there every night raising hell until she let me help her. I told her if she’d come to see you, I’d leave her alone.

“ Here’s a draft for five thousand dollars. I want you to do everything for her that’s possible. Here’s another draft for five thousand for her. She’s coming to see you at three this afternoon. Give it to her then. I won’t be here. I never want to see her again. I’m going back to France.”

I certainly felt sorry for him. He was whipped and whipped for good. He’d never stage a comeback now. I took the check and promised to do what he asked.

She came in to see me that afternoon and I could easily understand Bruce’s infatuation. She certainly was a pretty girl. At first she was hard boiled and defiant toward me, but when she saw I wasn’t disposed to offer any comments she softened up and acted naturally. I could see the hardness was a pose.

“ Doctor, if Mr. Werrel is a friend of yours, you’d better get him out of this town before that babe in the woods gets in trouble,” she warned me. “ I overheard a couple of the girls at the club planning to shake him down properly and that’s why I butted in. Now somebody else will pick him up shortly. He’s ripe.”

“ Yes, I know he is,” I told her. “ But you’re the one who ripened him. He was in love with you.”

“ Don’t make me laugh.”

“ WELL, that’s neither here nor there,” I told her. “ You see these two drafts. This one is for you. The other one is for me for professional services. I am at your disposal.”

She turned white and nearly fainted.

“ Oh, doctor! ” she cried. “ What have I done? I didn’t know God ever made a man like that. The other night I could have killed him. I tried to. Now he pays me back like this! There’s nothing the matter with me, doctor. That was a lie. I’ve always been a good girl.

“ I came on here to New York to go on the stage. I didn’t make good. My money was all gone, so I went to work. I had several jobs and then I became a hostess in the Semper Club. It’s an easy job and it pays well. There’s one born every minute, you know. Wherever I went it was the same. So I got hard. And I got tired fighting off the men.

“ There was no use telling them I was a good girl. That wouldn’t stop them. So finally I thought up something to tell them that would stop them. It always did. I never saw them a second time—until this fool Bruce came along. I was in love with him. Then he made me mad—just because he was a man, I guess. He had no reason to think I was any different from the others. I even acted worse. I told you I was hard. But I was in love with him and he made me mad. I stuck the knife in him and twisted it. I didn’t know— Here: take this draft and give it back to him.”

“ What shall I tell him? ” I asked her.

“ Nothing. Tell him nothing. He can’t read anything but signs. He can’t understand anything but words. All he needed to offer me was a kiss, and he gives me a hundred-dollar bill. I’m through with him. God knows I need money, but I can’t take his. I’ve turned down more than that before when I had a chance to earn it. But I can’t earn that.”

She left, and I called up Bruce and broke the news to him. Gosh, he was mad.

“ All right,” he told me. “ Tear up that draft for her, but keep the other one and use it on somebody that needs it. Good-by.”

And that’s the last I’ve heard of either one of them.

THE END

Fisherman's Luck

A New For the Love o' Lil

"DOOR knob! Door knob! Your head's a door knob!" Gwendolyn singsonged through the hall. "Barber's pet! Barber's door knob!"

"No, I ain't," little Ulysses said from the stair landing. He didn't know what a door knob was but he knew he wasn't one. "No, I aint. No—"

"I heard you the first time," she chimed in, sliding down the banister with the speed of a roller coaster.

This week's cover picture.

Poor U. did look rather nude from the neck up. And his head felt like a sprouting cactus. Hadn't Lil frantically dragged him to the barber on St. Valentine's Day to repair the ravages of Gwen's scissors?

"Bump down one step at a time!" Gwen was calling from below. "Scared cat, don't dare slide down the ban-is-TER. Bump, bump, bump!"

U. came downstairs like a sack of potatoes lazily kicked from the top. Bump, bump, bump. His teeth rattled with each shock. His eyeballs wavered.

"I'se down!" he panted.

"You'se down?" she shouted. "Yeah, but look how long it took. Columbus found Ameri-CA while you was coming down my stairs. Snail, snail, snail, snail, snail—"

And goodness knows how many more snails she might have flicked off her tongue if Tess, the cook, hadn't appeared with marshmallow crackers. Two apiece.

"I'll swap," Gwen announced, grabbing one of U's. "Mine had no nuts." He made no reply. He couldn't. His mouth was too full. "Dumb!" she said. "You'd let somebody borrow your shoes."

"I got shoes," he told her defiantly, but muffled on account of the bloated marshmallow wads stuck to his teeth.

"Sap," she laughed. "Sap, sap, sap."

"Sap," he mimicked. "Sap, snap, snap."

"SNAP?" Gwen shrieked with laughter. "Oh, my eye!"

"There're too many saps and snaps out in this hall," Tess announced, flourishing a wire pot cleaner.

They ran upstairs—and quickly, too.

"When I see that—that thing come out with that thing," Gwen said in the library, "I run."

"What thing?" U. asked stupidly.

"Sap," she answered, "never mind. Let's fish." And she pointed to the aquarium on the table.

U. strode over to the goldfish and stared at their watery kingdom. He watched them swim from corner to corner and poke their inquisitive snouts through the lopsided arches of their unfurnished castle.

"Whee," Gwen said, tying a piece of cord to a ruler. "Whee," she said again, adding two more knots as she attached a safety pin. And she dangled her line above the tranquil surface of the miniature ocean.

"They move," U. grinned delightedly, as the fish flipped their fins and rolled their bulgy eyes.

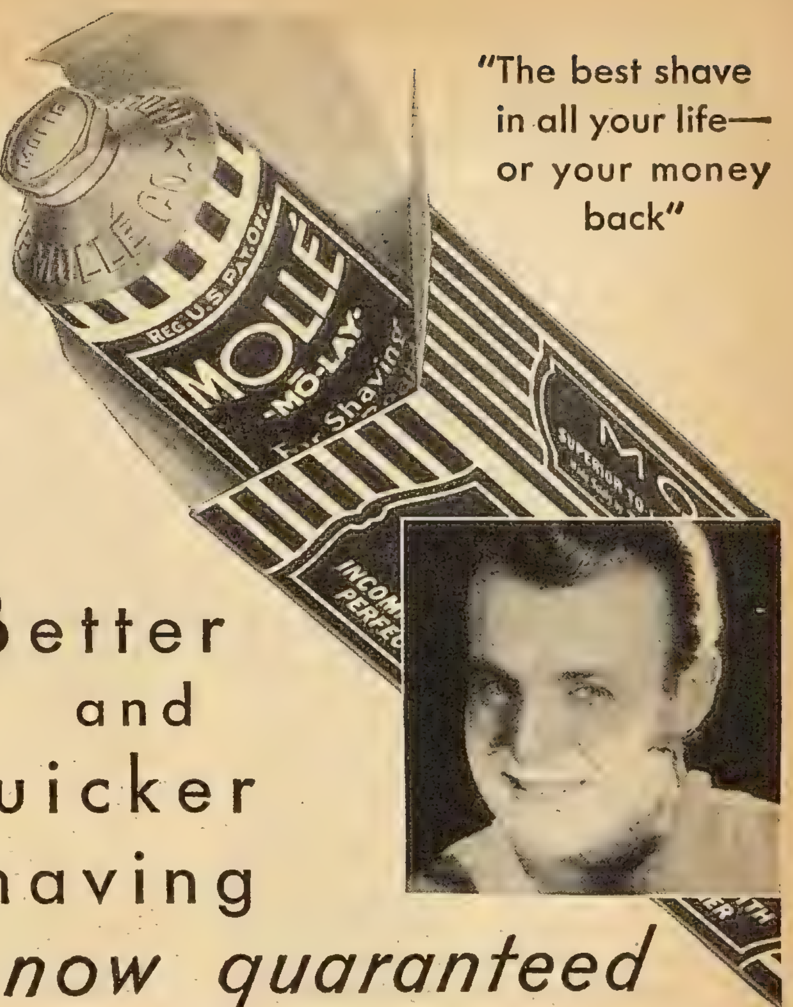
"Sure," she told him, patiently holding her rod. "They're swell swimmers. I named 'em Sid, Dick, an' Eddie. They're too smart to get caught. If we stood here on the—on the shore forever an' ever—we never could catch those three swell fish."

But Gwen stood there, stubbornly waiting for the possible turn in her fisherman's luck!

(Next week's cover adventure: Gwen's Mother)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater



"The best shave in all your life—or your money back"

Better and quicker shaving now guaranteed

Time is important. Men want quick shaves. That's now *guaranteed.* Shaving has been reduced from seven operations to *three.*

Easy and close shaving is likewise a modern requirement. This, too, is *guaranteed.*

Most important of all is a bettered condition of the face *after shaving.* This, too, we *guarantee.* And that stands—no matter how tough the beard or how tender the skin.

Our guaranty, though unusual, is utterly simple: Buy a tube of MOLLÉ (MO-LAY) no brush, no lather cream at any drug store. Use it one week. If satisfied, keep it; if not satisfied, return the remainder to us and we will refund your purchase price in full.

Just ask yourself how we could afford to make such an unqualified guaranty to 120 million people if results hadn't proved that we have something new and better.

Nearly 2,000,000 Users

MOLLÉ no brush, no lather cream was originally the private formula of a learned physician—a skin specialist. It has been publicly offered for only a comparatively short time. Yet its popularity is nation-wide. Each month, each week, each day adds new users. The number is already approaching the two million mark.

It is said that MOLLÉ excels old-type lather creams as far as the modern safety razor excels the old straight razor. It is this wide public approval that led the makers of MOLLÉ to put this binding money-back *guaranty* behind the product.

MOLLÉ contains absolutely no caustic. On the contrary, MOLLÉ soothes and heals—leaving the face so refreshed and relaxed that we never have found it necessary to manufacture or to recommend the use of an after-shaving lotion. Neither is steaming the face before or after shaving at all necessary.

Instead of the usual seven operations, there are but three—

1—wash the face thoroughly,
2—apply MOLLÉ with the finger tips,
3—then shave.

It's all over!

Those are strong statements, you say. True. They are. But remember, we definitely *guarantee* results. We pay if we are wrong. Try a tube of MOLLÉ (MO-LAY) no brush, no lather cream today. Try it on our money-back *guaranty.* Or, if you prefer, write us for free sample—enough for one week's shaving.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, DEPT. 43, CLEVELAND, OHIO

BERMUDA

Via South American Liners

A New Service! The Munson Liners AMERICAN LEGION, PAN AMERICA, SOUTHERN CROSS and WESTERN WORLD (21,000 tons each), the fastest and finest in the South American trade, now call regularly at Bermuda.

Swift ships—but big of beam and draft—the ultimate in steadiness, and comfort! Broad deck spaces—airy outside rooms, mostly with beds. Excellent cuisine and service.

All-Expense Tours to

NASSAU, BAHAMAS

or to NASSAU, HAVANA and MIAMI

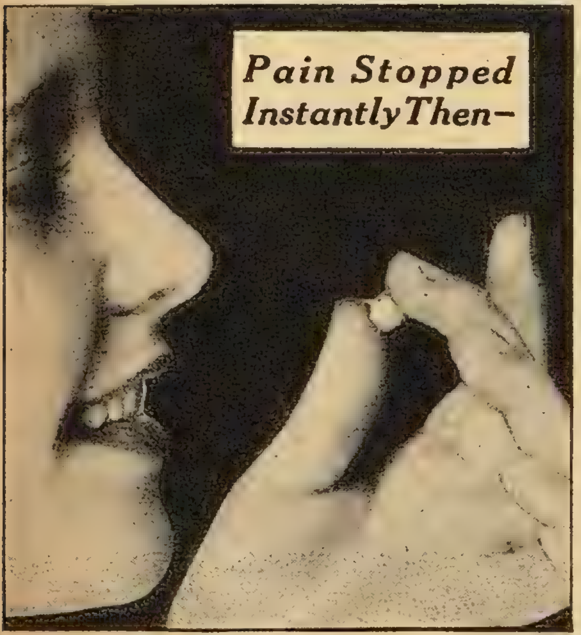
The **S. S. MUNARGO** (12,500 tons) and the **S. S. MUNAMAR** offer Weekly sailings to these famous resorts. $180.00 and up includes steamer round-trip between New York and Nassau and one week at the charming **Royal Victoria Hotel.** Longer trips or tours including the luxurious **New Colonial Hotel** at Nassau can be arranged at proportionate increases.

12-DAY ALL-EXPENSE CRUISES by the same steamers calling at Nassau, Havana and Miami — $140.00 and up. Itinerary allows 2 days at Nassau, 3 days at Havana, and 1 day at Miami.

Apply at any Tourist Agency or

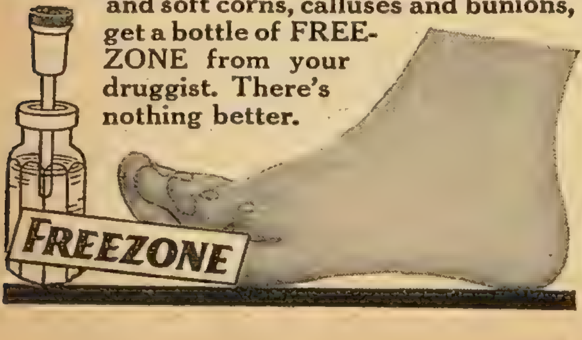
MUNSON Steamship Lines

67 Wall Street, New York City

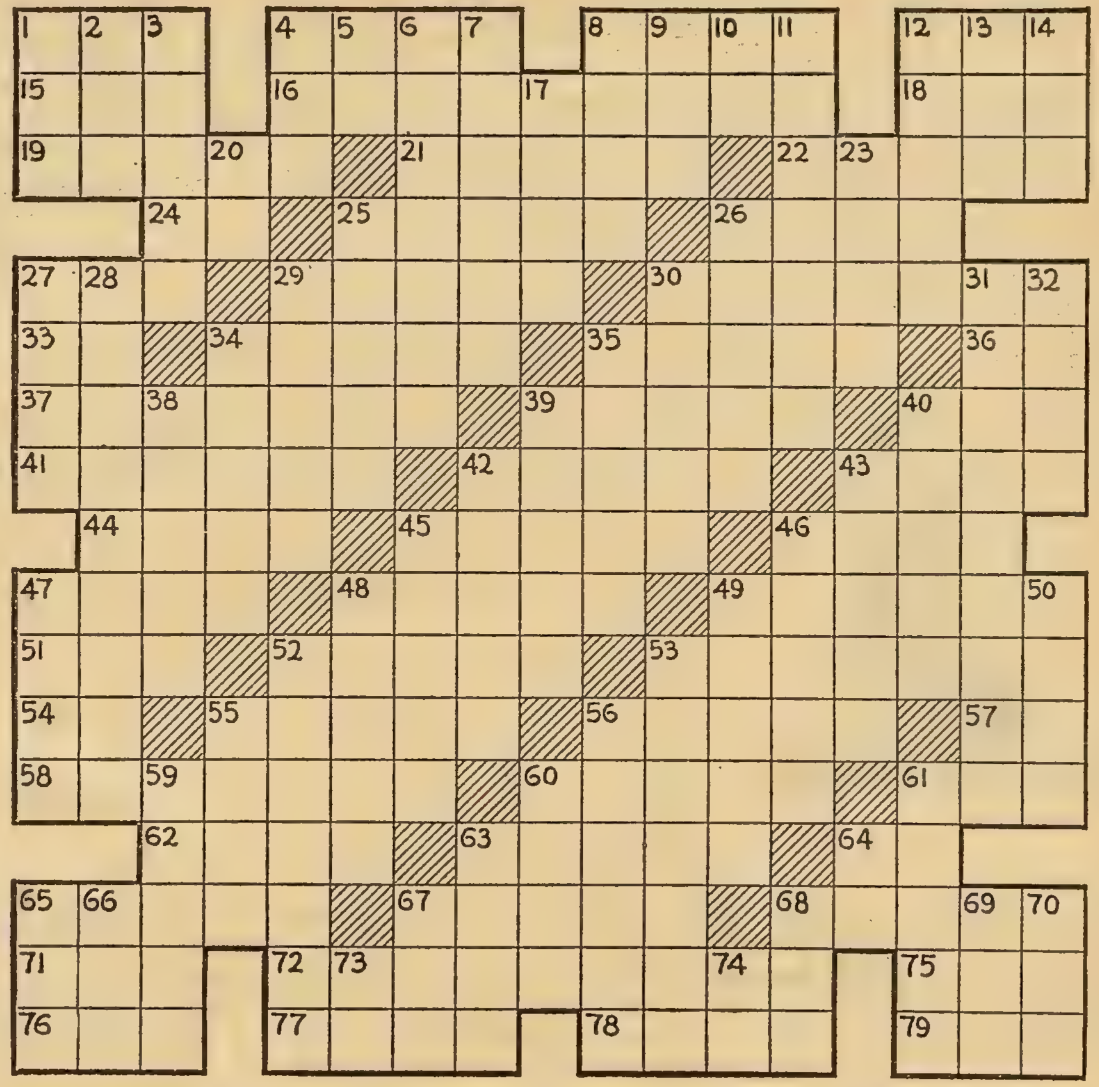

Pain Stopped Instantly Then—

CORN came off with her stocking

Corn that had ached for years came off with her stocking. FREEZONE works fast. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY. Soon corn loosens and falls off—or lifts off with fingers, easily, painlessly. To end hard and soft corns, calluses and bunions, get a bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist. There's nothing better.



Two New Puzzles:

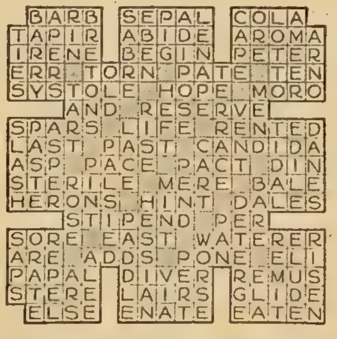


HORIZONTAL

1 Lofty mountain peak
4 Stinging insect
8 Minute particle
12 Strike smartly
15 Title of respect
16 Planisphere
18 Man's name
19 Cures
21 Scarcer
22 Offensively filthy
24 Toward
25 Unaspirated consonants
26 Wan
27 Simian
29 Mountain tops
30 Retracts
33 Adjective suffix
34 Looks for
35 Loves foolishly
36 Note of the scale
37 Slices of bacon
39 Stirred
40 Vehicle
41 Ones remaining
42 To overlay
43 A Scandinavian
44 Digits
45 Auctions
46 Iniquities
47 A blow
48 Rents
49 Linear variation of color
51 Permit
52 Copper coins
53 Form of paralysis
54 Either
55 Peals
56 An animal of South America
57 Egyptian deity
58 Perfume; scent
60 A flower
61 Roumanian coin
62 Secrete
63 Ventilated
64 Pronoun
65 Yours
67 An occurrence
68 Helped
71 An eternity
72 Called upon again
75 Teamster's command
76 A sheep
77 Cast or throw off
78 To hang
79 An eagle

VERTICAL

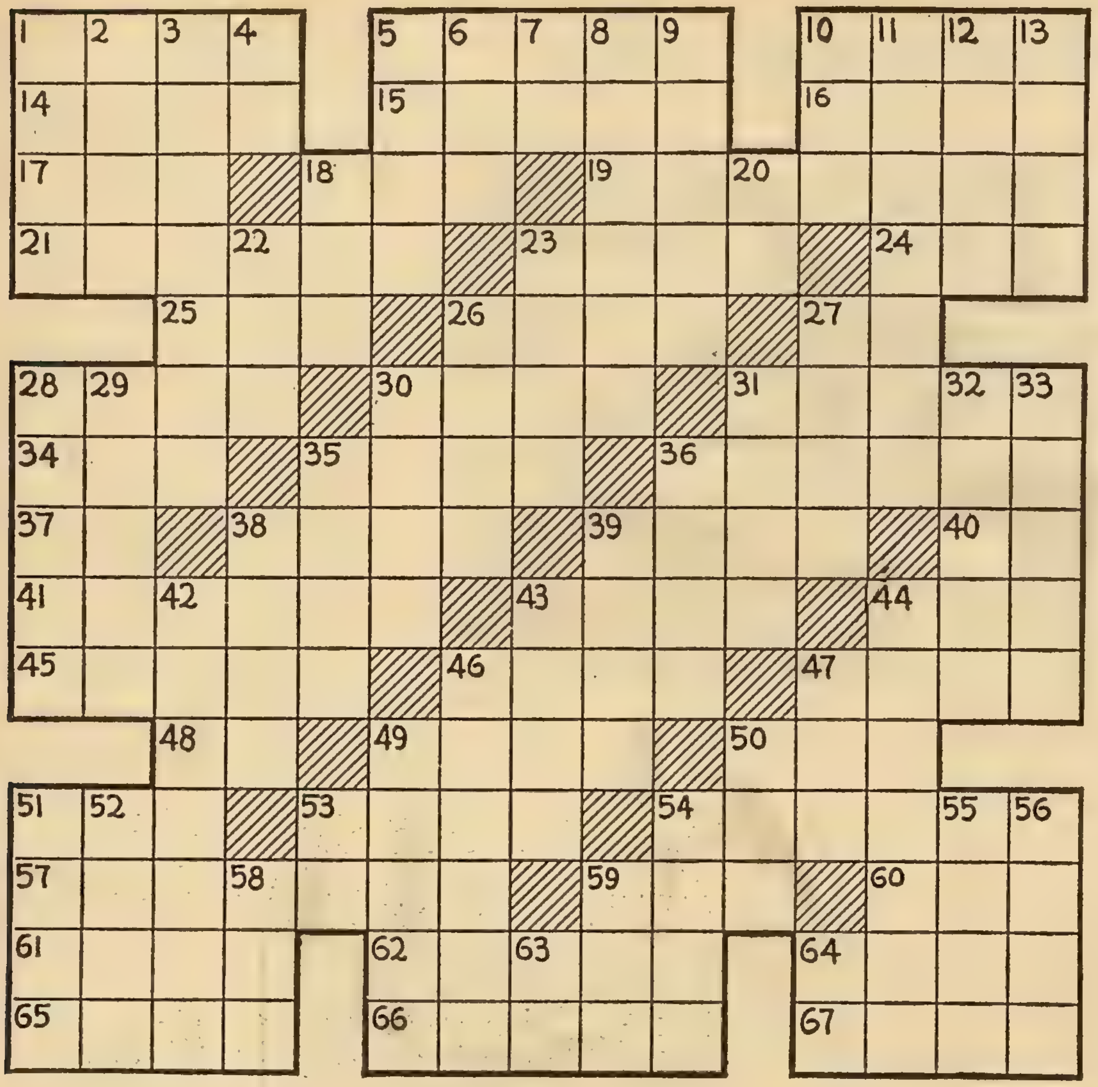
1 A tree
2 Recline
3 Chatter; babble
4 Form of to be
5 While
6 Stripes; veins
7 Sportive actions
8 Malt liquor (pl.)
9 Sailor
10 River in Siberia
11 Threatened
12 Ascended
13 Craft
14 Compensate
17 Crude metal (pl.)
20 An ejaculation
23 Exclamation expressive of sorrow
25 Looks askance
26 Man's name
27 Combining form meaning air
28 Babblers
29 Looks intently
30 Wanders
31 To become known
32 Dry and withered
34 A ruminant
35 Pigeons
38 A young hog
39 Burrowing animals
40 The chief genus of the dog family
42 Two-wheeled vehicles
43 More dreadful
45 Burn superficially
46 To denude
47 The wild plum
48 Therefore
49 Possessing savor or flavor
50 Edom
52 Embers
53 Board used by artists for mixing paint
55 Control
56 Edible root
59 Exhibit brightness
60 Bonds
61 A shelf
63 Eager; greedy
64 Note of the diatonic scale
65 Mound
66 In what manner
67 Woman's name
68 To supplement
69 Ever
70 Lair
73 Expression of inquiry or surprise
74 Printer's measure



BARB SEPAL COLA
TAPIR ABIDE AROMA
IRENE BEGIN PETER
ERR TORN PATE TEN
SYSTOLE HOPE MORO
AND RESERVE
SPARS LIFE RENTED
LAST PAST CANDIDA
ASP PACE PACT DIN
STERILE MERE BALE
HERONS HINT DALES
STIPEND PER
SORE EAST WATERER
ARE ADDS PONE ELI
PAPAL DIVER REMUS
STERE LAIRS GLIDE
ELSE ENATE EATEN

Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

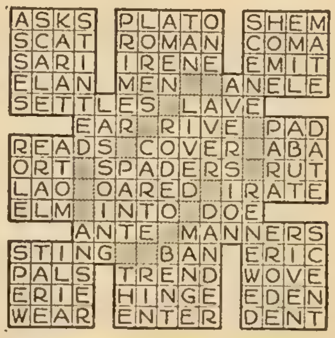


HORIZONTAL

1 A letter of the Greek alphabet
5 Growing out
10 To fill in by packing closely
14 To fill, as with food, to satiety
15 Long
16 A song
17 Attention
18 Stake
19 Female slave or concubine in a harem
21 One who labors as in bondage (plural)
23 A disease of wheat
24 Compensation for services rendered
25 Yellow ocher
26 Binding material
27 Indian mulberry
28 Dark brown or brownish purple color
30 Jumps on one foot
31 Turn inside out, as an intestine
34 Commotion
35 A planet
36 Attacker; invader
37 A fish
38 Title used in addressing a sovereign
39 To enrich with fat
40 Thus
41 Hunted for birds' nests
43 A cut of meat
44 A dram
45 Retinue
46 A heavenly body
47 Part of a skeleton
48 City of ancient Chaldea
49 A set-to
50 The male of certain animals
51 Territorial division in Norway
53 Lame
54 Unit of weight (pl.)
57 Toward the lee
59 The adopted son of Mohammed
60 Sleep
61 District
62 Fowls
64 The spirit of evil (Hindu myth.)
65 Political radicals
66 Obliterate
67 Passionate ardor

VERTICAL

1 Frosts
2 Of the mouth
3 Mexican Indian
4 A form of to be
5 Watches narrowly
6 Seine
7 Scoriated lava
8 Soldiers
9 To invest; endow
10 Salt
11 Amused one's self lightly
12 River in France and Belgium
13 Reanimate; revive
18 East Indian fruit tree
20 By
22 Contend against
23 Breaches of continuity
26 Rent
27 Eager; greedy
28 Coloring matter
29 Milk bag
30 Difficult to impress or influence
31 Deserve and receive as compensation
32 Tree gum
33 Figure of speech
35 Air; demeanor
36 Shower
38 Movement transmitted to something
39 Plunder
42 Fried lightly and quickly in fat
43 A clownish, awkward fellow
44 Pertaining to nouns
46 To turn to dust
47 Serpent
49 Large flat-bottomed boat
50 Prefix: three
51 Having wings
52 Such and no more
53 Exclamation
54 Merriment; delight
55 City in Japan
56 Extend over from one limit to another
58 Existed
59 An equine
63 Assyro-Babylonian deity
64 Pronoun



ASKS PLATO SHEM
SCAT ROMAN COMA
SARI IRENE EMIT
ELAN MEN ANELE
SETTLES LAVE
EAR RIVE PAD
READS COVER ABA
ORT SPADERS RUT
LAO OARED IRATE
ELM INTO DOE
ANTE MANNERS
STING BAN ERIC
PALS TREND WOVE
ERIE HINGE EDEN
WEAR ENTER DENT

Answer to last week's puzzle

BRAND NEW
GENUINE Model 3
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Only a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now!

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included—If You Act Now

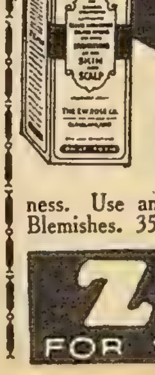
Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
[Corona Division]
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. 263

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid: the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my $2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name ....
Address ....
Employed by ....


Itching Torture Ended

Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get cooling, soothing, antiseptic Zemo. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

A Seasonable Fish Dinner

By ETHEL SOMERS

IN serving the Lenten fish dinners the cook must be especially careful in planning the menus. Color contrasts and color combinations should be worked out to enhance the attractiveness of a dinner.

Varied texture of the menu items is also an important factor in producing appetizing effects. Then, too, the flavor is of paramount importance. The particular sauce chosen must improve the fish both in flavor and color. The cooking must be ever so precise if the fish is to be flavorful. Try to improve your fish cookery until you attain a juicy, tender, flavorful product, and then let this success stimulate you to plan more artistic fish dinner menus.

A SEASONABLE FISH DINNER MENU

Fruit Appetizer
Cream of Celery Soup Saltines
Broiled Salmon Steaks with Tartar or Egg Sauce
Baked Onions Creamed Green Peas
Salad Greens Thousand Island Dressing
Cucumber Relish
Cream Pie Coffee

Broiled Salmon

6 salmon steaks, cut 1 inch thick, or 1½ to 2 pounds
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup butter or substitute

CLEAN the edges of the steaks and trim any ragged ends. Grease the broiler rack to be used so that the fish will not stick. Place the fish on the broiler rack and distribute one-half of the butter or substitute on top. Insert it in the broiler oven about two inches under the broiler flame, which should be turned high (500° F.). If a stove-top broiler is used, follow the specific directions therewith. Leave until brown, which will be about six minutes. Sprinkle with half the salt and pepper. Loosen the fish from the broiler, using a fork or wide spatula. Turn and brown on the other side after dotting with butter and sprinkling with salt and pepper. Serve hot with parsley butter or sauce.

Marinated Broiled Salmon Steaks

SHOULD time permit, additional flavor comes from marinating the steaks, in which case no sauce is necessary. This is done by letting the steaks soak even as long as one hour in the following ingredients beaten together:

6 tablespoons oil
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ cup lemon juice, or
¼ cup vinegar
1 medium onion, minced

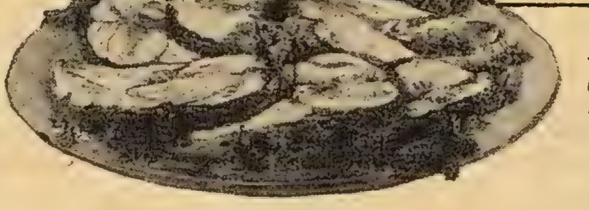
After soaking, drain and broil without additional seasonings.

Plain Pan-Fried Salmon Steaks

USE the same proportions of fish and seasonings as for broiling. If desired, the steaks may be marinated (see recipe above). Place butter or substitute in a hissing-hot fry pan and brown on one side and then the other, allowing about six minutes to a side. Serve at once or keep hot over hot water.

Cook fish until the flakes separate easily, as pictured above.

To keep fish hot, stand it over hot water, as at the right.



As shown at the left, garnishing is important when serving fish.

FRUIT appetizers, savory soups, and cream pies are but a few of the many suggestions in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks that will keep Lenten fish dinners varied and well balanced. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. When sending for them, please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose......cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name..

Street or R. F. D..

City..................State............ 3-8-30

Breaded Pan-Fried Salmon Steaks

PREPARE as for plain pan-frying, except that the cleaned steaks are dipped in corn meal, flour, or crumbs, or in beaten egg and crumbs before frying. The beaten egg is superfluous if the steaks have been marinated.

Tartar Sauce

½ cup chilled mayonnaise
½ to 1 tablespoon of the following items, minced;
  Cucumber pickle
  Chive or onion, if desired
  Parsley
  Capers
  Olives
1 tablespoon lemon juice, or
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar

BEAT the other ingredients into the chilled mayonnaise. Place in a covered jelly glass and keep cold until ready to serve.

Egg Sauce

¼ cup butter
1½ tablespoons flour
1 cup boiling water
2 egg yolks
½ teaspoon salt
A dash of red pepper
1 tablespoon lemon juice

MELT half of the butter over water in a double boiler. Blend in the flour. Stir in the boiling water, keeping the mixture smooth and cooking and stirring until thick (for at least ten minutes). Then beat in the remaining butter, a small piece at a time, beating each piece in before adding another. Cook very slowly over hot, not boiling, water. Beat in the unbeaten egg yolks one at a time. Stir until the mixture thickens—the sauce taking about twenty minutes from beginning to end of the cooking. Should the mixture become too hot at any time, it will curdle. In case this happens, beat the curdled mixture as smooth as possible with an egg beater and then prepare a medium thick white sauce into which it may be beaten smooth. Add the salt, red pepper, and lemon juice. The result will be a thick yellow sauce like a custard, slightly acid yet not sour. If a richer sauce is desired, substitute cream for the boiling water.

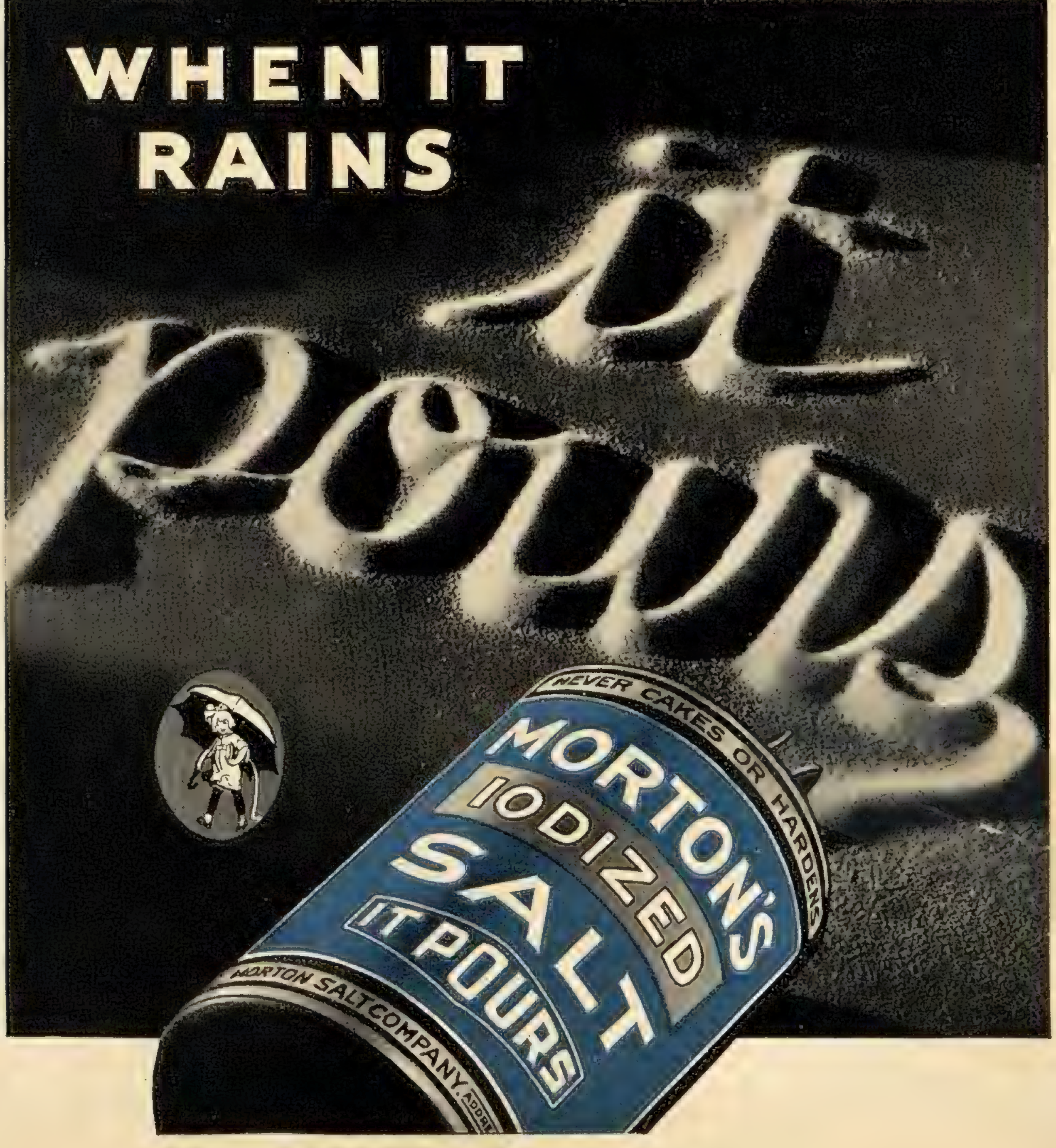
Fried Parsley

1 cup parsley sprays
2 tablespoons oil or butter

WASH the parsley thoroughly. Separate into artistic sprays, discarding the heavier stems. Dry thoroughly on a dry towel. Pan fry in the hot fat over a medium flame for about one minute. Serve as an edible garnish on the fish platter.

MORTON'S Iodized Salt isn't one of those timid salts that hide in the salt cellar during thunder-storms. It pours as freely on rainy days as it does when the weather is fine. That's because it's made with cube-shaped crystals which tumble off one another instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salts.

Another great advantage of changing to Morton's Iodized Salt is that it protects your youngsters from simple goiter. In taste, looks and cost it's just the same as the salt you're using now. Try it!


WHEN IT RAINS
it pours
NEVER CAKES OR HARDENS
MORTON'S
IODIZED
SALT
IT POURS
MORTON SALT COMPANY, ADDRE

IODIZED TO PREVENT
GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

The Diamond Eye

A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

DICK CLARKE'S work was the tracking down of gem smugglers. Jean Wood was in the same dangerous game. They met on the S.S. Marantic as the vessel was starting on her way toward New York, and Dick consented to pose as Jean's husband for the sake of the girl's safety.

Jean brought the Diamond Eye, a priceless gem, on board, and gave it to Dick to guard. She had picked it up on the sawdust floor of the Crown and Bull, a London pub. It belonged to Jay Finch. He had taken it to the pub to arrange with Henri Conté to smuggle it into America for him. There had been disorder. Conté had been mysteriously stabbed, and Jean, disguised as a waitress, had captured the stone and escaped.

Finch, too, had got away, and he and his party were on the Marantic. “ The Clarkes’ ” lives were in grave danger from smuggler enemies. Diana De Ranisse, a girl Dick had loved, who was also a passenger, knew this well. She sent her invalid husband—the Baron De Ranisse—on an errand which, both she and the baron realized, meant death.

PART NINE—“ GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN—”

JEAN shivered, gasped. Little tears brightened her eyes.

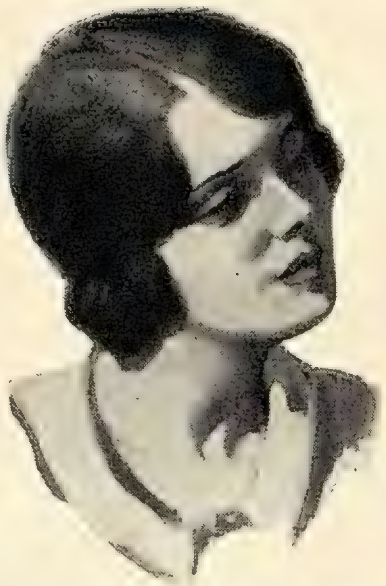
“ I felt it,” she said; “ but, Dick, how did you know? ”

“ Look at the man walking the wire,” he answered. “ Diana sent De Ranisse not to her room, but to ours.”

“ He was killed there? ”

“ Just inside the door.”

“ You saw—”



Jean Wood said, “ Oh, thank God for tears! ”

“ Nothing. We must take Diana to her room. Will you stay with her, Jean? She will need you.”

“ Oh, yes,” Diana said, color flooding her cheeks. “ I will need you. Do not leave me alone.”

She arose without hurry and walked, with Dick and Jean on either side of her, out of the social hall, down the wide companion, through the port corridor to her room.

“ There are no wings on her feet now,” Clarke thought. “ There never will be wings on her feet again.”

He did not wonder why she had sent her bridegroom to his death. He did not wonder how she knew death waited the baron in that room. Diana's thoughts, Diana's acts, Diana's uncanny intuitions, had long since ceased to astonish him.

He stood aside when they reached Diana's room, and let the women pass before him. “ Lock the door,” he said. “ I will come back as soon as I can.”

The scent of lilacs came out to him. He turned and walked quickly away, and stopped the first room steward he found.

“ Find the captain, please,” he said, putting a coin into the man's hand, “ and Dr. Mitten. Ask them to come immediately to my room, Number five-twelve, and say it is important.”

He walked swiftly down the steps, and through the starboard corridor to his room.

A steward lay sprawled in the corridor, face down in front of the door, his body lying across the back of an overturned chair. Clarke picked the man up, sat him in the chair, and felt his heart. He looked for glass, but found none.

Captain Sir Aurey Harris came bearing down, walking but seeming to run. His great presence seemed to fill the corridor. His feet made no noise, yet gave the impression that a giant walked in a rushing wind. Dr. Mitten came behind him, shut out from Dick's sight by the captain's bulk, running to keep up with the captain's walk.

“ Dead? ” asked the captain.

“ Drugged,” said Dick.

“ Chloroformed,” said the doctor, sniffing the air. His fingers felt pulse and heart, rolled back the eyelids.

“ Have him taken to the hospital at once,” the captain ordered.

The doctor rushed to the end of the corridor and summoned two stewards. Dick waited until they had carried their fellow man away, then turned to the captain.

“ The door is bolted from the inside,” he said, “ and I have reason to believe that Baron De Ranisse is in the room, dead—killed.”

Without waiting to try the knob, Captain Harris raised his mighty fist and drove it against a panel. The wood broke. The captain shoved his arm through the hole, found the bolt, and moved it. The door opened.

The baron lay on the floor, face up, arms at his side, his black domino clutched in his left hand, his features contorted, his lips twisted into a horrible grimace.

“ Pelky! ” the physician whispered. “ At first I thought he was Pelky! ”

He dropped to his knees, hands reaching for heart and pulse instinctively.

“ Dead,” he said, and the two others echoed the word.

“ Captain,” said Dick quickly, his voice raised, “ let me make but one request.”

The captain, fascinated by the anguish of the cold white face below him, made no answer.

“ The baron was my friend, the husband of my friend. Let her keep this body until the ship has docked. Let her bury it in New York, or in Paris. The baron was born in New York, the city of his mother. He fought for France, the country of his father. His wife—his widow—”

“ I understand,” the captain said. “ The carpenter shall make him a coffin. The baroness may bury her dead where she will.”

“ Thank you.” Dick walked around the body, took a chair, and placed it beneath the ventilators. He stood on it, and taking off jacket and vest, threw them on his bunk. He rolled up his right sleeve, stuck his fingers into the ventilator opening, and pulled. Something came out with his hand, and he showed it to the captain.

“ A microphone! ” the captain exclaimed.

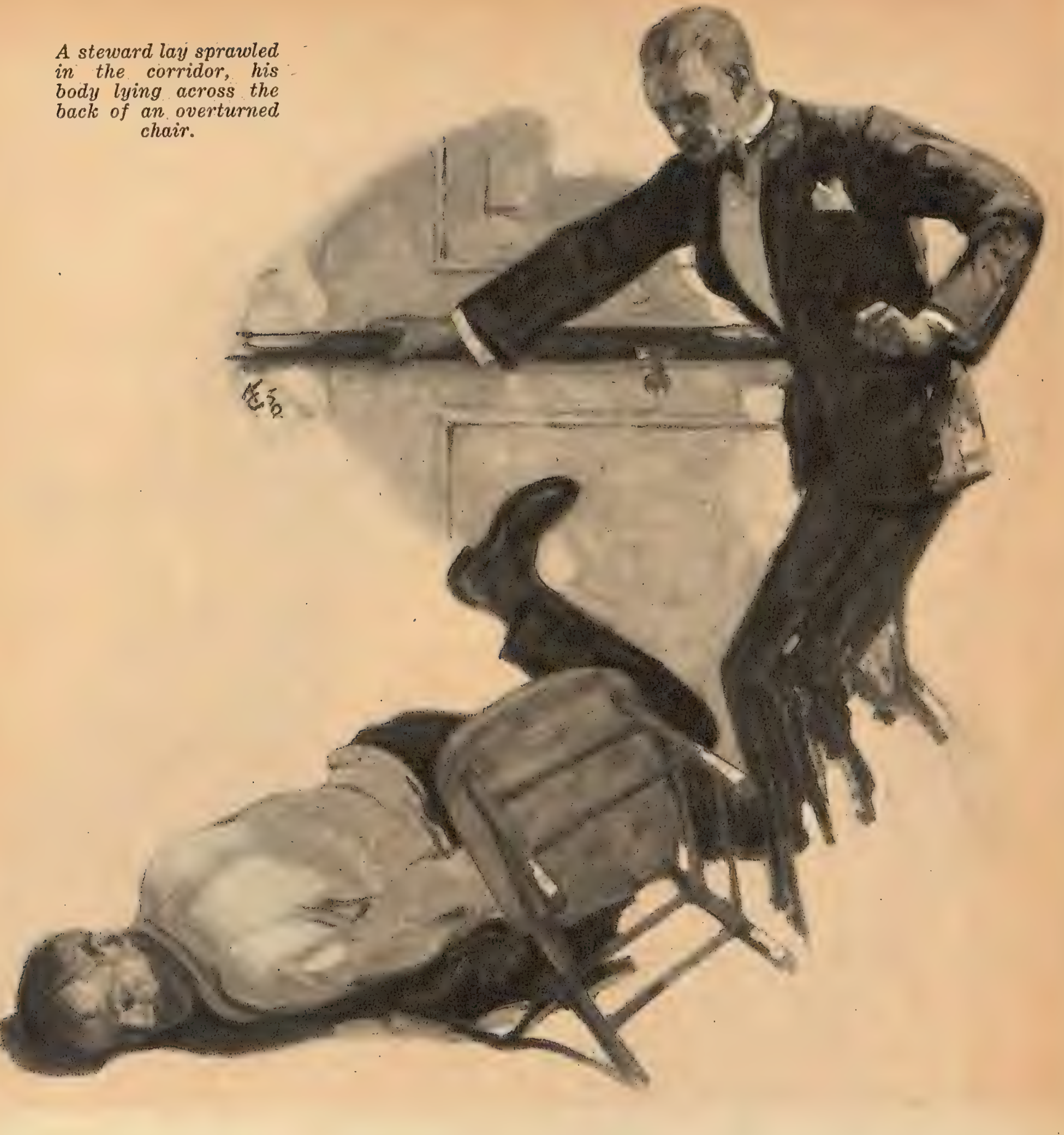
“ It has served its purpose,” said Dick. “ Now, captain, we can talk, and no one will overhear us.”

The doctor looked up.

“ The upper lip is cut,” he said, “ but I find no glass. Yet I am positive this man was killed as Pelky was.”

Clarke picked up the body—it was as light as a boy's—and carried it in his arms. He placed it tenderly on his bunk, pulled down the horizon-blue uniform coat, straight-

A steward lay sprawled in the corridor, his body lying across the back of an overturned chair.



ened the little row of medals, folded the arms across the narrow breast, and covered it with a sheet. Captain Harris handed him the black domino and the cap, and Dick placed them on top of the sheet.

" Can you make a smile on his face? " he asked.

The doctor nodded, not wishing to speak.

" SHE would want to think that he met death with a smile," Dick said. " She would like to see that death was welcome to him—he had waited for it so long. It is a little thing to do, doctor. If she knew what a ghastly end he met—if she should see his face as it is now—" Dick sighed, and pushed the thought away.

" It is the man from the sea again," said Dick. " Only this time he did not come from the sea. The port is open, as you see. The door was locked. Yet the man was dry when he came in.

" He came here, I imagine, at a little after eight o'clock. One of your stewardesses, a Miss Leeds, opened the port for him. The steward who sat outside my door was drugged first. He was probably hit with one of those glass balls that contained, not poison gas, but chloroform. He did not see the person who shot that glass at him, of course. The steward was drugged so that Miss Leeds might enter unseen by him, for the steward was honest and would tell what he knew.

" Miss Leeds came into the room, opened the port, and, I suppose, went out again. Please summon her, captain."

The captain pushed the button marked " Stewardess."

" A man came in through the port," Dick went on; " the little dark man who cut out Pelky's tongue, and later murdered him. He came to search the room, to find the Diamond Eye if he could. Miss Leeds could not afford to make an extensive search for it, could not stay here long enough, for she has many bells to answer. The man could work in safety behind the bolted door.

" He was here when the baron came. Perhaps the steward had not fallen off his chair at that time. He had been drugged, of course, but the baron must have thought him asleep.

" It must have been that the man in this room thought the baron was I. He turned out the lights, unlatched the door, and stepped back. He had searched the room thor-

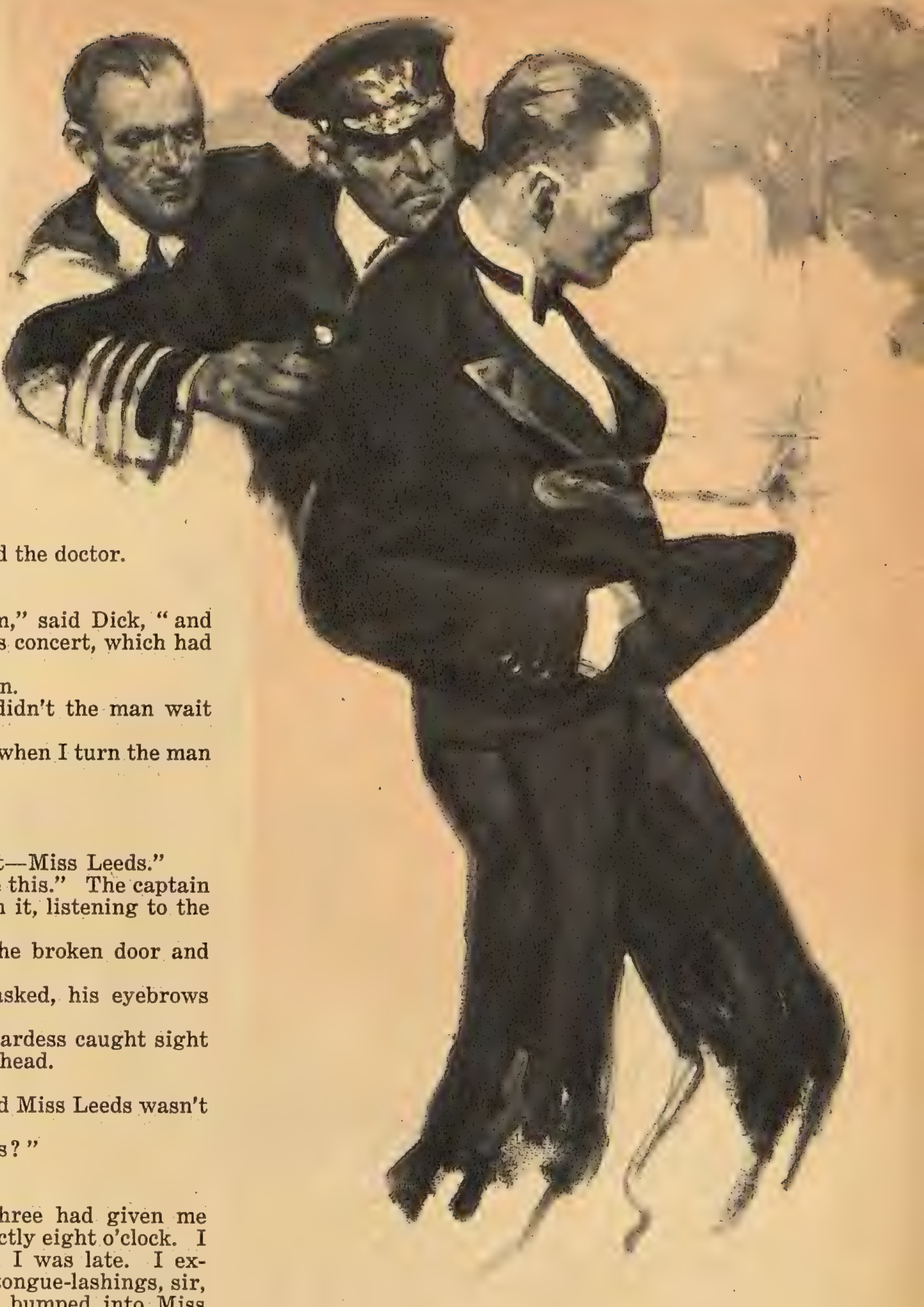
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty-three

oughly—taking care to disturb nothing, to leave as few traces of his visit as possible—and had failed to find the diamond. The man coming into the room, if it were I, he thought, might have the diamond on his person.

"The baron opened the door, stepped into the room, reached for the lights, whirled around, perhaps at hearing a voice, and so died, and fell where we found him.

"His slayer bolted the door again, and turned on the lights. He needed the light for his work —to find the diamond, to pick up all the little splinters of glass. Then, seeing his mistake, he fled. He went through the port. He reëntered, through the port, the room of Istrelle du Bose and her maid."



"The maid is in the hospital," said the doctor.

"Why? Another cut head?"

"No, a twisted ankle."

"He came through Istrelle's room," said Dick, "and went calmly and quickly to the ship's concert, which had begun but a little while before."

The captain's hand rubbed his chin.

"But why?" he asked. "Why didn't the man wait for you?"

"I will tell you that," Dick said, "when I turn the man over to you."

"You know the murderer?"

"Yes."

"Then, by the living God!—"

"Time enough, captain. But first—Miss Leeds."

"She should have answered before this." The captain jabbed the button, kept his finger on it, listening to the bell that rang somewhere outside.

A stewardess tapped lightly on the broken door and opened it.

"Where is Miss Leeds?" Dick asked, his eyebrows arched.

"I—I don't know, sir." The stewardess caught sight of the captain, flushed, lowered her head.

"Why did you answer her bell?"

"It—it got on my nerves, sir. And Miss Leeds wasn't anywhere around. And so—"

"When did you last see Miss Leeds?"

"A little after eight o'clock, sir."

"How do you fix the time?"

"The—the lady in five seventy-three had given me orders, sir, to make up her bed at exactly eight o'clock. I was hurrying to her room, sir, and I was late. I expected I would get a bit more of her tongue-lashings, sir, and I was thinking of that when I bumped into Miss Leeds."

"Where?"

"Just outside this room, sir."

"You saw the steward?"

"Yes, sir. He was sitting on his chair."

"Sound asleep?"

The stewardess hesitated, raised her chin.

"I am not one to tattle," she said.

"And you did not see Miss Leeds again?"

"No, sir. And her bells have been ringing this last half hour, and nobody answers."

"All right. Thank you. You may go."

Dick moved the screen from Jean Wood's bunk.

"Chilly Lily" Leeds lay there, dead, her eyes open, her tongue hanging out of her mouth.

II

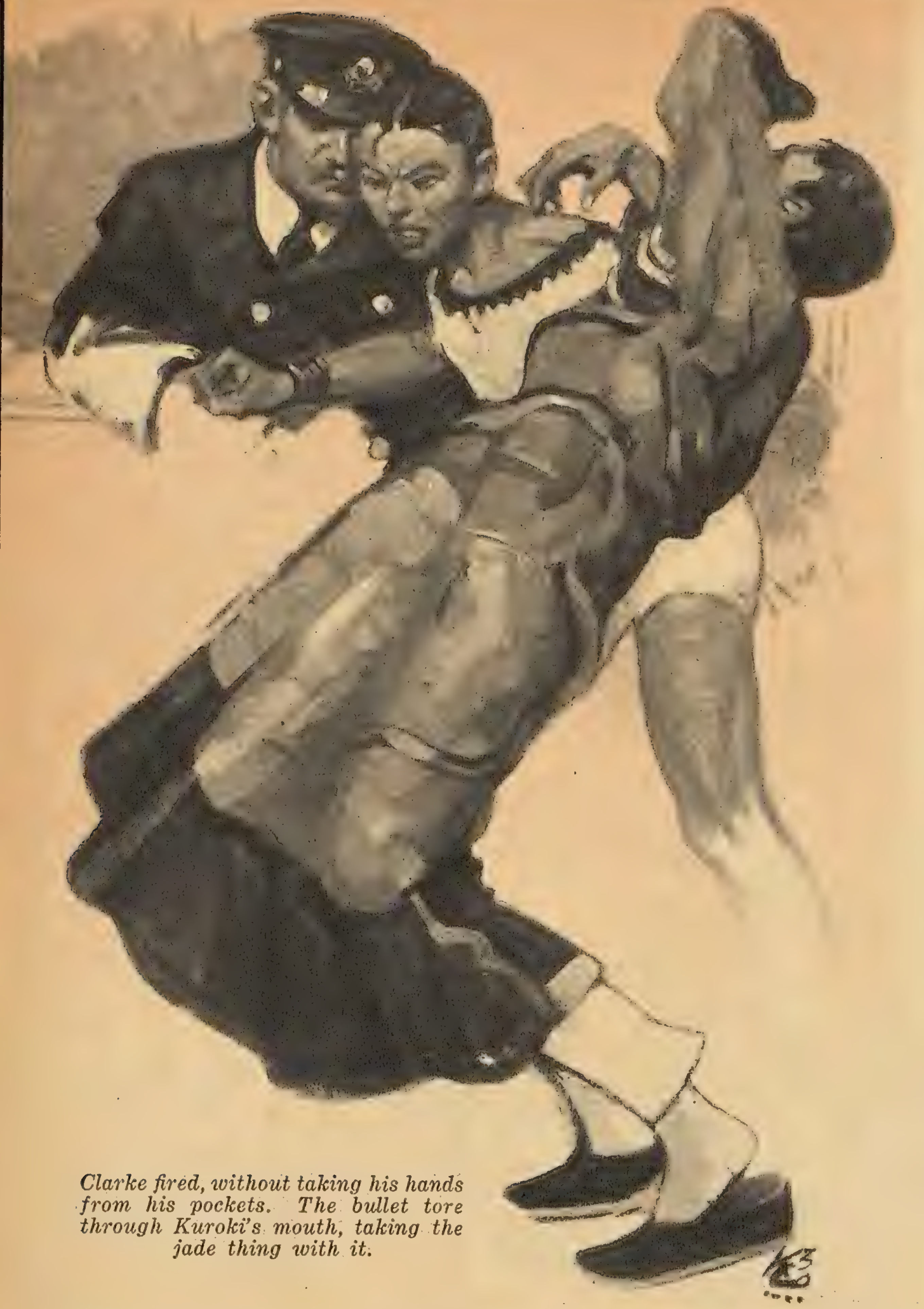
"STRANGLED!" Dr. Mitten said. "She died about an hour ago."

"A little after eight," Clarke mused. "Chilly Lily, caught in her own trap. Let us have the bodies taken out now, captain. Few passengers will notice, for most of them are at the concert."

"Yes," said the captain. "For God's sake, doctor, take them out."

He stood at the porthole, looking at the wavering sea, and Dick sat in his chair until the room was quiet again.

"Why did Chilly Lily stay in this room after she opened the window port?" he asked himself. "Perhaps she had a message to give the man from the sea. Perhaps she thought she might find the diamond before he came. Perhaps the steward fell from his chair, and the noise frightened her. But then the steward must have been sprawled, as I found him, on the corridor floor when the baron came. The baron probably found him chloroformed. But he did not hesitate. He, too, knew death awaited him behind my door. But he did not falter. How did he feel when he opened the door, I wonder? And Diana, upstairs, watching the doorway with her eyes. Did she see him enter my room, watch him whirl and face



Clarke fired, without taking his hands from his pockets. The bullet tore through Kuroki's mouth, taking the jade thing with it.

his enemy, and die?" He got up from his chair and walked to the captain's side. He drew in deep breaths of the clean salt air.

"The man from the sea mistook the stewardess for my wife," he said. "A nurse's costume and a stewardess' uniform must have looked alike to him. Perhaps the stewardess had her back turned when he sprang. He did not see her face, since his fingers fastened on her neck from behind. He had seen Mrs. Clarke at the auction this afternoon. He had, no doubt, studied her. He had seen her, too, no doubt, in her nurse's costume.

"He choked her to death before she could explain she was his ally. Poor girl! Think of her, captain, in that devil's hands, unable to speak, knowing the mistake he was making, knowing she was about to die in the trap she had helped set for someone else, unable to escape."

The captain's huge frame shuddered. He looked ill.

"The room was dark at the time," Clarke continued. "Miss Leeds must have turned off the lights when she heard the steward fall from his chair. The man picked her up, after he had throttled her, hid her behind the screen, and turned on the lights. I don't believe he knows how badly he blundered."

"The little Jap with the scratches on his face," said the captain, wheeling around, peering into Dick's eyes. "That woman put her mark on him as he strangled her."

Clarke shook his head.

"No," he said. "She did not. She died quickly, before she could raise her arms. Had she been facing the man she might have been gassed. She was probably on her knees by the door, listening. And he came quietly across the room. His hands were on her neck before she knew he had come."

"WHY do you think Miss Leeds was a member of this crew of murderers?"

"I don't think that. I know she was a smuggler. I know she was allied with Henri Conté, and therefore with Jay Finch. She may have loved Conté. I don't know. It does not matter now. I do not believe she realized that murder was intended. She must have known, though, that Jay Finch—or others—wanted the Diamond Eye, and that the dark little man was to search this room for it tonight."

"Jay Finch! Jay Finch! Everything seems to go back to him by devious crooked paths, through suspicion, through hints. Jay Finch seems to be in back of Pelky's death—in back of this murder of the baron and Miss Leeds. But we have no proof."

"We have no proof—yet."

"This afternoon Finch intrusted you with the Diamond Eye. Unless he controlled all the crooks on this ship—by the living God, there are enough of them—he never would have put that diamond in your hands."

"Right. Did you find Silovitch?"

"Yes. He is in his room. The first officer is on guard outside his door."

"Let us talk to him."

They walked in silence to Silovitch's room, forward on A deck, on the port side. Silovitch was in bed, reading, when they entered.

He looked up and grinned.

"Thanks for your warning," Clarke said.

"I don't understand." Silovitch looked puzzled.

"Mr. Silovitch, could you identify your diamonds—those Pelky had in the heels of his slippers?"

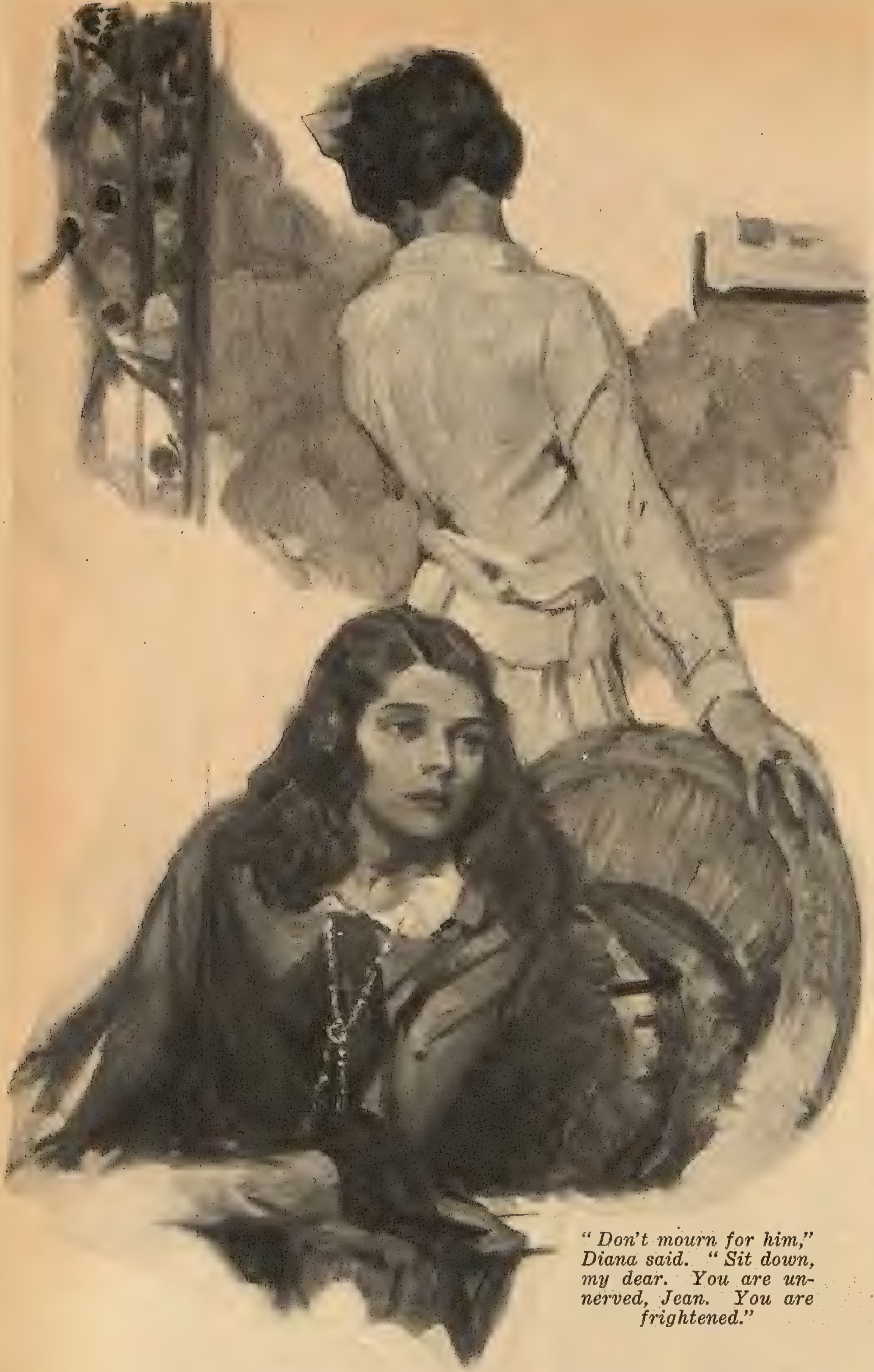
"There were two packages, one in each heel. Each package had one yellow diamond in it. One of these stones weighed half a carat, the other an eighth. You've found them?"

He closed the book, a blue paper-covered Ulysses, and sat up.

"No. How many diamonds in all?"

"One hundred and fifty, twenty of them under a carat, fifty a carat or over, the rest two carats and up." His red eyes gleamed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Don't mourn for him," Diana said. "Sit down, my dear. You are unnerved, Jean. You are frightened."

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty-five

"You will probably get them back. Do you want to tell me—anything else?"

"You can't bribe me, Clarke. I'll see you in hell before I squeal."

"Good night, Mr. Silovitch," said Clarke pleasantly, and walked out with the scowling captain.

"I'd like to wring his neck," Captain Harris said as he and Dick walked down the corridor. "He knows how Finch is concerned in this. He could tell us everything."

"But he never will," said Clarke. "Never mind. We won't need Silovitch. I should like to have, some time tomorrow, all the radio messages sent from this ship—the messages themselves, not copies of them. Don't bother about that tonight. I am going to see Dr. Mitten for a moment, and then I shall visit—the baron's widow. Wait for me in the social hall, captain, and have some irons ready. And you might have men—armed, of course. There may be a slight panic among the passengers. Your men must be warned of this, and ready to reassure everybody that the danger is over."

Clarke's wrist watch showed him it was ten o'clock.

"Before thirty minutes," he said, "you will have the murderer in irons."

III

JEAN bolted the door of Diana's room, and stood there a moment, listening; listening to the sound of Dick's footsteps dying in the distance.

Diana went to her husband's bunk, and took up the pyjamas the stewardess had placed there.

"You will not need these now," she said. "My dear! My dear!"

She folded them neatly, calmly, and put them into one of the baron's brown leather bags. She put his slippers with them, and the purple robe he had worn.

Jean watched her, noticing no sentimental gestures of the hands, no caressing of the baron's clothes, hearing no sound of anguish, seeing no sign of tears.

All her husband's effects Diana took and packed: his clothes, his books, his keys, his razors and brushes and tubes of paste and cream, his shoes, his hats, his boots, his handkerchiefs and underwear and shirts, his medicines. She packed them all, and stood the bags in a corner.

"Now help me dress," she said. "Help me take off this gypsy robe, and throw it in the sea. Comb my hair for me, please, Jean dear, and let it fall loose. And put my turquoise tea gown on me. He loved it so. Dick said it made me look like a mermaid—even to the little blue tail. Pierre liked Dick for saying that."

Jean was glad to help, glad to comb out the auburn tresses—it gave her hands something to do, her mind something concrete to hold on to—glad to undress her and put the blue tea gown on her.

"A mermaid," Diana said, looking into her glass. "He liked to think of me as a mermaid. He liked to lie there in his bed and look at me, he said, and think of me as a mermaid. His eyes would laugh at me. His eyes that will laugh no more."

Jean started. The comb dropped from her hands.

"Don't mourn for him," Diana said. "Sit down, my dear. Sit in one of these blue chairs and rest. I will comb my hair. You are unnerved, Jean. You are frightened."

Jean made no answer—could not make one.

"No, do not mourn for him," Diana said again. "Mourn for his life, if you will; not for his death. He went to his death in his uniform. He died as he wanted to die, fighting for a friend, giving his life for you and Dick."

"Oh, Diana—don't!" There were tears in Jean's eyes. "Don't be calm. Don't take it this way. Weep. Cry. Sob. Tear your hair. Throw yourself on the bed and wail. Break your heart and let your eyes rain tears. You will go mad, serene."

Diana smiled at her, and petted her hands.

"I CANNOT cry," she said. "He would not want me to cry. If you had known him, Jean, you would not cry. You could not cry. I see him as he was when I first saw him—at the dance in the Savoy—sitting in a chair and looking at the dancers. Helpless, and lost, and sad—so sad—and smiling. He waltzed with me, and whispered he was dancing in a dream, and I was only part of that dream; the nicest part, that dies just before one wakes. We were married the next week. How long ago that was! Almost two weeks ago!"

Jean dried her eyes, and Diana continued combing her hair.

"He was dying, Jean, when I married him—dying, and clinging to me for a little while. Clinging to me, and wanting to leave me too. Watching me with his laughing glad eyes, holding my hand, kissing my hand, loving me, wishing to die and not torment me with dying.

"Why did I marry him? I don't know. Why did he let me? I don't know. But—we have been happy. For almost two weeks we have been happy as man and woman never were happy before.

"I was happy every morning when I woke, knowing he still lived. I was happy every night when he closed his eyes in sleep, knowing he had not died. I am happy now, knowing he died as he did. No, do not mourn for him, Jean.

"You saw him rise from the table quickly when I sent him for my handkerchief. You saw him smile and go. How strong he looked—my husband!"

Diana tossed her head proudly, and turned to Jean.

"He knew I had left no handkerchief for him to retrieve. He knew I was sending him to die. He knew where death was crouching, ready to spring. And he gave me a salute, and went."

Her eyes glowed, seeing him again walking through the door, head up and shoulders squared.

"But why?" cried Jean. "But why? How could you know, Diana? How did you learn?"

"It was I who betrayed your husband to Istrelle du Bose," Diana answered. "I knew it as I walked away. I knew I had put you both in danger. My stupidity! My inexcusable stupidity! I told Pierre. When the gypsy told your fortunes, showed you the death cards—I knew he was warning you. So did Pierre. I knew that if you went to your room you would be killed. And Pierre knew too. I saw it in his eyes."

"And you sent him down to die for us?"

"He died for me, for my stupidity. He died for you.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

pep up!

Don't be that way! Hold your head up and enjoy life! No?... try a little Pluto Water, each morning when you get up—dilute it in plain hot or cold water—and then watch the old pep come back!

Pluto goes directly to the root of the trouble, and relieves the situation—quickly, gently, insistently! Pluto is America's *standard* laxative!

PLUTO WATER
AMERICA'S PHYSIC
PLUTO

When Nature won't, Pluto will

PLUTO

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Recommended by doctors everywhere —sold at all drug stores and fountains.

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty-seven

He died for his own wish to be a man again. When you look upon his face you will see a smile. His eyes will never laugh again, but his face will smile till the cold earth covers it. I am his wife. Shall I weep when my husband smiles?"

Footsteps sounded in the corridor.

"It is Dick," Diana said.

It was Dick. Jean let him in. Diana welcomed him with a smile, a hand extended.

"You found him smiling?" she asked.

"We found him smiling."

Diana pressed his hand.

"He was shot, Dick?"

"No, Diana. He came to close quarters with his enemy. He fought, for his lip is cut. His adversary hit him over the head, perhaps with the butt of a gun. He died—not of the blow, but of the shock to his heart."

"He died fighting!" Diana lifted her face. "God has been good to him. After twelve years of suffering, God gave him a woman's love—and a soldier's death."

"The carpenter is making him a coffin, Diana, and you may bury him where you will."

"I shall bury him at sea," she said. "But you knew that. I have talked to you often about the sea. Why did you let them make him a coffin?

"Look!" She swept her arms in a gesture that embraced the walls with their pictures of ships.

"Through the window of the sanitarium near Cannes he used to look out at the blue Mediterranean and gaze at the ships. He loved ships. He loved the sea. He loved me in this turquoise gown that makes me look like a mermaid—even to the little blue tail."

She smiled at Jean, a puzzled smile.

"But a little while ago," she said, "I was thinking of cold earth falling on his smiling face. I do not understand myself. It shall not be. He shall go down into the sea. The waves will rock him gently, and the winds will sing him to sleep. Fish will play about him. Sea flowers will touch him gently, dance for him to the music of the waters. And all the dead of the sea, soldiers and sailors drowned since the world began, will welcome him, and listen to him."

"Yes," said Dick, "we will bury him at sea—tomorrow night."

He stood close to Diana, holding her hands, looking into her eyes.

"And, Diana, he will wake in the dark of the sea and call you, and you will not hear. He will roam the wide deep waters, restless, lonely, looking for you everywhere, looking for his mermaid in her turquoise gown, and never find you."

Diana's calm eyes blurred with tears. Diana's straight calm body fell into Dick's arms and shook with sobs. Diana's arms held him tight, and tighter.

And Jean Wood said, "Oh, thank God for tears!"

IV

IT was half-past ten. The tight-rope apparatus had been taken down. The wire walker sat with the other Japs of the troupe at a table in front of the dais. Kuroki in his scarlet mandarin's robe sat with the Pilgrim father, and the chorus girl, and the lady of the court of Louis XVI. A fat man stood on the dais singing Oh, Promise Me. A thin lady, a skinny Juliet, sat at the piano, accompanying him.

Dick stood at a door with the captain. At other doors he could see the blue uniforms of the ship's officers. He smiled grimly, and waited for the song to end.

The concert was nearly done. It was to be followed by the judging of costumes and the masquerade ball.

"As soon as the song is done," Dick whispered, "direct all the masks to form in line and pass into the ballroom. That will probably avert a panic. Once the line leaves the hall we can shut the door."

"And then—"

Sir Aurey Harris' right hand bulged in his uniform-coat pocket. His eyes lit with unholy longings.

"As the line goes by us, I will pick out those we want."

"Good!" The captain turned to the first officer. "Mr. Hinkle, as these people in costume file out through this door, have the men at the other doors close in. When you see Mr. Clarke take anyone out of the line—cover that man with your guns, and kill him if you think it advisable."

The captain made his announcement even before the applause had begun. The singer and the pianist looked disgruntled, but nobody else seemed to mind. The masks formed into line.

The orchestra in the ballroom played a march. The line filed by slowly: Indians, cowboys, pirates, bathing beauties, Columbines, nuns, soldiers of all nations and all ages, an Aunt Jemima, a fat brown friar, a girl in silk pyjamas, coolies, devils, Mexicans, peasants, queens, laughing and talking, the fat singer and the skinny Juliet petulant and haughty.

The captain shifted nervously from one foot to the other, kept his right hand in his pocket, rubbed his left hand on his chin, nodded stiffly now and then, smiled mechanically, bowed, waited. Clarke looked bored. He slouched against the corner of the door, hands in his dinner-jacket pockets, apparently seeing no one.

The Pilgrim father went by him with a gay "Good evening, Mr. Clarke. Rather remarkable concert, eh? Those Japs were marvelous." Clarke did not appear to hear him; did not answer.

The court lady gave him a curtsy and a smile.

"But where is the charming bride, and the old and charming friend and her baron?" she asked.

"Quite well, thanks," Clarke said. Istrelle passed on. The mandarin was passing. Clarke put his hand on the mandarin's shoulder—his left hand. He smiled.

"Would you mind waiting a moment, Mr. Kuroki?" he asked. "I have something to ask you."

THE mandarin stepped out of line. The bluecoats at the other doors stepped into the hall idly, naturally, came closer, hands on their hidden guns.

A policeman went by, a lady prize fighter in a sweater and trunks and a bathrobe, boxing gloves on her hands. Gypsies followed them, clowns, Spanish and apache dancers, a Salvation Army lassie, a Colonial belle.

Kuroki's hands played with his cigarette holder.

"You would ask me somesing?" Hiss, hiss!

"In a moment," Dick said. "And the members of the acrobatic troupe too." He smiled.

Kuroki's eyes narrowed.

Clarke proffered his cigarette case. Kuroki bowed, accepted a cigarette, and put it into his holder. The line passed on—led by the man with the scratches on his face.

"Tell them, please, to step aside," Clarke said to Kuroki. "We have a surprise for them."

Kuroki hissed at the little Jap in the lead. The troupe fell out of line.

The line went by—French and American sailors, belles of 1861, flower girls, a little blond cupid—almost nude—men and women who had not masked.

Captain Harris closed the door.

Dick Clarke straightened, looked at the group before him, watched Kuroki's nervous hands.

"Why don't you smoke, Mr. Kuroki? Shall I give you a match?"

Kuroki stepped back a pace, bumped into the first officer. "No, please!" Hiss, hiss.

"As you will. Mr. Kuroki, one of your men killed two people in my room a few hours ago," Clarke said. "It was the little man with the scratches on his cheeks."

Kuroki's yellow face blanched, but he stood his ground. He smiled.

"That man? He walked wire here tonight. Kill? Impossible!" Hiss!

"He killed the baron—and a stewardess."

"A stewardess?" Hiss, hiss! "You say—stewardess?"

"A stewardess!" Clarke repeated, his voice hard, angry. "He made a mistake. He thought he was strangling Mrs. Clarke."

The Japs stood quietly by, three women and two men. If they understood Clarke's words they gave no sign of it.

"But it wasn't Mrs. Clarke. After he killed the baron he went out of my port, and came in through the port next door. How did he do that, Kuroki?"

Kuroki hissed and stammered, but words would not come.

"Istrelle du Bose occupies that room, but she was here at the concert, and her maid was in the hospital. However, Istrelle's cat was in her room. And when this man"—Clarke pointed to him and the captain snapped irons on the man's wrists—"came through the port, Kuroki, that cat leaped at him and scratched him. He came here, though, to walk the wire. Too bad he couldn't have waited in my room until Mrs. Clarke and I"—the first officer and the captain were putting irons on the other Japanese—"came down to our room."

KUROKI hissed, and words came to him.

"Lies!" Hiss! Hiss! He edged toward the door, and stopped, his back feeling another guard between him and the door. "Silly lies! Murders?" Hiss! "But me—I have no part in these murders!" He stepped to one side quickly. He knocked the cigarette from its holder, and raised the holder to his lips.

Clarke fired, without taking his hands from his pockets. The bullet tore through Kuroki's mouth, taking the jade thing with it.

"By the living God!" shouted the captain. "Mr. Clarke, what have you done?"

Dick looked at a hole in his jacket, a hole with a widening glowing rim, a hole that smoked a little. He took his hand out of his pocket and patted the widening hole.

"I have ruined my coat," he said.

Dick at grips with the master criminal aboard the Marantic. All the episodes of The Diamond Eye have been leading up to that climax, which you'll find in next week's concluding installment of this story.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Me and My Shadow

My little girl gazed in puzzlement at twin sisters who came with their mother to tea. After a while she inquired: "Mother, where's the other me?"—Mrs. Margaret P. Mason, 669 Valencia St., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Did Auntie Keep an Anteater?

Mary gazed at a bottle of perfume on her aunt's dresser and asked her what perfume was for. Her aunt told her it was just to smell. "Who smelled it down that far?" Mary wanted to know.—Frank B. Fleck, 187 S. Monroe St., Tiffin, Ohio.

"*Use* RCA RADIOTRONS"
—*say leading radio builders*

VACUUM tubes are the heart of your radio set. Sensitivity, selectivity and tone depend on their quality.

Your set—whatever its make—was designed by the manufacturer to give its best performance with RCA Radiotrons.

These tubes are the acknowledged standard of the industry—in every laboratory and every factory.

Don't handicap a good radio set with inferior, short-lived tubes that call for frequent renewals and produce discordant noises.

Look for the red and black carton RCA *and the famous* RCA *trade-mark*

Manufacturers with a reputation to maintain use the tubes with a reputation back of them

CHARLES EDISON, *President,* Thomas A. Edison, Inc., *says:* "Before releasing them to dealers, we test the performance of Edison receiving sets with RCA Radiotrons. We do this because they do full justice to a product of which we are proud. So that purchasers may receive maximum satisfaction from our instruments, we recommend to our dealers RCA Radiotrons for initial equipment and for replacement."

RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY, INC.
HARRISON, N. J.

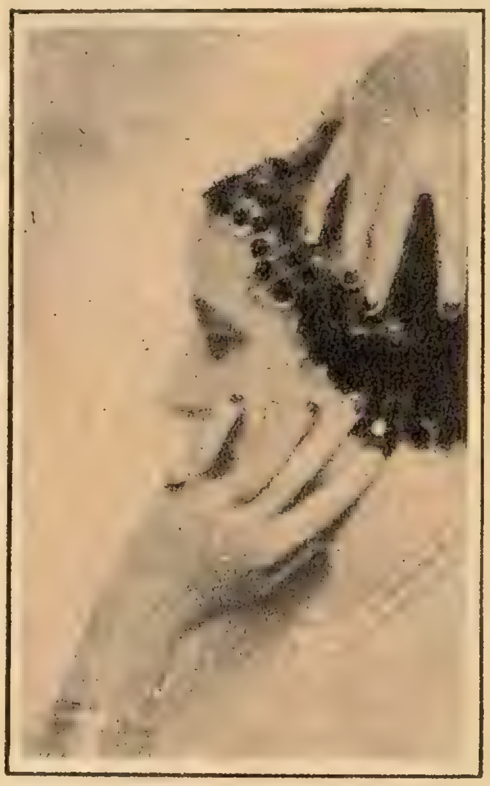
RCA
UY-227
DETECTOR & AMPLIFIER
A-C HEATER
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Radiotron
RCA
RADIOTRON
UY 224
RCA
UX-226
AMPLIFIER
A-C FILAMENT
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Radiotron

RCA Radiotron
THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

BRIMFUL of CHIC

By

BETTINA BEDWELL



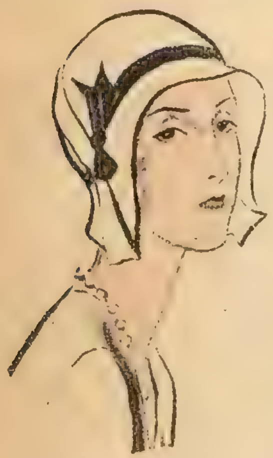
Mme. Agnès wearing her new bonnet of horsehair braid trimmed with chenille dots.

Paris.

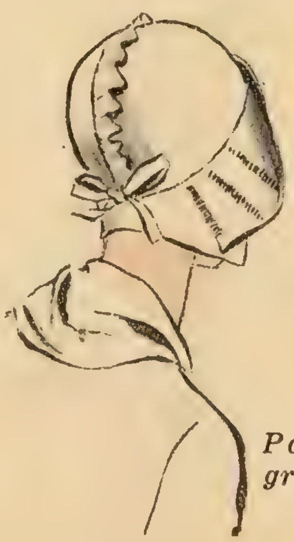
THEY'RE out, girls, the new spring hats in Paris, and they are brimful of chic and charm. Virtually every French hat has its brim restored. No more tight little caps! Most of the cachet of the spring millinery lies in the way in which brims are being treated. They're draped, cut, turned, and twisted in unbelievable and beautiful ways, all to make a fetching frame for a pretty head and face.

The fashionably behaved hat puts up a good front, and it also tends to back and side lines. Crowns are unimportant trifles, usually very shallow, at least in front, but they are always molded to make the contours of the head beautiful.

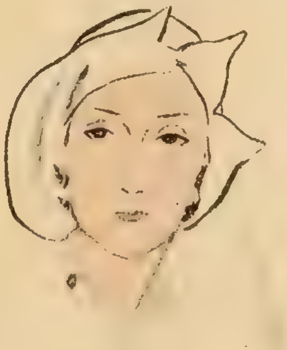
In the interest of prettiness, which is the last word in chic, brims are ruffled, plaited, smocked, and tucked, so that they ripple enchantingly, or, in the hands of the great Paris millinery artists, they are merely twisted and draped to achieve the same end. Long back brims are out. As to size, the brim is anywhere from two to six inches wide, but is seldom evenly wide all around. Six-inch brimmed hats of horsehair braid, coarse figured linen, and lace straw are going to the southern resorts, but they won't come back north for a long, long time.



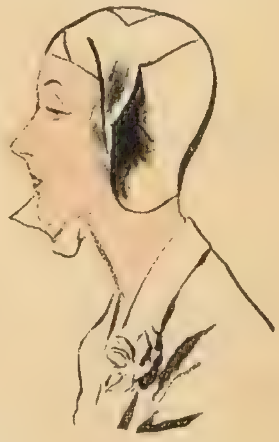
Descat shapes this hat like a sunbonnet.



Patou trims a green linen hat with ruffles.



Reboux points the brim of this black straw hat.



A hat with a scalloped brim, from Reboux.

Double-faced straws and felts are making many of the smart spring hats. Bogota—also called neora—is a smart, highly pliable, lustrous straw. Cellophane, bengale, bakou, and panama are a quartet of fashionable straws that make first spring hats. Tweed straw and real tweed make sports hats. Felt is still extremely good, and satin makes many dressy hats. Lace and filet net straws are used for dinner and theater hats.

SMART women are wearing little transparent straw hats for dinner and the theater, and these form a special branch of the mode.

Hat trimmings are usually applied flat so they do not disturb the contour of crown or brim. Heaps of bows are used, and some milliners like to tuck a big flower under the brim of the chapeau. Reboux is making some hats with a big bow at one side, contrived from part of the hat brim. Feathers are used to trim some hats, and whole hats are made out of feathers arranged in contrasted patches. Many first spring hats have scalloped brims, and some of these brims are cut away in a point to the nape of the neck, so that the point of your bobbed hair, or your chignon, shows.

PARIS has modernized the Mercury cap, transforming its wings to upstanding points at the sides. Felt and straw sunbonnets are cunning novelties for the young girl.

The smartest hats begin far back at one side of the head, so that a big lock of hair, and maybe an ear, is visible. Sometimes one whole side of the hat will be cut off at the middle of the ear, but most of the spring hats are rather long on both sides.

Our sketches illustrate the outstanding hat trends, and the photograph shows Mme. Agnès wearing her smartest dinner bonnet of black horsehair braid trimmed with chenille dots.

The first sketch at the left shows Rose Descat's billiard-green felt sunbonnet, trimmed with grosgrain ribbon. Like all smart hats this spring, it shows the forehead.

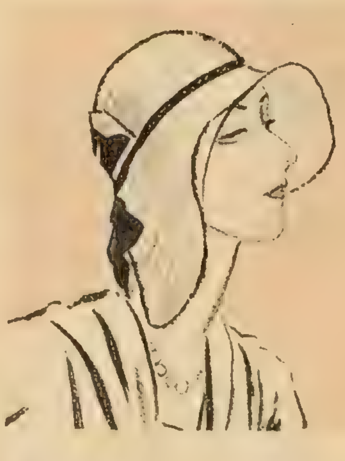
Next to it is a pale green linen hat from Patou, with a ruffle across the crown and lines of green embroidery at the folded sides.

The first of the right-hand sketches is of a Reboux hat with its brim cut into points at the left side to suggest the wings of the Mercury cap. It's made of neora straw.

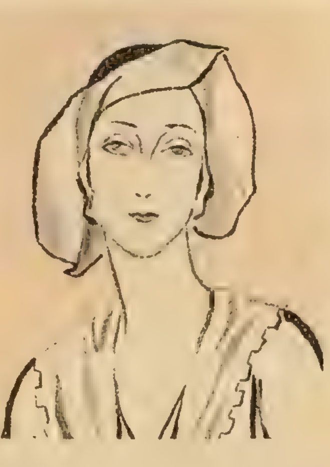
Just below it is another Reboux hat in bright green felt, its brim all cut up in scallops and draped back to show the forehead. There is a big bow, made of the brim, on the right side.

Of the two lower sketches, the wide-brimmed hat on the left, from Marie Christiane, is made of coffee-colored bengale straw trimmed with brown grosgrain.

The other is a draped black and white reversible straw from Le Monnier. The black is on top and the white underneath.



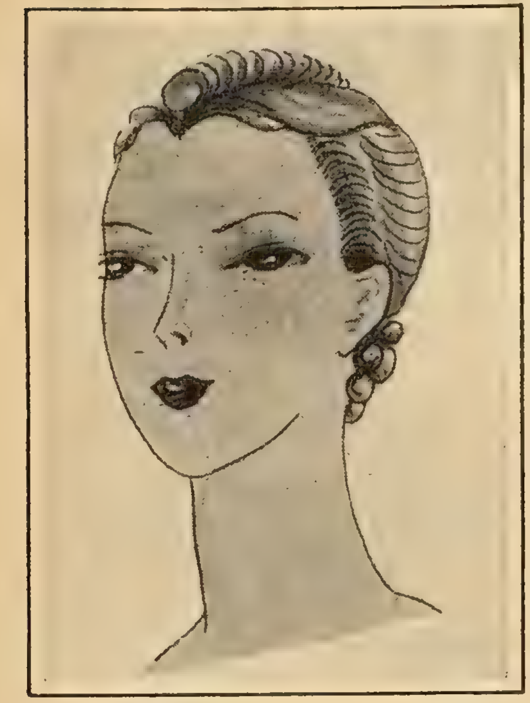
Christiane wires the brim of this bengale straw hat.



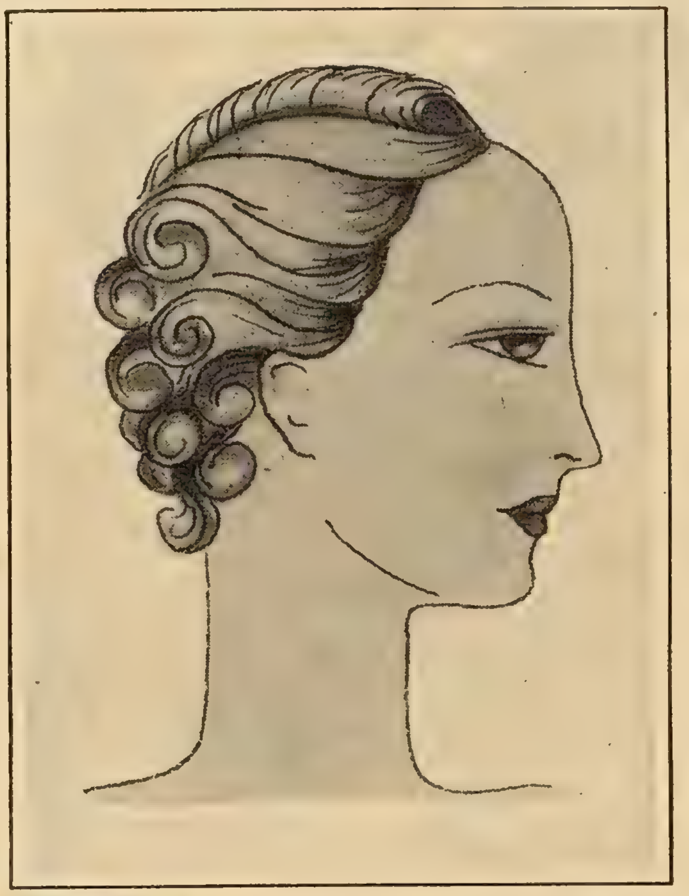
This Le Monnier hat is made of black and white straw.

Tomorrow's Coiffures—?

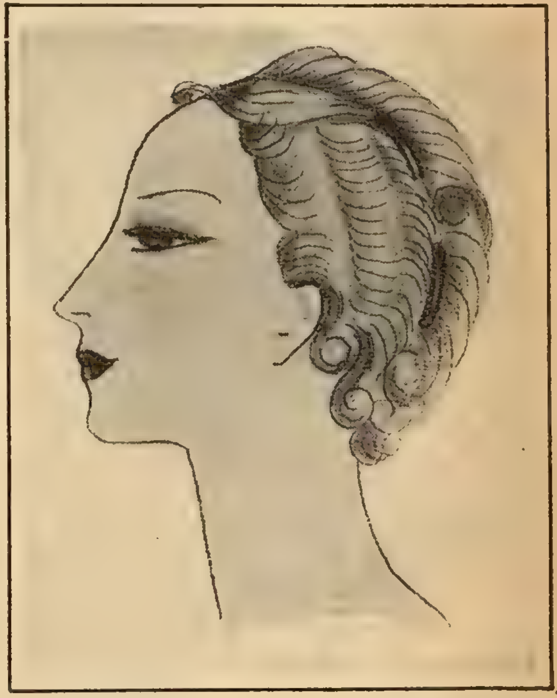
By Eileen Bourne



The newest thing in evening coiffures, which has been named the "chanticleer."



A side view of the chanticleer coiffure—for the oval-faced beauty.

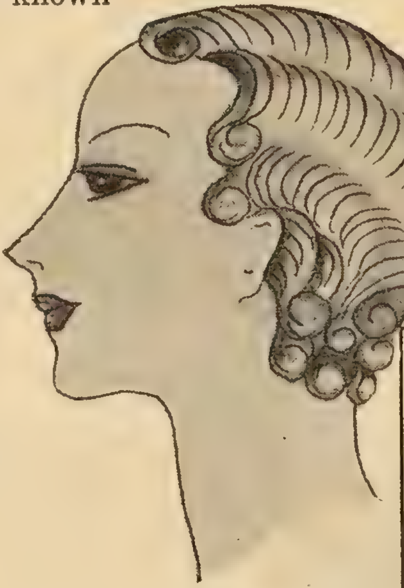


For day wear the chanticleer is modified; worn with tortoise-shell combs.

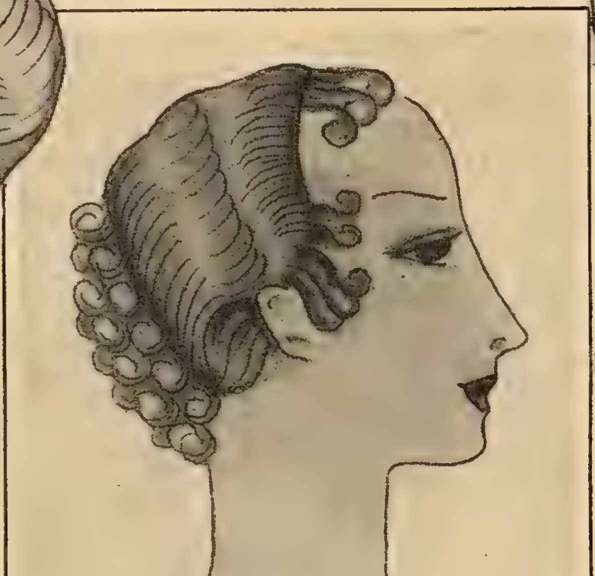
ARE we on the eve of a coiffure extraordinary revival? The headdresses here illustrated are inspirations of that world-known genius of the coiffure, M. Antoine. Whether you see in them any suggestions for your own head, or whether they present visions of a possible early future struggle with wayward locks—at least, they are a bit disturbing.

They may forebode earlier rising hours for us poor working slaves, for you can't manage that kind of hair fixin' on the run out of the front door. It may only mean that we will have to ask off a couple of hours earlier so we can get home and be properly hairdressed in time for the dinner engagement. Yet, to the simply coiffed, there's something disconcerting in the way that women are taking to long skirts, belted waistlines, and long kid gloves.

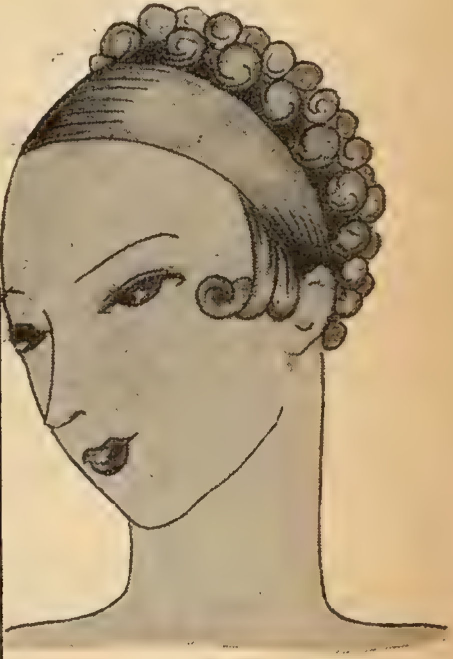
The coiffure evolution is still in a conjectural state. But this may be what lies in wait around the corner!



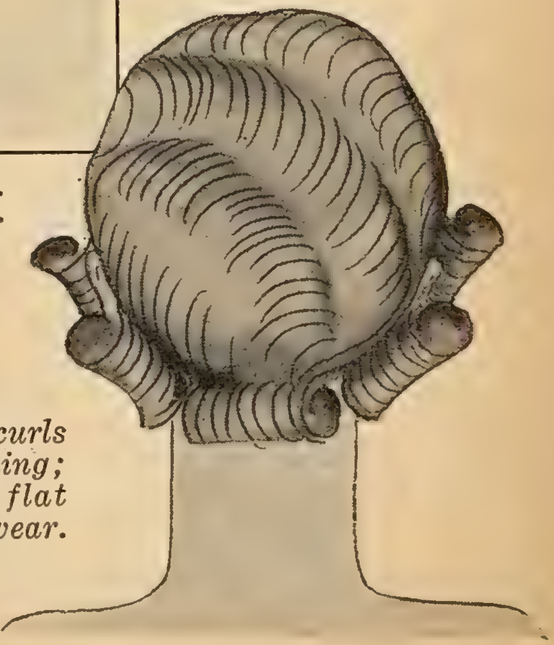
Ringlets—suggested for the tulle or taffeta swathed deb.



Brow "teasers" and a psyche-knotted curl cluster are for formal afternoon wear.



For the statuesque blonde wearing a very feminine gown.



Puffed curls for evening; pinned flat for day wear.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name..
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No..

City..........................State................ 186

John Jacob Astor, posthumous son and namesake of Colonel Astor who died on the Titanic—from one of Captain Jackson's snapshots made sixteen years ago, when this baby was big game for a news photographer.

Under CAMERA Fire

A News Photographer's Glimpses of Human Nature

AS TOLD TO JOHN S. LOPEZ

By Captain

EDWARD N. JACKSON

of the New York Daily News, who commanded the Twenty-seventh Division's photo unit at the Hindenburg Line, and took the only picture of the German delegates receiving the peace terms. He recalls having photographed five Presidents, five kings, two Popes, three queens, and four princes.

Photographs by CAPTAIN JACKSON

ONE afternoon a few months ago, while I was prospecting for pictures in upper Fifth Avenue, who should come along but John D. Rockefeller. He knows me. He has been under my camera often during the last twenty years. "Howdy, Jackson!" he called. "Suppose I might as well stand and deliver." His face lit with an agreeable smile.

Naturally, with so famous a person posing for a photograph, a little crowd gathered at a respectful distance.

Click! went the shutter. "Thanks, Mr. Rockefeller."

Mr. Rockefeller adjusted his cravat. "Are you sure you got a good one, Jackson? I thought I moved a little. Better make another to be sure."

And then, the second exposure having been made, the old gentleman gave me a genial farewell and was on his way.

Right beside me stood a young man who had followed the whole proceeding with unconcealed interest. "Pretty easy for you," he observed. "Old John D. just eats it up, doesn't he? No wonder you see so many pictures of him. He's just a born camera fiend."

"Born" was the word he used. And that was the greatest mistake anyone could make about the old gentleman.

Miss Madeleine Force and Colonel Astor before their marriage.

It was about twenty years ago that I shot—or tried to shoot—my first snapshot of John D., and I did it on the run. This was out of regard for my own skin. In those days Mr. Rockefeller liked to be photographed so well that he always went about with a couple of guards to shoo off intruders, cameramen in particular. Oh, no, as a camera subject, John D. wasn't born; he was made.

And this is true of a majority of the notables whose faces crowd the newspapers nowadays, particularly those who come down from earlier days.

Times have indeed changed. This is the age of publicity and propaganda, and the camera is right-hand brother of them both.

WHEN I embarked as a photographer, thirty years ago, we had to "steal" most of our interesting pictures—that is to say, snap them without the permission and often without the knowledge of their subjects. For those were days when it was the privilege, almost the public duty, of any gentleman to resent a photographic intrusion upon himself or any lady who happened to be under his escort by smashing the offending camera and trying to do likewise to its owner. I came across a photograph recently of Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo and Mrs. McAdoo, taken at the time of the wedding of President Wilson to Mrs. Galt. The Secretary's cane is in the air, raised in a strangely menacing manner. As a matter of fact, that cane was on its way toward my head.

There wasn't any redress for a photographer assaulted. Everybody, including the cops and the courts, seemed to think it served him right.

First to succumb to the news photograph were the public officials, high and low. They realized it meant good political propaganda to have the faces as well as the names

Captain Jackson's photograph of Mrs. Wilson, Queen Mary, President Wilson, King George, and Princess Mary. They posed at Mrs. Wilson's suggestion.

of the government's administrators known to the voting public. Next came the writers, the artists, the scientists, the clergy, even the physicians, who quickly discerned an ethical means of securing a little free publicity.

But last to yield, in this country at least, were the socially elect. And of course even those who were not of the elect but who wanted to be considered so shunned us. Today, the most willing camera subjects of all are the outstanding figures of this same fashionable world.

Recently I read that Marble House, Newport, sometime home of the O. H. P. Belmonts, and probably the most famous summer residence in America, was to go under the hammer.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with his daughter Abby—a news photograph hitherto unpublished because of Mrs. Rockefeller's fear of kidnapers at the time it was taken.

MARBLE HOUSE will always stand out in my mind as the scene of a historic tiff between America's two most prominent social leaders, a tiff that actually resulted from the first real letting down of the barriers between the socially elect and the newspaper photographers.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was to be visited by her daughter Consuelo, then the Duchess of Marlborough, and was arranging to give an unusually elaborate party at Marble House. The visitor was to be presented to American society, the outstanding members of which were flocking in for the event from all over the country.

The day before the fête, four of us photographers were standing opposite the Casino prospecting for photos and gloomily discussing the outlook. It seemed dull gray. At one end of the situation were our editors clamoring for pictures, ready to fire us if we slipped. At our end—a blank. We knew from past experience that around Marble House would be a veritable hedgerow of husky private detectives, enlisted for the express purpose of repelling all crashers, photographers in particular.

A carriage stopped near our group, and a voice cut in on our debate. We recognized Mrs. Belmont's secretary, a very nice young lady and a friendly enemy of ours.

"Good morning. Mrs. Belmont has sent me to ask would the press photographers like to come and make pictures at Marble House tomorrow afternoon."

Would we!

After we had convinced ourselves that our ears had functioned properly, we acclaimed in chorus that we would—we very decidedly would. But when we discussed it afterward we began to fear a *cul de sac* to entrap us until the fête was successfully over.

But no. Mrs. Belmont had reached the conclusion that the time had arrived to shatter the taboo. So at the appointed hour the next day the photographic group reported at Marble House. And not the least of our satisfactions lay in the fact that while we were admitted freely, our chagrined police escort had to remain outside. We had accomplished that by pleading that surveillance would interfere with our "artistry."

We had a grand time. It was a photographic Elysium. We took pictures of famous guests in and around the tea

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Get at Grippe from the Inside!

Get at a cold or attack of grippe in the right way—*from the inside!* Don't try to drive it out with trick remedies that relieve only the surface symptoms and not the cold itself. Nothing replaces a good "cleaning out."

Whenever you feel the need of a good physic, whether to break up a cold or relieve a case of constipation, the thing to take *always* is Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Physicians recommend castor oil as the ideal laxative and Kellogg's is castor oil with the objectionable features eliminated. It's simply pure, fresh, castor oil, full-strength, with the old castor oil taste and odor removed by super-refining. It moves the bowels gently, but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives and without upsetting the stomach or causing after-nausea. It also exercises a healing effect upon the mucus membrane of the bowel, which is always desirable after a good purging and which does not follow the action of the ordinary laxative. Physicians recommend Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Children take it willingly. At all good druggists.

Kellogg's is never sold in bulk, but always in the original *refinery-sealed* bottle which always comes in a carton. Both bottle and carton bear the full Kellogg label. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Asthma

Vapo-Cresolene, when Vaporized and inhaled, night or day, acts quickly to relieve attacks of Bronchial Asthma, reduce severity and frequency of paroxysms, soothe and quiet the inflamed membranes, restore normal breathing and make restful sleep possible. World-wide reputation in Whooping Cough, Croup, Head and Chest Colds and Bronchial Asthma.

Vapo-Cresolene

A proven Germicide and Disinfectant

Sold at all Drug Stores. Write for Descriptive Booklet No. 683.

Used While You Sleep

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt Street, New York City

No Scars when you use ACADONA

Don't squeeze or cut that boil. ACADONA BOIL POULTICE will quickly head a boil, almost instantly stop the pain, and prevent re-infection and scars. Your neat appearance will not be marred when you use Acadona. At your druggist—or Poloris Co., 79 E. 130 St., New York.

50¢

Druggists Everywhere
in Canada 60¢

ACADONA BOIL POULTICE Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

[UNDER CAMERA FIRE
Continued from page seventy-three]

house. The duchess came out and posed with her mother. In fact, everything was running along fine. Boy, this was great!

Then along came an electric motor car, and in it the late Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, in those days the unchallenged queen of the world of fashion, a queen whose smiles or frowns were enough to make or mar a social career, whose word had for years been social law. She had always been our worst enemy. In fact, she was chiefly responsible for the aversion in which we were held.

Andrew Carnegie, "Laird of Skibo," and Mrs. Carnegie on a return from Europe.

Mrs. Oelrichs gave one astounded look at the lineup of photographers. "How did you get in here?" she demanded indignantly. "Leave the grounds immediately!"

I explained somewhat triumphantly that we were there by Mrs. Belmont's invitation.

"We'll see about that," she said. "Either you will leave or I shall."

She flounced into the house in search of Mrs. Belmont, and in a few minutes she flounced out again. Her face was flaming. She looked neither to the right nor to the left, but got back into her car and drove away. Upon her heels came Mrs. Belmont, her face also flushed, her head high, in her eyes a steely glitter. She posed for us again, making a great show of it. Then she urged others who had been holding back to yield to us. The first skirmish in the battle of the photographs was over.

THE immediate effect of our partial victory was to whet our longstanding desire to get a picture of Mrs. Oelrichs. All the rest of that season we stalked her, lurking behind walls and hedges, trying to catch her off guard. But she always outwitted us.

Imagine the surprise of the photographers, therefore, when at the very opening of the following season we were invited to come to Mrs. Oelrichs' home to confer with her. The lady went immediately to the heart of the matter. She wished, she said, to make a bargain with us.

"My last season was almost spoiled by you," she explained, "and you all wasted a lot of energy on me. Now I've decided there is no use in us repeating all that nonsense this season.

"If each of you will promise never under any circumstances to try to photograph me, I will reciprocate by trying to influence any member of our set to pose for you."

The compact was solemnly entered into by all of us. It meant much to the photographers because, while Mrs. Belmont's capitulation had brought with it the surrender of approximately half the social worthwhiles, the other half, partisans of Mrs. Oelrichs, had remained camera dodgers, probably through fear of incurring her disfavor. And we reaped another advantage: From that time on the police ceased to chaperon us.

Mrs. Oelrichs, once our most uncompromising foe, now acquired an interest in our work! At any rate, we could always call on her to influence diffident members of the summer colony and their visitors to face our cameras.

NOR was our promise to her ever broken. True, a young photographer visiting Newport for the first time managed easily to get a snap of Mrs. Oelrichs, now that she was off guard. He didn't know of the truce. He bragged about how he had beaten us. We convinced him that the negative must be destroyed and never even spoken of. We knew what would happen if Mrs. Oelrichs learned of the matter and had her confidence in us shaken.

It remains a mystery to me why Mrs. Oelrichs would never permit us to photograph her. She was a stately woman and would have made a very attractive camera subject. Perhaps, like a few others who held out, she was too deeply imbued with the social tradition that display of any sort was an earmark of innate vulgarity.

There are probably some people who feel that way sincerely, even to this day. They say as much. But in most cases the real cause of their objection is an overstrong sense of personal vanity. In the old days the newspaper pictures certainly weren't calculated to inspire confidence in anyone with a keen regard for personal appearance. The results achieved by those early half-tone cuts and printing processes, compared with the fine etchings and the offset and intaglio processes of today, were like drawings of cave men compared with portraits of Rembrandt.

Then, too, almost anyone with enough sense to press the button was sent out to take pictures. I was better equipped than the average, having learned photography in a good portrait gallery. But this didn't help me much then—though it has since—

because the early victims usually wouldn't let a cameraman get near enough to explain anything.

To this day the fear of being badly photographed is the one thing that deters many women.

Looking back over a line of Presidents' wives, which included Mrs. Cleveland, though after she had left the White House, and comes down to the present First Lady, I can see that no two of these ladies had exactly the same idea about photographs. One would hate them uncompromisingly; another would like them, frankly delighting to be in the picture; a third would be neutral, posing as part of the price of being mated to prominence.

Mrs. Taft, I think, came in the last category. There was a whimsical quality in her treatment of the photographers that always left us in the air. At least, she was always courteous, if not always enthusiastic.

A snapshot of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who did away with society's barrier against the news photographer.

SEVERAL photographers were waiting in the Blue Room of the White House to get a picture of the President receiving someone.

Expecting to shoot the picture outdoors, we had brought no tripods and so were distinctly out of luck for giving time exposures. Then one of us got an idea. As a result we requisitioned the various articles of equipment of the big fireplace upon which to steady our cameras. I got the big tongs, another an andiron, another the scuttle, which he placed upon a small table. We were all set, with cameras ready, when the door opened and in walked Mrs. Taft. She was so startled she gulped. Then a faint smile tempered the look of annoyance that had swept over her face.

"Well, young men," she said sarcastically, "I am glad you have made yourselves entirely at home. I am also glad you did not find it necessary to drag the fireplace itself out on our best rug."

At one time the hardest woman in America—next to Hetty Green—to get before the camera was Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President. Her antipathy to being photographed was extreme.

The second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was one who definitely disliked to be photographed. When it was done, her distaste for it showed on her face and gave her a rather hard expression. So in all the pictures I shot of her I made it a practice to give her the ready signal so she could place her real feelings in the background long enough to assume her famous smile.

My experience with the second Mrs. Wilson began during her engagement to the President. But it was as official photographer to him and his party, during his attendance at the peace negotiations and on his European tour, that I had day-by-day opportunity to study her and learn her photographic idiosyncrasies.

One of the very few occasions in which Mrs. Wilson really desired to be photographed occurred while the Presidential party was at Buckingham Palace during the visit to the King and Queen of England.

Queen Mary and Mrs. Wilson had immediately taken a genuine liking to each other, a liking apart from any consideration of the political amenities. King George and the President, too, seemed to find much interest in each other, the king quite outdoing the President in his democratic, friendly overtures.

It was toward the end of the visit, while the four were together, that Mrs. Wilson suggested that it would be nice to have a group picture as a souvenir. This picture

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

UH-UH-UH-!

When the cold you've been supporting all winter does its daily dynamiting . . . just when you are trying to get a good smoke . . . remember that one great cigarette . . . which clears the way to old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

When Arms and Shoulders Pain
you can find relief from the TWINGES OF MUSCULAR ACHES in

WELDONA TABLETS
Real Comfort to Those with a Rheumatic Tendency

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

Grandma's Rheumatism's Gone

The field for Weldona, the largest selling rheumatic tablet in the world, extends not only to those suffering from severe forms of rheumatism, but to its more general use for those with a rheumatic tendency. After exposure to cold, rain, dampness or fatigue, to escape the twinges of muscular aches, to relieve the pain of arms and shoulders at night they are a real comfort to one with a rheumatic tendency. Weldona tablets can be had at druggists everywhere.

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

Advertiser Page
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc. 6
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., The
  (Spud Cigarettes) 75
Beech-Nut Packing Co. 38
Blackstone Institute 76
Bristol-Myers Co. (Gastrogen) 24
  (Sal Hepatica) 29
Canadian National Railways 46
Corn Products Refining Co. (Mazola) 37
Edwards Olive Tablets, Dr. 48
Florian, Inc. 30
Ford Motor Company 19
French Lick Springs Hotel Co.
  (Pluto Water) 67
Freezone 58
General Mills, Inc. .... Back Cover
  (Gold Medal Products Company)
General Tire and Rubber Company, The
  Second Cover
Goldman, Mary T. 77
Hair Groom 54
Houbigant, Inc.
  (Fougère Royale) 45
Hudson Motor Car Company
  (Essex Challenger Motor Car) 40-41
Illinois Watch, The 5
Janvier, Inc., Walter
  (Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil) 74
La Salle Extension University 47
Lehn & Fink, Inc. (Lysol) 20
Lever Brothers Company
  (Lux Toilet Soap) 27
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
  (Granger Rough Cut Pipe Tobacco) 55
Lucky Tiger Remedy Company 76
Luden's, Inc. 44
Menhenitt Company Limited, The 47
Modern Mechanics Magazine 54
Mollé Company, The 57
Morton Salt Company 61
Munson Steamship Lines 58
National City Company, The 56
O'Brien, Clarence A. 77
Pepsodent Co., The 25
Poloris Co. 74
RCA Radiotron Company, Inc. 69
Samoline Corporation 43
Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
  (Corona Division) 59
Stein & Company, A. 3
True Confessions Magazine 48
Tung-Sol Lamp Works Inc. 28
Vapo-Cresolene Co. 74
Washington Coffee Refining Company, G. 47
Waterman Company, L. E. .... Third Cover
Weldona Corp'n 75
Zemo 59

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

LAW Free Book

Write today for FREE 64-page book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN"**, which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, lawyers and U. S. Supreme Court justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with the course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, which is delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL.B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-back Agreement.

Write for free 64-page book today

BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. 113 Chicago

THE LAW TRAINED MAN

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Lucky Tiger Knocks Dandruff and Scalp Ailments like Whyte-Fox (1 and 2)
Medicated Massage heals skin irritations, and No. 2 Whyte-Fox stops rectal itchings. Used by Millions. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for free booklet.
At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors
Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E **LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.**

UNDER CAMERA FIRE
Continued from page seventy-five

was a great favorite with the President and Mrs. Wilson.

It isn't always those persons whose pictures are most frequently seen who most like being photographed. Nor yet are the camera dodgers always actuated by real dislike.

After being the most persistent camera dodger of the early years, John D. Rockefeller became the most available of subjects. A change of mind? Not at all. John D. never really disliked to be photographed. Policy was behind his dodging. While he was active in the world of finance, not only was he the target of the gold diggers, but, also, the public being vociferously hostile to big business, he was the recipient of many threats of violence. Hence it was not good judgment to have his face made known to every passer-by. But with the old gentleman's virtual retirement and his emergence as a philanthropist, those considerations passed.

General and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt on Fifth Avenue, New York City, in 1915.

On the other hand, there are today in the public eye many persons whose faces are known in every corner of the world and this despite the fact that they have a positive antipathy for the camera.

PROBABLY the man in all the world most photographed recently is "Lindy," Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. Yet Lindy, as a celebrity, is one of the hardest of them all to photograph. I'm quite sure that it was only because he felt it to be his duty as the unofficial "ambassador of good will" that he almost lived under the camera eye for a season.

And Lindy's personal antipathy, to my mind, was behind the unvarying expression of reticence so apparent in his pictures—this in no slight degree causing, or at least enhancing, his world-wide reputation for modesty.

We sold him the idea that the public was interested in the mail flyers. Then the thing happened that turned his passive dislike to positive aversion.

This was before his epochal flight, and while he was flying the mails between Chicago and St. Louis.

There had been a tornado at Murphysboro, Illinois, and the representative of a news photo service engaged him to convey to headquarters in Chicago the undeveloped plates shot by the photographer on the scene. It meant a clean beat or scoop for that particular photo service, and Lindy became thoroughly imbued with the enthusiasm of the photographers.

As per program, the flyer landed at an appointed place near St. Louis and accepted a package of plates given him by the man who announced that he represented the service. Then he was off, making Chicago in record time for the distance. The plates were rushed to the developing room. A special staff had been held in readiness. Then it was discovered that not one of the plates had been exposed. They were blanks. The representative of an opposition service had learned of the plan and had handed the unsuspecting Lindy the duds to avoid being scooped.

LINDY was so mortified that he refused to accept pay for the flight. What he had to say about the ethics of news photographers wasn't very complimentary, his opinions not being modified in the least when he was told that according to the code the sharp photographer was entirely within his rights. It is, in fact, an accepted tradition among news photographers that scheming of any sort is justifiable to achieve a scoop or to avoid being scooped. But ever since then Lindy has been distinctly shy of us, acting usually as though he feared some one of us might pick his pocket.

President Coolidge is another who regarded the camera with acute repugnance.

Fresh in mind is the day I went by appointment to the Waldorf to photograph him. He was stopping over while en route to Washington to be inaugurated as Vice President.

Exactly on the minute, he entered. He paused by the door and announced grimly that he was ready.

"Please step over to the window, Governor," I said. "You're in a shadow there."

"Here or nowhere," he snapped. "And be quick about it if you want a picture." And he wouldn't be budged.

During the inauguration Mrs. Coolidge took the photographers in hand, and her husband also. And after that the President, against his real inhibitions, stood up before the cameras amiable and affable, outwardly, at least, though I've more than a suspicion that inwardly he fumed.

Just recently I was assigned to get the photo of a very famous opera singer. She was arriving from Europe with her husband, a very rich and very prominent man from the Middle West.

The lady made little effort to conceal her disappointment when her husband objected to her posing, but she yielded to his wishes and we got no picture of her.

But there was some difficulty with the customs and next day she returned to the Custom House, this time alone.

As Captain Jackson snapped this picture of Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. W. G. McAdoo, the Secretary was menacing the captain's head with his cane.

I coaxed her to pose.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I cannot. However, if you should make a snapshot while I am walking about, I can't help that . . ."

Thereupon she began to walk up and down, in and out of the entrance, picking the light spots and affording me every opportunity, but not pausing once.

Is the idea clear? This lady, who should have been a diplomat, had given her husband his way and at the same time had her own. If she had struck a standing pose it would have been apparent, proof positive that she had disregarded her husband's wishes.

There was a certain young princess, member of a lesser royal house of Europe, who once put aside considerations of royal dignity and helped me to "steal" many pictures of her.

I learned the reason one day when, after her waiting invitingly before my camera, as she had done conspicuously on the preceding day, I told her that I already had enough pictures of her.

"YOU might think of another way," she said wistfully. And then, as I hesitated, she confided that while traveling incognito she had become acquainted with a very nice American boy, a student. He had not suspected her real identity, and now she wanted him to see her pictures and learn the truth. Thus, she explained, he would understand why she had not communicated with him—would realize that it might only hurt them both to try to keep alive their friendship. She was young, and romantic, and sincere. If you can recall the princess whose face was much in the prints a few years ago, you may guess her identity.

Hetty Green, America's richest woman, was one who never really got over an antipathy for photographers, yet she finally surrendered. And she was influenced by the very reason that had been back of her dislike. That was her great sense of dignity.

Mrs. Green was very much in the news in her day, and the photographers were constantly on her trail. We were always bobbing up unexpectedly, snapping pictures of her under every conceivable circumstance and difficulty, and always on the run. Consequently her pictures, as a rule, did her a great injustice, and I have always believed that a certain particularly bad one was responsible for her sudden change of mind.

ONE day, a short time before this wonderful old woman passed on, she paused in the street, instead of trying to dodge us as usual, and told us to take our time and we might get what pictures we wanted.

"Young men," she said in a most resigned manner, "I am tired of dodging and ducking. It makes me feel foolish. I have decided that since I must be photographed it shall be in a way that will enable me to retain some of my dignity—and appearance."

Sir Thomas Lipton is a celebrity who really doesn't like all the bother of being photographed so much, yet yields because of a reason that reaches back into his early life.

One day, after a particularly arduous session, he started to retire to his cabin, plainly tired out. Then a young photographer came aboard the yacht fairly bubbling with excitement and anxiety about his job. This was during the international yacht races, and the cub was in fear that if he missed getting Sir Thomas' picture it would be all up with him. Wouldn't Sir Thomas give him just a couple of snaps? Sir Thomas yielded. When I commented on his good nature, telling him of the difficulties we sometimes met with, a wistful look came into his eyes.

"I don't mind it," he said. "I feel that I owe a debt to photography and photographers that I can never really pay. As a boy I worshiped my mother. I still do. And photography gave me a portrait of her, a portrait that goes wherever I go. But for that I would have no such reminder, because in those early days oil portraits were a luxury not even to be thought of in the Lipton family."

In a quarter century of experience with a news camera, I have, of course, encountered many and varied camera dodgers. But never in all my experience have I met anyone who employed

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

PATENTS

Your First Step for Protection

Although most inventors do not realize it, the very first step toward the protection of an idea is one which they can take themselves. It consists of making and keeping an authentic record of the invention.

To make such a record, prepare a sketch of your invention together with a written description of its operation and purpose. Date your sketch, sign it before a witness, be sure witness fully understands the invention, and have the witness sign with you.

For this purpose, I have prepared a "Record of Invention" form, which I will gladly send without charge or obligation to those interested, together with instructions concerning its use.

Frequently two or more inventors (usually entirely unknown to one another) make application for substantially the same invention. When that happens, the Patent is granted to the inventor who can prove that he was really the *first* to conceive the invention and was sufficiently diligent in reducing it to practice. And a signed and witnessed record such as described above, is sometimes the means by which a claim to first or prior conception is evidenced.

A FREE Booklet of Instructions

The booklet shown here contains valuable information relating to Patent procedure that every inventor should have. Tells what steps to take in making Application for a patent. With it I will send the "Record of Invention" form. Simply fill in the lines below. There is no charge or obligation.

How to obtain a PATENT

Clarence A. O'Brien

Registered Patent and Trademark Attorney

310-E Security Savings and Com'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C. or Suite 1106, Woolworth Bldg., New York City

(Please address office nearest you)

Name..

Address..

City...

State.................

Directly across street from U.S. Patent Office

GRAY HAIR GONE

Valuable Suggestions for Care of the Hair and Scalp

TEST BOTTLE FREE

Have ever-youthful hair this SAFE way. Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. Results guaranteed. We send complete Test Package FREE. This way you simply comb clear liquid through hair. Gray goes. Any shade wanted comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off or stain. We do not ask you to buy—just try it at our expense.

TEST IT FREE

3,000,000 women have used it successfully. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. Mail coupon for *Test Package.*

MARY T. GOLDMAN

4011 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name..

Street...

City.............................State......

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN

☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN

☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

UNDER CAMERA FIRE
Continued from page seventy-seven

a method so subtle and effective, so artistic, so successful, without necessitating the slightest sacrifice of dignity, as that employed by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

General Vanderbilt, her husband, doesn't like to be photographed either, but yields more or less gracefully as a matter of official duty. But just let Mrs. Vanderbilt spy what looks like a photographer! She doesn't dodge or try to cover her face. But her face immediately assumes a mask, expressionless, immovable. She stares straight ahead, her eyes glassy and expressionless. The result is that while we get the picture we get an empty shell. Every picture looks exactly like all the others dating back over years, except for fashion's changes in her attire.

Andrew Carnegie's way of sidetracking us was in line with his general whimsicality. He didn't like to be photographed, but he very seldom came out flat and turned us down.

"Well," he would say, whenever I tried to induce him to pose, "let's put it up to Mother." He meant Mrs. Carnegie. And that nice old lady, taking her cue, would be the one to find insuperable reasons why at that particular moment her husband couldn't pose. And she was very inventive. It was always a different reason. But judging from her expression at times I am quite sure she didn't altogether relish having the buck passed to her.

If Mrs. Carnegie didn't happen to be handy, as, for instance, when he was cornered at his office, the genial little Scotsman would shift responsibility to his secretary, who could always supply an excellent reason why the steel man couldn't pose on that particular day, though some other day, perhaps . . .

A news photograph of Mrs. Hetty Green that takes artistic rank as a portrait.

As I've mentioned, having dodged strenuously for years, John D. Rockefeller suddenly consented one afternoon to let me photograph him in front of the Standard Oil Building, in New York. At my request he even took off his hat and I snapped six pictures before he hurried inside. It being his first voluntary experience, I guess he was as much flustered as I, for when I developed the plates I discovered that his wig had slipped and was hanging awry.

WE could have printed those pictures, and certainly the public would have been interested. But we didn't. My editors decided that it would be unfair to hold up to ridicule a man who had been willing to help us. If I had shot the picture while he was dodging, it might have been another matter. I'm not sure about that. As it is, I wouldn't even mention it after all these years except that I know that Mr. Rockefeller in the autumn of his useful life has gained a mellow philosophy and a keen sense of humor before which vanity about personal appearance cannot possibly have survived.

It was another member of the Rockefeller family who won the willing sacrifice of a picture that meant a great deal to me. No one had ever been able to snap a photograph of Abby Rockefeller, the daughter of John D., Jr. She was then a little girl, and as there was considerable public curiosity regarding the appearance of the grandchild of the world's richest man, I had been instructed to watch my chance and get a shot.

One Sunday morning Abby came along with her father, on the way to church. He was always friendly to photographers and he gave me a wave of the hand. As he passed I shot a snap.

In a few minutes Mr. Rockefeller was back alone, visibly perturbed.

He asked as a special favor that I promise not to publish the picture I had taken.

"You're entitled to know why," he said. "Mrs. Rockefeller is afraid that if Abby's picture were published, kidnapers would be able to identify her while she was playing in Central Park."

Now that Abby is a young matron with a child of her own, there can be no harm in publishing the picture.

IT often happens, where the picture sought is of a particularly difficult subject, that the photographer is given a standing assignment to try for it whenever not engaged on another more timely subject. That was how I went on the trail of John Jacob Astor, posthumous son of Colonel John Jacob Astor, who went down on the Titanic several months before the baby was born.

There was a lot of superstitious speculation at the time, many people holding that the baby would be "marked" from the prenatal shock to his mother.

No photograph of the child had ever been made, so I gambled a good bit of time, idling about the Astor mansion whenever I was not otherwise engaged. But months went by and, not having made the slightest progress, I was about to quit altogether when one morning I saw a woman dressed as a child's nurse come out from a side street and look about in every direction. It was the very caution she displayed which sharpened my attention. Apparently sure the coast was clear, she presently wheeled forth a perambulator, its hood entirely down, and started up Fifth Avenue. Not until she had gone several blocks did she pause. Then, with another glance around, she raised the hood and lifted a child out. He ran along the sidewalk toward me dragging a toy horse.

I set the camera for distance and as the little fellow passed I called, "John!" He turned toward me instantly, smiling, and snap! the first news photo of the famous baby was made. I may remark that I had an unpleasant few minutes with the indignant nurse.

Of course the "marking" superstition was all bosh—John Jacob being a beautiful child and the picture of health; but chiefly because of the interest on that particular score, I feel sure, that picture was a veritable ten-strike. Within a week practically every prominent newspaper in America had paid well for the right to publish. Now that we have the telephone picture-transmitting machine, such a photograph would be shown everywhere within a day.

While I had put in quite some time fishing for this picture, its success was entirely a matter of luck. One can never tell about such things in advance. Often much time and money are spent and the resulting picture turns out a flop. Again a lucky snap, shot in a moment on impulse, seems to strike a dominant chord of public interest.

More of Captain Jackson's adventures in snapshooting celebrities will be related in an early issue of Liberty.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48

1—The bloodstone.
2—Persons of Chinese and native blood.
3—Daniel Webster.
4—Gen. Francis Marion.
5—A laudatory discourse.
6—The dog family.
7—The evening before Epiphany, the twelfth day after Christmas.
8—Gristle.
9—A morbid dread of confined places.
10—Dried coconut meat.
11—Honduras.
12—The murder of a wife by her husband.
13—Gamma.
14—Belgium, the Netherlands, and the grand duchy of Luxemburg.
15—Horse racing.
16—*Requiescat in pace:* May he (or she) rest in peace.
17—A strict disciplinarian.
18—The Niagara River.
19—The Federal party.
20—A perfume derived from, or imitating the odor of, the red jasmine.

Waterman's new patrician pen—the modern beauty of a long line of distinguished Waterman's ancestors—is offered in five jewel colors; Jet, shown below, and Nacre, Emerald, Onyx and Turquoise.

Styled to the minute, it is modeled as exactly to a man's grasp as to his modern taste. Beautiful to look at—and how smoothly it glides across the paper! This new pen is priced at $10, and the matching automatic pencils are $5. Or both, in a beautiful box, $15.

JET

THE PEN • $10.00

For a slightly lower price, there's Waterman's famous No. 7, the pen that offers you a choice of seven pen points. Try all seven—you'll find that *one* of them was just made for your own hand. At $7.

Or, if five dollars is the price you have in mind, Waterman's No. 5, with five selected points to choose from, is the pen you want for smooth, easy writing and long service. And remember, *every* fountain pen writes better if you use Waterman's ink.

JET

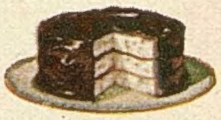
THE PENCIL • $5.00

Every Waterman's *is guaranteed forever against defects* • Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.

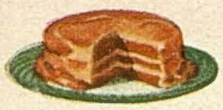
L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York • 129 South State Street, Chicago • 40 School Street, Boston
609 Market Street, San Francisco

Waterman's

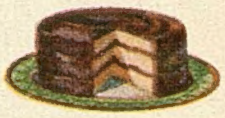
. . . If your cakes fail in 1 of these 3 ways



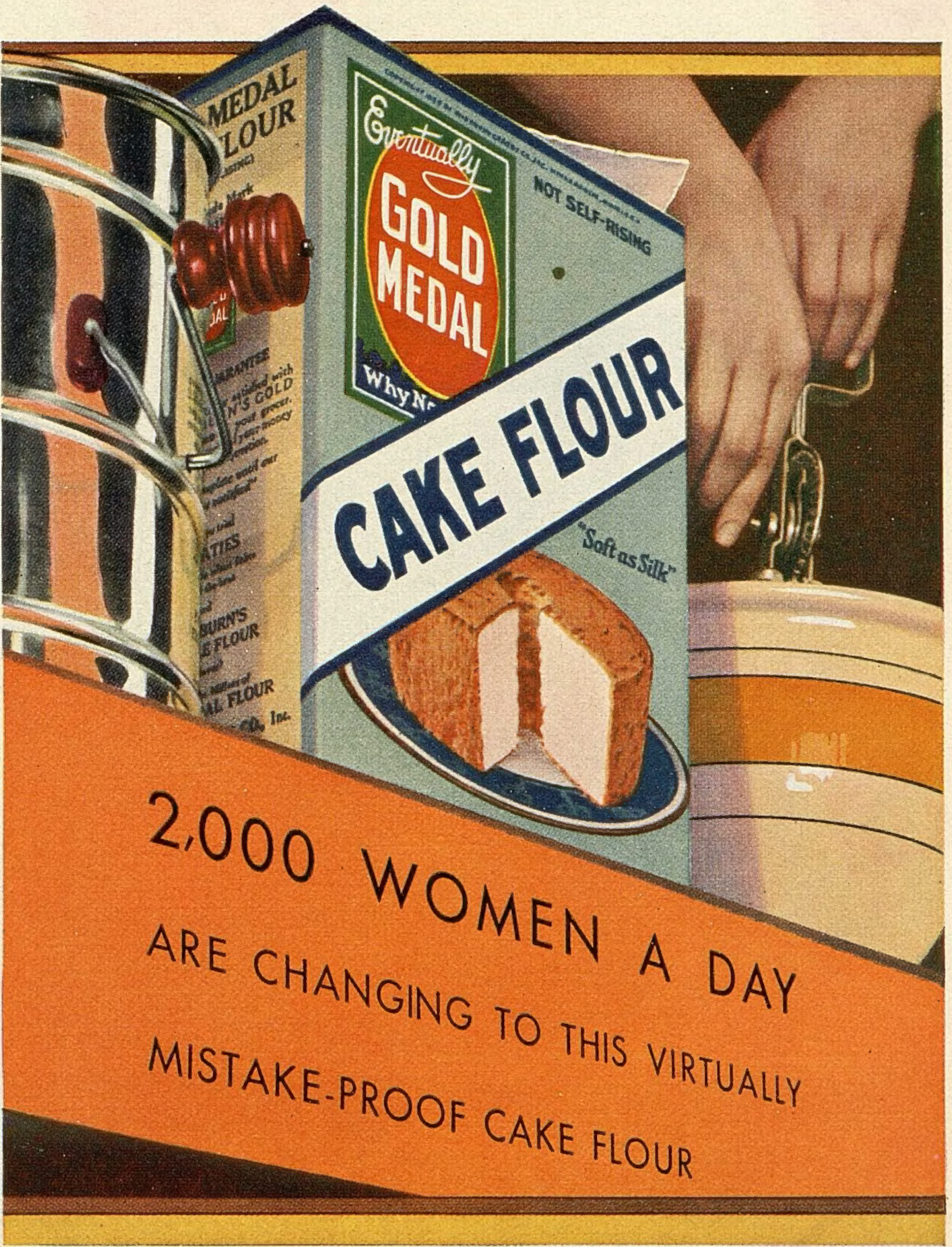
COARSE,
UNEVEN
TEXTURE



SOGGY,
TOO
"HEAVY"



DRY AND
TASTELESS —
QUICKLY STALE


GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
Eventually
GOLD MEDAL
Why Not
NOT SELF-RISING
CAKE FLOUR
"Soft as Silk"
2,000 WOMEN A DAY
ARE CHANGING TO THIS VIRTUALLY
MISTAKE-PROOF CAKE FLOUR

Note now how easily you can correct it

DEAR MADAM . . . In 35 cities the last 6 months, over 360,000 housewives discarded old-type cake flours and adopted this unique creation.

It marks a new era in cake-making; the latest achievement of the world's leading millers—the makers of the famous Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

For a revelation in easier, less troublesome cake-making, just try it. It overcomes the 3 common objections to special "cake flours."

Corrects Your 3 Great Troubles In Cake-Making

Before making it, thousands of women were consulted. They told what their greatest difficulties were in cake-making. They complained of 3 common failures. Failures 9 in 10 had at one time or another. And asked us to overcome them.

Those failures were: 1. *Coarse, uneven texture:* "waxy" and large-grained. 2. *Soggy and "flat"—often apparently without reason,* a "heavy" cake. 3. *Dry, tasteless*—often a cake stale in a day after making.

Those difficulties, it was found, were rarely due to the housewife, but to the *cake flour* she used.

Now—A Special New-Type Cake Flour

To correct them, a special new kind of cake flour, called Gold Medal Cake Flour, was developed. A flour made only of the hearts of a certain rare type of wheat. A wheat whose gluten acts ENTIRELY DIFFERENT with baking powder than gluten of ordinary flour.

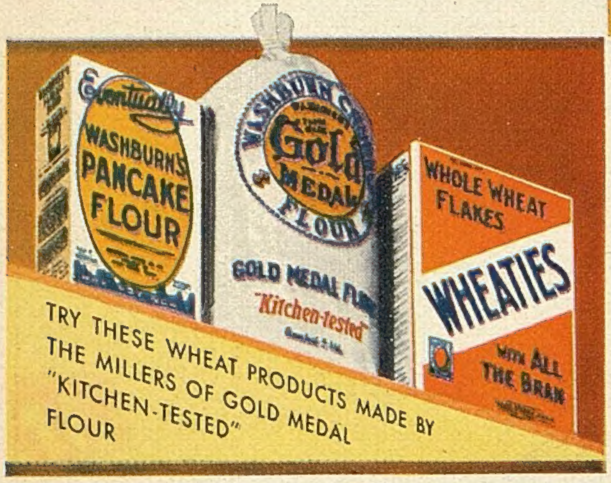
The result is cake flour that gives you velvety, fine-textured cakes instead of "uneven" coarse-textured cakes. That gives you high, full, fluffy cakes instead of cakes that are soggy and heavy. That gives you rich-flavored cakes which retain their moisture instead of dry, tasteless cakes that quickly stale.

Naturally, only such a cake flour would be offered you by the world's largest flour millers—the millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

Now women everywhere are flocking to its use. Results will be a revelation to you. If not, your money refunded without question.

In your own interest, try it. Get at any grocery store. Just ask for Gold Medal *Cake* Flour.

Copyr. G. M. I., 1930


Eventually
WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR
WASHBURN CROSBY
Gold Medal Flour
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
"Kitchen-tested"
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
WHEATIES
WITH ALL THE BRAN
TRY THESE WHEAT PRODUCTS MADE BY THE MILLERS OF GOLD MEDAL "KITCHEN-TESTED" FLOUR

LISTEN IN Every Tuesday and Thursday morning at 10:45 Eastern Time—9:45 Central Time—9:45 Pacific Time—to Betty Crocker's Gold Medal Cooking School over National Broadcasting Chain. 976R

Gold Medal Fast Freight Every Wednesday night at 8 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet—Coast-to-Coast over the Columbia System.

GOLD MEDAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.